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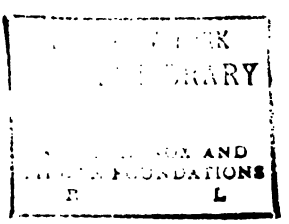
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A SCHOLAR LAUGHING AT A SCHOOLMASTERS LOVE.

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THE WORKS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

VOL. I

KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK

VOL. I

SALMAGUNDI

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
27 WEST 23D STREET
1895

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VOL. VII.

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SALMAGUNDI

NEW YORK
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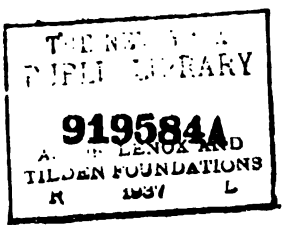
182 FIFTH AVENUE
1881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A

HISTORY OF NEW YORK

FROM THE

BEGINNING OF THE WORLD TO THE END OF THE DUTCH DYNASTY

CONTAINING, AMONG MANY SURPRISING AND CURIOUS MATTERS, THE UNUTTERABLE PONDERINGS OF WALTER THE DOUBTER, THE DISASTROUS PROJECTS OF WILLIAM THE TESTY, AND THE CHIVALRIC ACHIEVEMENTS OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG—THE THREE DUTCH GOVERNORS OF NEW AMSTERDAM; BEING THE ONLY AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE TIMES THAT EVER HATH BEEN OR EVER WILL BE PUBLISHED

BY

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

De waarheid die in duister lag,
De komt mit klaarheid aan den dag

AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
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THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

THE following work, in which, at the outset, nothing more was contemplated than a temporary jeu d'esprit, was commenced in company with my brother, the late Peter Irving, Esq. Our idea was, to parody a small hand-book which had recently appeared, entitled "A Picture of New York." Like that, our work was to begin with an historical sketch; to be followed by notices of the customs, manners, and institutions of the city; written in a serio-comic vein, and treating local errors, follies, and abuses with good-humored satire.

To burlesque the pedantic lore displayed in certain American works, our historical sketch was to commence with the creation of the world; and we laid all kinds of works under contribution for trite citations, relevant, or irrelevant, to give it the proper air of learned research. Before this crude mass of mock erudition could be digested into form, my brother departed for Europe, and I was left to prosecute the enterprise alone.

I now altered the plan of the work. Discarding all idea of a parody on the Picture of New York, I determined that what had been originally intended as an introductory sketch, should comprise the whole work, and form a comic history of the city. I accordingly moulded the mass of citations and disquisitions into introductory chapters forming the first book; but it soon became evident to me that, like Robinson Crusoe with his boat, I had begun on too large a scale, and that, to launch my history successfully, I must reduce its proportions. I accordingly resolved to confine it to the

period of the Dutch domination, which, in its rise, progress, and decline, presented that unity of subject required by classic rule. It was a period, also, at that time almost a terra incognita in history. In fact, I was surprised to find how few of my fellow-citizens were aware that New York had ever been called New Amsterdam, or had heard of the names of its early Dutch governors, or cared a straw about their ancient Dutch progenitors.

This, then, broke upon me as the poetic age of our city; poetic from its very obscurity; and open, like the early and obscure days of ancient Rome, to all the embellishments of heroic fiction. I hailed my native city, as fortunate above all other American cities, in having an antiquity thus extending back into the regions of doubt and fable; neither did I conceive I was committing any grievous historical sin in helping out the few facts I could collect in this remote and forgotten region with figments of my own brain, or in giving characteristic attributes to the few names connected with it which I might dig up from oblivion.

In this, doubtless, I reasoned like a young and inexperienced writer, besotted with his own fancies; and my presumptuous trespasses into this sacred, though neglected, region of history, have met with deserved rebuke from men of soberer minds. It is too late, however, to recall the shaft thus rashly launched. To any one whose sense of fitness it may wound, I can only say with Hamlet,

> Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
> Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
> That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
> And hurt my brother.

I will say this in further apology for my work: that if it has taken an unwarrantable liberty with our early provincial history, it has at least turned attention to that history and provoked research. It is only since this work appeared that the forgotten archives of the province have been rummaged, and the facts and

personages of the olden time rescued from the dust of oblivion and elevated into whatever importance they may virtually possess.

The main object of my work, in fact, had a bearing wide from the sober aim of history; but one which, I trust, will meet with some indulgence from poetic minds. It was to embody the traditions of our city in an amusing form; to illustrate its local humors, customs, and peculiarities; to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the old world, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home.

In this I have reason to believe I have in some measure succeeded. Before the appearance of my work the popular traditions of our city were unrecorded; the peculiar and racy customs and usages derived from our Dutch progenitors were unnoticed or regarded with indifference, or adverted to with a sneer. Now they form a convivial currency, and are brought forward on all occasions; they link our whole community together in good humor and good fellowship; they are the rallying points of home feeling; the seasoning of our civic festivities; the staple of local tales and local pleasantries; and are so harped upon by our writers of popular fiction, that I find myself almost crowded off the legendary ground which I was the first to explore, by the host who have followed in my footsteps.

I dwell on this head because, at the first appearance of my work, its aim and drift were misapprehended by some of the descendants of the Dutch worthies; and because I understand that now and then one may still be found to regard it with a captious eye. The far greater part, however, I have reason to flatter myself, receive my good-humored picturings in the same temper in which they were executed; and when I find, after a lapse of nearly forty years, this hap-hazard production of my youth still cherished among them; when I find its very name become a "household word" and

used to give the home stamp to every thing recommended for popular acceptation, such as Knickerbocker societies; Knickerbocker insurance companies; Knickerbocker steamboats; Knickerbocker omnibuses; Knickerbocker bread, and Knickerbocker ice; and when I find New Yorkers of Dutch descent priding themselves upon being "genuine Knickerbockers," I please myself with the persuasion that I have struck the right chord; that my dealings with the good old Dutch times, and the customs and usages derived from them, are in harmony with the feelings and humors of my townsmen; that I have opened a vein of pleasant associations and quaint characteristics peculiar to my native place, and which its inhabitants will not willingly suffer to pass away; and that though other histories of New York may appear of higher claims to learned acceptation, and may take their dignified and appropriate rank in the family library; Knickerbocker's history will still be received with good-humored indulgence, and be thumbed and chuckled over by the family fireside. W. I.

SUNNYSIDE, 1848.

NOTICES

WHICH APPEARED IN THE NEWSPAPERS PREVIOUS TO THE PUBLICATION OF THIS WORK.

From the Evening Post of October 26, 1809.

DISTRESSING.

Left his lodgings, some time since, and has not since been heard of, a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of *Knickerbocker*. As there are some reasons for believing he is not entirely in his right mind, and as great anxiety is entertained about him, any information concerning him left either at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry street, or at the office of this paper, will be thankfully received.

P. S. Printers of newspapers would be aiding the cause of humanity in giving an insertion to the above.

From the same, November 6, 1809.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Sir,—Having read in your paper of the 26th October last, a paragraph respecting an old gentleman by the name of *Knickerbocker*, who was missing from his lodgings; if it would be any relief to his friends, or furnish them with any clue to discover where he is, you may inform them that a person answering the description given, was seen by the passengers of the Albany stage, early in the morning, about four or five weeks since, resting himself by the side of the road, a little above King's Bridge. He had in his hand a small bundle tied in a red bandana handkerchief: he appeared to be travelling northward, and was very much fatigued and exhausted.

A TRAVELLER.

From the same, November 16, 1809.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Sir,—You have been good enough to publish in your paper a paragraph about Mr. *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, who was missing so strangely some time since. Nothing satisfactory has been heard of the old gentleman since; but *a very curious kind of a written book* has been found in his room, in his own handwriting. Now I wish you to notice him, if he is still alive, that if he does not return and pay off his bill for boarding and lodging, I shall have to dispose of his book to satisfy me for the same.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

SETH HANDASIDE,

Landlord of the Independent Columbian Hotel, Mulberry street.

From the same, November 28, 1809.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Inskeep & Bradford have in press, and will shortly publish

A HISTORY OF NEW YORK,

In two volumes, duodecimo. Price Three Dollars.

Containing an account of its discovery and settlement, with its internal policies, manners, customs, wars, &c., &c., under the Dutch government, furnishing many curious and interesting particulars never before published, and which are gathered from various manuscript and other authenticated sources, the whole being interspersed with philosophical speculations and moral precepts.

This work was found in the chamber of Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the old gentleman whose sudden and mysterious disappearance has been noticed. It is published in order to discharge certain debts he has left behind.

From the American Citizen, December 6, 1809.

Is this day published

By Inskeep & Bradford, No. 128 Broadway,

A HISTORY OF NEW YORK,

&c., &c.

(Containing same as above.)

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

IT was some time, if I recollect right, in the early part of the autumn of 1808, that a stranger applied for lodgings at the Independent Columbian Hotel in Mulberry street, of which I am landlord. He was a small, brisk-looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat. He had a few gray hairs plaited and clubbed behind, and his beard seemed to be of some eight-and-forty hours' growth. The only piece of finery which he bore about him, was a bright pair of square silver shoebuckles, and all his baggage was contained in a pair of saddle-bags, which he carried under his arm. His whole appearance was something out of the common run; and my wife, who is a very shrewd body, at once set him down for some eminent country schoolmaster.

As the Independent Columbian Hotel is a very small house, I was a little puzzled at first where to put him; but my wife, who seemed taken with his looks, would needs put him in her best chamber, which is genteelly set off with the profiles of the whole family, done in black, by those two great painters, Jarvis and Wood; and commands a very pleasant view of the new grounds on the Collect, together with the rear of the Poor House and Bridewell, and a full front of the Hospital; so that it is the cheerfullest room in the whole house.

During the whole time that he stayed with us, we found him a very worthy good sort of an old gentleman, though a little queer in his ways. He would keep in his room for days together, and if any of the children cried, or made a noise about his door, he would bounce out in a great passion, with his hands full of papers, and say something about "deranging his ideas;" which made my wife believe sometimes that he was not altogether *compos.* Indeed, there was more than one reason to make her think so, for his room was always covered with scraps of paper and old mouldy books, laying about at sixes and sevens, which he would never let anybody touch; for he said he had laid them all away in their proper places, so that he might know where to find them; though for that matter, he was half his time worrying about the house in search of some book or writing which he had carefully put out of the way. I shall never forget what a pother he once made, because my wife cleaned out his room when his back was turned, and put every thing to rights; for he swore he would never be able to get his papers in order again in a twelvemonth. Upon this my wife ventured to ask him what he did with so many books and papers; and he told her, that he was "seeking for immortality;" which made her think more than ever, that the poor old gentleman's head was a little cracked.

He was a very inquisitive body, and when not in his room was continually poking about town, hearing all the news, and prying into every thing that was going on: this was particularly the case about election time, when he did nothing but bustle about from poll to poll, attending all ward meetings, and committee rooms; though I could never find that he took part with either side of the question. On the contrary, he

would come home and rail at both parties with great wrath—and plainly proved one day, to the satisfaction of my wife and three old ladies who were drinking tea with her, that the two parties were like two rogues, each tugging at a skirt of the nation; and that in the end they would tear the very coat off its back, and expose its nakedness. Indeed he was an oracle among the neighbors, who would collect around him to hear him talk of an afternoon, as he smoked his pipe on the bench before the door; and I really believe he would have brought over the whole neighborhood to his own side of the question, if they could ever have found out what it was.

He was very much given to argue, or, as he called it, *philosophize*, about the most trifling matter; and to do him justice, I never knew anybody that was a match for him, except it was a grave-looking old gentleman who called now and then to see him, and often posed him in an argument. But this is nothing surprising, as I have since found out this stranger is the city librarian; who, of course, must be a man of great learning: and I have my doubts if he had not some hand in the following history.

As our lodger had been a long time with us, and we had never received any pay, my wife began to be somewhat uneasy, and curious to find out who and what he was. She accordingly made bold to put the question to his friend, the librarian, who replied in his dry way that he was one of the *literati*, which she supposed to mean some new party in politics. I scorn to push a lodger for his pay; so I let day after day pass on without dunning the old gentleman for a farthing: but my wife, who always takes these matters on herself, and is, as I said, a shrewd kind of a woman, at last got out of pa-

tience, and hinted, that she thought it high time "some people should have a sight of some people's money." To which the old gentleman replied, in a mighty touchy manner, that she need not make herself uneasy, for that he had a treasure there, (pointing to his saddlebags,) worth her whole house put together. This was the only answer we could ever get from him; and as my wife, by some of those odd ways in which women find out every thing, learnt that he was of very great connections, being related to the Knickerbockers of Scaghtikoke, and cousin-german to the congressman of that name, she did not like to treat him uncivilly. What is more, she even offered, merely by way of making things easy, to let him live scot-free, if he would teach the children their letters; and to try her best and get her neighbors to send their children also: but the old gentleman took it in such dudgeon, and seemed so affronted at being taken for a schoolmaster, that she never dared to speak on the subject again.

About two months ago, he went out of a morning, with a bundle in his hand, and has never been heard of since. All kinds of inquiries were made after him, but in vain. I wrote to his relations at Scaghtikoke, but they sent for answer, that he had not been there since the year before last, when he had a great dispute with the congressman about politics, and left the place in a huff, and they had neither heard nor seen any thing of him from that time to this. I must own I felt very much worried about the poor old gentleman, for I thought something bad must have happened to him, that he should be missing so long, and never return to pay his bill. I therefore advertised him in the newspapers, and though my melancholy advertisement was published by several humane printers, yet

I have never been able to learn any thing satisfactory about him.

My wife now said it was high time to take care of ourselves, and see if he had left any thing behind in his room, that would pay us for his board and lodging. We found nothing, however, but some old books and musty writings, and his saddle-bags; which, being opened in the presence of the librarian, contained only a few articles of worn-out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper. On looking over this, the librarian told us he had no doubt it was the treasure which the old gentleman had spoken about; as it proved to be a most excellent and faithful HISTORY OF NEW YORK, which he advised us by all means to publish: assuring us that it would be so eagerly bought up by a discerning public, that he had no doubt it would be enough to pay our arrears ten times over. Upon this we got a very learned schoolmaster, who teaches our children, to prepare it for the press, which he accordingly has done; and has, moreover, added to it a number of valuable notes of his own.

This, therefore, is a true statement of my reasons for having this work printed, without waiting for the consent of the author: and I here declare, that if he ever returns, (though I much fear some unhappy accident has befallen him,) I stand ready to account with him like a true and honest man. Which is all at present,

From the public's humble servant,

SETH HANDASIDE.

Independent Columbian Hotel, New York.

The foregoing account of the author was prefixed to the

first edition of this work. Shortly after its publication, a letter was received from him, by Mr. Handaside, dated at a small Dutch village on the banks of the Hudson, whither he had travelled for the purpose of inspecting certain ancient records. As this was one of those few and happy villages, into which newspapers never find their way, it is not a matter of surprise that Mr. Knickerbocker should never have seen the numerous advertisements that were made concerning him; and that he should learn of the publication of his history by mere accident.

He expressed much concern at its premature appearance, as thereby he was prevented from making several important corrections and alterations: as well as from profiting by many curious hints which he had collected during his travels along the shores of the Tappan Sea, and his sojourn at Haverstraw and Esopus.

Finding that there was no longer any immediate necessity for his return to New York, he extended his journey up to the residence of his relations at Scaghtikoke. On his way thither, he stopped for some days at Albany, for which city he is known to have entertained a great partiality. He found it, however, considerably altered, and was much concerned at the inroads and improvements which the Yankees were making, and the consequent decline of the good old Dutch manners. Indeed, he was informed that these intruders were making sad innovations in all parts of the state; where they had given great trouble and vexation to the regular Dutch settlers, by the introduction of turnpike gates, and country school-houses. It is said also, that Mr. Knickerbocker shook his head sorrowfully at noticing the gradual decay of the great Vander Hey-

den palace; but was highly indignant at finding that the ancient Dutch church, which stood in the middle of the street, had been pulled down, since his last visit.

The fame of Mr. Knickerbocker's history having reached even to Albany, he received much flattering attention from its worthy burghers, some of whom, however, pointed out two or three very great errors he had fallen into, particularly that of suspending a lump of sugar over the Albany tea-tables, which, they assured him, had been discontinued for some years past. Several families, moreover, were somewhat piqued that their ancestors had not been mentioned in his work, and showed great jealousy of their neighbors who had thus been distinguished; while the latter, it must be confessed, plumed themselves vastly thereupon; considering these recordings in the light of letters-patent of nobility, establishing their claims to ancestry—which, in this republican country, is a matter of no little solicitude and vainglory.

It is also said, that he enjoyed high favor and countenance from the governor, who once asked him to dinner, and was seen two or three times to shake hands with him, when they met in the streets; which certainly was going great lengths, considering that they differed in politics. Indeed, certain of the governor's confidential friends, to whom he could venture to speak his mind freely on such matters, have assured us, that he privately entertained a considerable good will for our author—nay, he even once went so far as to declare, and that openly too, and at his own table, just after dinner, that "Knickerbocker was a very well meaning sort of an old gentleman, and no fool." From all which many have been led to suppose, that had our author been of different politics, and

written for the newspapers instead of wasting his talents on histories, he might have risen to some post of honor and profit: peradventure, to be a notary public, or even a justice in the ten-pound court.

Beside the honors and civilities already mentioned, he was much caressed by the literati of Albany; particularly by Mr. John Cook, who entertained him very hospitably at his circulating library, and reading room, where they used to drink Spa water, and talk about the ancients. He found Mr. Cook a man after his own heart—of great literary research, and a curious collector of books. At parting, the latter, in testimony of friendship, made him a present of the two oldest works in his collection; which were the earliest edition of the Heidelberg Catechism, and Adrian Vander Donck's famous account of the New Netherlands: by the last of which, Mr. Knickerbocker profited greatly in this his second edition.

Having passed some time very agreeably at Albany, our author proceeded to Scaghtikoke: where, it is but justice to say, he was received with open arms, and treated with wonderful loving-kindness. He was much looked up to by the family, being the first historian of the name; and was considered almost as great a man as his cousin the congressman—with whom, by the by, he became perfectly reconciled, and contracted a strong friendship.

In spite, however, of the kindness of his relations, and their great attention to his comforts, the old gentleman soon became restless and discontented. His history being published, he had no longer any business to occupy his thoughts, or any scheme to excite his hopes and anticipations. This, to a busy mind like his, was a truly deplorable situation; and, had he

not been a man of inflexible morals and regular habits, there would have been great danger of his taking to politics, or drinking—both which pernicious vices we daily see men driven to, by mere spleen and idleness.

It is true, he sometimes employed himself in preparing a second edition of his history, wherein he endeavored to correct and improve many passages with which he was dissatisfied, and to rectify some mistakes that had crept into it; for he was particularly anxious that his work should be noted for its authenticity; which, indeed, is the very life and soul of history. But the glow of composition had departed—he had to leave many places untouched, which he would fain have altered; and even where he did make alterations, he seemed always in doubt whether they were for the better or the worse.

After a residence of some time at Scaghtikoke, he began to feel a strong desire to return to New York, which he ever regarded with the warmest affection; not merely because it was his native city, but because he really considered it the very best city in the whole world. On his return, he entered into the full enjoyment of the advantages of a literary reputation. He was continually importuned to write advertisements, petitions, handbills, and productions of similar import; and, although he never meddled with the public papers, yet had he the credit of writing innumerable essays, and smart things, that appeared on all subjects, and all sides of the question; in all which he was clearly detected "by his style."

He contracted, moreover, a considerable debt at the post-office, in consequence of the numerous letters he received from authors and printers soliciting his subscription, and he was

applied to by every charitable society for yearly donations, which he gave very cheerfully, considering these applications as so many compliments. He was once invited to a great corporation dinner; and was even twice summoned to attend as a juryman at the court of quarter sessions. Indeed, so renowned did he become, that he could no longer pry about, as formerly, in all holes and corners of the city, according to the bent of his humor, unnoticed and uninterrupted; but several times when he has been sauntering the streets, on his usual rambles of observation, equipped with his cane, and cocked hat, the little boys at play have been known to cry, "there goes Diedrich!"—at which the old gentleman seemed not a little pleased, looking upon these salutations in the light of the praise of posterity.

In a word, if we take into consideration all these various honors and distinctions, together with an exuberant eulogium passed on him in the Port Folio—(with which, we are told, the old gentleman was so much overpowered, that he was sick for two or three days)—it must be confessed, that few authors have ever lived to receive such illustrious rewards, or have so completely enjoyed in advance their own immortality.

After his return from Scaghtikoke, Mr. Knickerbocker took up his residence at a little rural retreat, which the Stuyvesants had granted him on the family domain, in gratitude for his honorable mention of their ancestor. It was pleasantly situated on the borders of one of the salt marshes beyond Corlear's Hook: subject, indeed, to be occasionally overflowed, and much infested, in the summer time, with mosquitos; but otherwise very agreeable, producing abundant crops of salt grass and bulrushes.

Here, we are sorry to say, the good old gentleman fell dangerously ill of a fever, occasioned by the neighboring marshes. When he found his end approaching, he disposed of his worldly affairs, leaving the bulk of his fortune to the New York Historical Society: his Heidelberg Catechism, and Vander Donck's work to the city library; and his saddle-bags to Mr. Handaside. He forgave all his enemies—that is to say, all who bore any enmity towards him; for as to himself, he declared he died in good will with all the world. And, after dictating several kind messages to his relations at Scaghtikoke, as well as to certain of our most substantial Dutch citizens, he expired in the arms of his friend the librarian.

His remains were interred, according to his own request, in St. Mark's churchyard, close by the bones of his favorite hero, Peter Stuyvesant: and it is rumored, that the Historical Society have it in mind to erect a wooden monument to his memory in the Bowling Green.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"TO rescue from oblivion the memory of former incidents, and to render a just tribute of renown to the many great and wonderful transactions of our Dutch progenitors, Diedrich Knickerbocker, native of the city of New York, produces this historical essay."* Like the great Father of History, whose words I have just quoted, I treat of times long past, over which the twilight of uncertainty had already thrown its shadows, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend forever. With great solicitude had I long beheld the early history of this venerable and ancient city gradually slipping from our grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age, and day by day dropping piecemeal into the tomb. In a little while, thought I, and those reverend Dutch burghers, who serve as the tottering monuments of good old times, will be gathered to their fathers; their children, engrossed by the empty pleasures or insignificant transactions of the present age, will neglect to treasure up the recollections of the past, and posterity will search in vain for memorials of the days of the Patriarchs. The origin of our city will be buried in eternal oblivion, and even the names and achievements of Wouter Van Twiller, William Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant, be envel-

* Beloe's Herodotus.

oped in doubt and fiction, like those of Romulus and Remus, of Charlemagne, King Arthur, Rinaldo, and Godfrey of Bologne.

Determined, therefore, to avert if possible this threatened misfortune, I industriously set myself to work, to gather together all the fragments of our infant history which still existed, and like my reverend prototype, Herodotus, where no written records could be found, I have endeavored to continue the chain of history by well-authenticated traditions.

In this arduous undertaking, which has been the whole business of a long and solitary life, it is incredible the number of learned authors I have consulted; and all but to little purpose. Strange as it may seem, though such multitudes of excellent works have been written about this country, there are none extant which gave any full and satisfactory account of the early history of New York, or of its three first Dutch governors. I have, however, gained much valuable and curious matter, from an elaborate manuscript written in exceeding pure and classic low Dutch, excepting a few errors in orthography, which was found in the archives of the Stuyvesant family. Many legends, letters, and other documents have I likewise gleaned, in my researches among the family chests and lumber garrets of our respectable Dutch citizens; and I have gathered a host of well-authenticated traditions from divers excellent old ladies of my acquaintance, who requested that their names might not be mentioned. Nor must I neglect to acknowledge how greatly I have been assisted by that admirable and praiseworthy institution, the New York Historical Society, to which I here publicly return my sincere acknowledgments.

In the conduct of this inestimable work I have adopted no individual model; but on the contrary have simply contented myself with combining and concentrating the excellences of the most approved ancient historians. Like Xenophon, I have maintained the utmost impartiality, and the strictest adherence to truth throughout my history. I have enriched it after the manner of Sallust, with various characters of ancient worthies, drawn at full length, and faithfully colored. I have seasoned it with profound political speculations like Thucydides, sweetened it with the graces of sentiment like Tacitus, and infused into the whole the dignity, the grandeur, and magnificence of Livy.

I am aware that I shall incur the censure of numerous very learned and judicious critics, for indulging too frequently in the bold excursive manner of my favorite Herodotus. And to be candid, I have found it impossible always to resist the allurements of those pleasing episodes which, like flowery banks and fragrant bowers, beset the dusty road of the historian, and entice him to turn aside, and refresh himself from his wayfaring. But I trust it will be found that I have always resumed my staff, and addressed myself to my weary journey with renovated spirits, so that both my readers and myself have been benefited by the relaxation.

Indeed, though it has been my constant wish and uniform endeavor to rival Polybius himself, in observing the requisite unity of History, yet the loose and unconnected manner in which many of the facts herein recorded have come to hand, rendered such an attempt extremely difficult. This difficulty was likewise increased, by one of the grand objects contemplated in my work, which was to trace the rise of sundry cus-

toms and institutions in this best of cities, and to compare them, when in the germ of infancy, with what they are in the present old age of knowledge and improvement.

But the chief merit on which I value myself, and found my hopes for future regard, is that faithful veracity with which I have compiled this invaluable little work; carefully winnowing away the chaff of hypothesis, and discarding the tares of fable, which are too apt to spring up and choke the seeds of truth and wholesome knowledge. Had I been anxious to captivate the superficial throng, who skim like swallows over the surface of literature; or had I been anxious to commend my writings to the pampered palates of literary epicures, I might have availed myself of the obscurity that overshadows the infant years of our city, to introduce a thousand pleasing fictions. But I have scrupulously discarded many a pithy tale and marvellous adventure, whereby the drowsy ear of summer indolence might be enthralled; jealously maintaining that fidelity, gravity, and dignity, which should ever distinguish the historian. "For a writer of this class," observes an elegant critic, "must sustain the character of a wise man, writing for the instruction of posterity; one who has studied to inform himself well, who has pondered his subject with care, and addresses himself to our judgment, rather than to our imagination."

Thrice happy, therefore, is this our renowned city in having incidents worthy of swelling the theme of history; and doubly thrice happy is it in having such an historian as myself to relate them. For after all, gentle reader, cities *of themselves*, and, in fact, empires *of themselves*, are nothing without an historian. It is the patient narrator who records their

prosperity as they rise—who blazons forth the splendor of their noon-tide meridian—who props their feeble memorials as they totter to decay—who gathers together their scattered fragments as they rot—and who piously, at length, collects their ashes into the mausoleum of his work and rears a monument that will transmit their renown to all succeeding ages.

What has been the fate of many fair cities of antiquity, whose nameless ruins encumber the plains of Europe and Asia, and awaken the fruitless inquiry of the traveller? They have sunk into dust and silence—they have perished from remembrance for want of an historian! The philanthropist may weep over their desolation—the poet may wander among their mouldering arches and broken columns, and indulge the visionary flights of his fancy—but alas! alas! the modern historian, whose pen, like my own, is doomed to confine itself to dull matter of fact, seeks in vain among their oblivious remains, for some memorial that may tell the instructive tale of their glory and their ruin.

"Wars, conflagrations, deluges," says Aristotle, "destroy nations, and with them all their monuments, their discoveries, and their vanities. The torch of science has more than once been extinguished and rekindled—a few individuals, who have escaped by accident, reunite the thread of generations."

The same sad misfortune which has happened to so many ancient cities will happen again, and from the same sad cause, to nine-tenths of those which now flourish on the face of the globe. With most of them the time for recording their early history is gone by; their origin, their foundation, together with the eventful period of their youth, are forever buried in the rubbish of years; and the same would have been the case

with this fair portion of the earth, if I had not snatched it from obscurity in the very nick of time, at the moment that those matters herein recorded were about entering into the wide-spread insatiable maw of oblivion—if I had not dragged them out, as it were, by the very locks, just as the monster's adamantine fangs were closing upon them forever! And here have I, as before observed, carefully collected, collated, and arranged them, scrip and scrap, "*punt en punt, gat en gat*," and commenced in this little work, a history to serve as a foundation, on which other historians may hereafter raise a noble superstructure, swelling in process of time, until *Knickerbocker's New York* may be equally voluminous with *Gibbon's Rome*, or *Hume and Smollet's England!*

And now indulge me for a moment, while I lay down my pen, skip to some little eminence at the distance of two or three hundred years ahead; and, casting back a bird's-eye glance over the waste of years that is to roll between, discover myself—little I—at this moment the progenitor, prototype, and precursor of them all, posted at the head of this host of literary worthies, with my book under my arm, and New York on my back, pressing forward, like a gallant commander, to honor and immortality.

Such are the vainglorious imaginings that will now and then enter into the brain of the author—that irradiate, as with celestial light, his solitary chamber, cheering his weary spirits, and animating him to persevere in his labors. And I have freely given utterance to these rhapsodies whenever they have occurred; not, I trust, from an unusual spirit of egotism, but merely that the reader may for once have an idea, how an author thinks and feels while he is writing—a kind of knowledge very rare and curious, and much to be desired.

BOOK I.

CONTAINING DIVERS INGENIOUS THEORIES AND PHILOSOPHIC SPECULATIONS, CONCERNING THE CREATION AND POPULATION OF THE WORLD, AS CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WORLD.

ACCORDING to the best authorities, the world in which we dwell is a huge, opaque, reflecting, inanimate mass, floating in the vast ethereal ocean of infinite space. It has the form of an orange, being an oblate spheroid, curiously flattened at opposite parts, for the insertion of two imaginary poles, which are supposed to penetrate and unite at the centre; thus forming an axis on which the mighty orange turns with a regular diurnal revolution.

The transitions of light and darkness, whence proceed the alternations of day and night, are produced by this diurnal revolution successively presenting the different parts of the earth to the rays of the sun. The latter is, according to the best, that is to say, the latest accounts, a luminous or fiery body, of a prodigious magnitude, from which this world is

driven by a centrifugal or repelling power, and to which it is drawn by a centripetal or attractive force; otherwise called the attraction of gravitation; the combination, or rather the counteraction of these two opposing impulses producing a circular and annual revolution. Hence result the different seasons of the year, viz., spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

This I believe to be the most approved modern theory on the subject—though there be many philosophers who have entertained very different opinions; some, too, of them entitled to much deference from their great antiquity and illustrious character. Thus it was advanced by some of the ancient sages, that the earth was an extended plain, supported by vast pillars; and by others, that it rested on the head of a snake, or the back of a huge tortoise—but as they did not provide a resting place for either the pillars or the tortoise, the whole theory fell to the ground, for want of proper foundation.

The Brahmins assert, that the heavens rest upon the earth, and the sun and moon swim therein like fishes in the water, moving from east to west by day, and gliding along the edge of the horizon to their original stations during night; * while, according to the Pauranicas of India, it is a vast plain, encircled by seven oceans of milk, nectar, and other delicious liquids; that it is studded with seven mountains, and ornamented in the centre by a mountainous rock of burnished gold; and that a great dragon occasionally swallows up the moon, which accounts for the phenomena of lunar eclipses.†

Beside these, and many other equally sage opinions, we have the profound conjectures of Aboul-Hassan-Aly, son of

* Faria y Souza. Mick. lus. note b. 7.
† Sir W. Jones, Diss. Antiq. Ind. Zod.

Al Khan, son of Aly, son of Abderrahman, son of Abdallah, son of Masoud-el-Hadheli who is commonly called Masoudi, and surnamed Cothbiddin, but who takes the humble title of Laheb-ar-rasoul, which means the companion of the ambassador of God. He has written a universal history entitled "Mouroudge-ed-dharab, or the Golden Meadows, and the Mines of Precious Stones." * In this valuable work he has related the history of the world from the creation down to the moment of writing; which was under the Khaliphat of Mothi Billah, in the month Dgioumadi-el-aoual of the 336th year of the Hegira or flight of the Prophet. He informs us that the earth is a huge bird, Mecca and Medina constituting the head, Persia and India the right wing, the land of Gog the left wing, and Africa the tail. He informs us, moreover, that an earth has existed before the present (which he considers as a mere chicken of 7000 years), that it has undergone divers deluges, and that, according to the opinion of some well-informed Brahmins of his acquaintance, it will be renovated every seventy thousandth hazarouam; each hazarouam consisting of 12,000 years.

These are a few of the many contradictory opinions of philosophers concerning the earth, and we find that the learned have had equal perplexity as to the nature of the sun. Some of the ancient philosophers have affirmed that it is a vast wheel of brilliant fire;† others that it is merely a mirror or sphere of transparent crystal;‡ and a third class, at the head of whom stands Anaxagoras, maintained that it was nothing but a huge

* MSS. Bibliot. Roi. Fr.

† Plutarch de placitis Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 20.

‡ Achill. Tat. isag. cap. 19. Ap. Petav. t. iii. p. 81. Stob. Eclog. Phys. lib. i. p. 56. Plut. de Plac. Phi.

ignited mass of iron or stone—indeed, he declared the heavens to be merely a vault of stone —and that the stars were stones whirled upward from the earth, and set on fire by the velocity of its revolutions.* But I give little attention to the doctrines of this philosopher, the people of Athens having fully refuted them, by banishing him from their city; a concise mode of answering unwelcome doctrines, much resorted to in former days. Another sect of philosophers do declare, that certain fiery particles exhale constantly from the earth, which, concentrating in a single point of the firmament by day, constitute the sun, but being scattered and rambling about in the dark at night, collect in various points, and form stars. These are regularly burnt out and extinguished, not unlike to the lamps in our streets, and require a fresh supply of exhalations for the next occasion.†

It is even recorded, that at certain remote and obscure periods, in consequence of a great scarcity of fuel, the sun has been completely burnt out, and sometimes not rekindled for a month at a time. A most melancholy circumstance, the very idea of which gave vast concern to Heraclitus, that worthy weeping philosopher of antiquity. In addition to these various speculations, it was the opinion of Herschel, that the sun is a magnificent, habitable abode; the light it furnishes arising from certain empyreal, luminous or phosphoric clouds, swimming in its transparent atmosphere.‡

* Diogenes Laertius in Anaxag. l. ii. sec. 8. Plat. Apol. t. i. p. 26. Plut. de Plac. Philo. Xenoph. Mem. l. iv. p. 815.

† Aristot. Meteor. l. ii. c. 2. Idem. Probl. sec. 15, Stob. Ecl. Phys. l. i. p. 55. Bruck. Hist. Phil. t. i. p. 1154, &c.

‡ Philos. Trans. 1795, p. 72. Idem. 1801, p. 265. Nich. Philos. Journ. I. p. 13.

But we will not enter farther at present into the nature of the sun, that being an inquiry not immediately necessary to the development of this history; neither will we embroil ourselves in any more of the endless disputes of philosophers touching the form of this globe, but content ourselves with the theory advanced in the beginning of this chapter, and will proceed to illustrate, by experiment, the complexity of motion therein ascribed to this our rotatory planet.

Professor Von Poddingcoft (or Puddinghead, as the name may be rendered into English) was long celebrated in the university of Leyden, for profound gravity of deportment, and a talent at going to sleep in the midst of examinations, to the infinite relief of his hopeful students, who thereby worked their way through college with great ease and little study. In the course of one of his lectures, the learned professor, seizing a bucket of water, swung it around his head at arm's length. The impulse with which he threw the vessel from him, being a centrifugal force, the retention of his arm operating as a centripetal power, and the bucket, which was a substitute for the earth, describing a circular orbit round about the globular head and ruby visage of Professor Von Poddingcoft, which formed no bad representation of the sun. All of these particulars were duly explained to the class of gaping students around him. He apprised them, moreover, that the same principle of gravitation, which retained the water in the bucket, restrains the ocean from flying from the earth in its rapid revolutions; and he farther informed them that should the motion of the earth be suddenly checked, it would incontinently fall into the sun, through the centripetal force of gravitation, a most ruinous event to this planet, and one which would

also obscure, though it most probably would not extinguish, the solar luminary. An unlucky stripling, one of those vagrant geniuses, who seem sent into the world merely to annoy worthy men of the puddinghead order, desirous of ascertaining the correctness of the experiment, suddenly arrested the arm of the professor, just at the moment that the bucket was in its zenith, which immediately descended with astonishing precision upon the philosophic head of the instructor of youth. A hollow sound, and a red-hot hiss, attended the contact; but the theory was in the amplest manner illustrated, for the unfortunate bucket perished in the conflict; but the blazing countenance of Professor Von Poddingcoft emerged from amidst the waters, glowing fiercer than ever with unutterable indignation, whereby the students were marvellously edified, and departed considerably wiser than before.

It is a mortifying circumstance, which greatly perplexes many a painstaking philosopher, that nature often refuses to second his most profound and elaborate efforts; so that after having invented one of the most ingenious and natural theories imaginable, she will have the perverseness to act directly in the teeth of his system, and flatly contradict his most favorite positions. This is a manifest and unmerited grievance, since it throws the censure of the vulgar and unlearned entirely upon the philosopher; whereas the fault is not to be ascribed to his theory, which is unquestionably correct, but to the waywardness of dame nature, who, with the proverbial fickleness of her sex, is continually indulging in coquetries and caprices, and seems really to take pleasure in violating all philosophic rules, and jilting the most learned and indefatigable of her adorers. Thus it happened with respect to the fore-

going satisfactory explanation of the motion of our planet; it appears that the centrifugal force has long since ceased to operate, while its antagonist remains in undiminished potency: the world, therefore, according to the theory as it originally stood, ought in strict propriety to tumble into the sun; philosophers were convinced that it would do so, and awaited in anxious impatience the fulfilment of their prognostics. But the untoward planet pertinaciously continued her course, notwithstanding that she had reason, philosophy, and a whole university of learned professors opposed to her conduct. The philosophers took this in very ill part, and it is thought they would never have pardoned the slight and affront which they conceived put upon them by the world, had not a good-natured professor kindly officiated as a mediator between the parties, and effected a reconciliation.

Finding the world would not accommodate itself to the theory, he wisely determined to accommodate the theory to the world: he therefore informed his brother philosophers, that the circular motion of the earth round the sun was no sooner engendered by the conflicting impulses above described, than it became a regular revolution, independent of the causes which gave it origin. His learned brethren readily joined in the opinion, being heartily glad of any explanation that would decently extricate them from their embarrassment—and ever since that memorable era the world has been left to take her own course, and to revolve around the sun in such orbit as she thinks proper.

CHAPTER II.

COSMOGONY, OR CREATION OF THE WORLD; WITH A MULTITUDE OF EXCELLENT THEORIES, BY WHICH THE CREATION OF A WORLD IS SHOWN TO BE NO SUCH DIFFICULT MATTER AS COMMON FOLK WOULD IMAGINE.

HAVING thus briefly introduced my reader to the world, and given him some idea of its form and situation, he will naturally be curious to know from whence it came, and how it was created. And, indeed, the clearing up of these points is absolutely essential to my history, inasmuch as if this world had not been formed, it is more than probable that this renowned island, on which is situated the city of New York, would never have had an existence. The regular course of my history, therefore, requires that I should proceed to notice the cosmogony or formation of this our globe.

And now I give my readers fair warning that I am about to plunge, for a chapter or two, into as complete a labyrinth as ever historian was perplexed withal: therefore, I advise them to take fast hold of my skirts, and keep close at my heels, venturing neither to the right hand nor to the left, lest they get bemired in a slough of unintelligible learning, or have their brains knocked out by some of those hard Greek names which will be flying about in all directions. But should any

of them be too indolent or chicken-hearted to accompany me in this perilous undertaking, they had better take a short cut round, and wait for me at the beginning of some smoother chapter.

Of the creation of the world, we have a thousand contradictory accounts; and though a very satisfactory one is furnished us by divine revelation, yet every philosopher feels himself in honor bound to furnish us with a better. As an impartial historian, I consider it my duty to notice their several theories, by which mankind have been so exceedingly edified and instructed.

Thus it was the opinion of certain ancient sages, that the earth and the whole system of the universe was the Deity himself; * a doctrine most strenuously maintained by Zenophanes and the whole tribe of Eleatics, as also by Strabo and the sect of peripatetic philosophers. Pythagoras likewise inculcated the famous numerical system of the monad, dyad, and triad, and by means of his sacred quaternary elucidated the formation of the world, the arcana of nature, and the principles both of music and morals.† Other sages adhered to the mathematical system of squares and triangles; the cube, the pyramid, and the sphere; the tetrahedron, the octahedron, the icosahedron, and the dodecahedron.‡ While others advocated the great elementary theory, which refers the construction of our globe and all that it contains, to the combinations of four material elements, air, earth, fire, and water; with

* Aristot. ap. Cic. lib. i. cap. 3.

† Aristot. Metaph. lib. i. c. 5. Idem. de Cœlo. l. iii. c. 1. Rousseau Mem. sur Musique ancien. p. 39. Plutarch de Plac. Philos. lib. i. cap. 3.

‡ Tim. Locr. ap. Plato. t. iii. p. 90.

the assistance of a fifth, an immaterial and vivifying principle.

Nor must I omit to mention the great atomic system taught by old Moschus, before the siege of Troy; revived by Democritus of laughing memory; improved by Epicurus, that king of good fellows, and modernized by the fanciful Descartes. But I decline inquiring whether the atoms, of which the earth is said to be composed, are eternal or recent; whether they are animate or inanimate; whether, agreeably to the opinion of the atheists, they were fortuitously aggregated, or, as the theists maintain, were arranged by a supreme intelligence.* Whether, in fact, the earth be an insensate clod, or whether it be animated by a soul;† which opinion was strenuously maintained by a host of philosophers, at the head of whom stands the great Plato, that temperate sage, who threw the cold water of philosophy on the form of sexual intercourse, and inculcated the doctrine of Platonic love—an exquisitely refined intercourse, but much better adapted to the ideal inhabitants of his imaginary island of Atlantis than to the sturdy race, composed of rebellious flesh and blood, which populates the little matter of fact island we inhabit.

Beside these systems, we have, moreover, the poetical theogony of old Hesiod, who generated the whole universe in the regular mode of procreation, and the plausible opinion of others, that the earth was hatched from the great egg of night, which floated in chaos, and was cracked by the horns of the

* Aristot. Nat. Auscult. l. ii. cap. 6. Aristoph. Metaph. lib. i. cap. 3. Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. i. cap. 10. Justin Mart. orat. ad gent. p. 20.

† Mosheim in Cudw. lib. i. cap. 4. Tim. de anim. mund. ap. Plat. lib. iii. Mem. de l'Acad. des Belles-Lettr. t. xxxii. p. 19, et al.

celestial bull. To illustrate this last doctrine, Burnet in his theory of the earth,* has favored us with an accurate drawing and description, both of the form and texture of this mundane egg; which is found to bear a marvellous resemblance to that of a goose. Such of my readers as take a proper interest in the origin of this our planet, will be pleased to learn that the most profound sages of antiquity among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, and Latins, have alternately assisted at the hatching of this strange bird, and that their cacklings have been caught, and continued in different tones and inflections, from philosopher to philosopher, unto the present day.

But while briefly noticing long celebrated systems of ancient sages, let me not pass over with neglect those of other philosophers; which, though less universal and renowned, have equal claims to attention, and equal chance for correctness. Thus it is recorded by the Brahmins, in the pages of their inspired Shastah, that the angel Bistnoo, transforming himself into a great boar, plunged into the watery abyss, and brought up the earth on his tusks. Then issued from him a mighty tortoise, and a mighty snake; and Bistnoo placed the snake erect upon the back of the tortoise, and he placed the earth upon the head of the snake.†

The negro philosophers of Congo affirm that the world was made by the hands of angels, excepting their own country, which the Supreme Being constructed himself, that it might be supremely excellent. And he took great pains with the inhabitants, and made them very black, and beautiful; and

* Book i. ch. 5. † Holwell. Gent. Philosophy.

when he had finished the first man, he was well pleased with him, and smoothed him over the face, and hence his nose, and the nose of all his descendants, became flat.

The Mohawk philosophers tell us that a pregnant woman fell down from heaven, and that a tortoise took her upon its back, because every place was covered with water; and that the woman, sitting upon the tortoise, paddled with her hands in the water, and raked up the earth, whence it finally happened that the earth became higher than the water.*

But I forbear to quote a number more of these ancient and outlandish philosophers, whose deplorable ignorance, in despite of all their erudition, compelled them to write in languages which but few of my readers can understand; and I shall proceed briefly to notice a few more intelligible and fashionable theories of their modern successors.

And, first, I shall mention the great Buffon, who conjectures that this globe was originally a globe of liquid fire, scintillated from the body of the sun, by the percussion of a comet, as a spark is generated by the collision of flint and steel. That at first it was surrounded by gross vapors, which, cooling and condensing in process of time, constituted, according to their densities, earth, water, and air; which gradually arranged themselves, according to their respective gravities, round the burning or vitrified mass that formed their centre.

Hutton, on the contrary, supposes that the waters at first were universally paramount; and he terrifies himself with the idea that the earth must be eventually washed away by the

* Johannes Megapolensis, Jun. Account of Maquaas or Mohawk Indians.

force of rain, rivers, and mountain torrents, until it is confounded with the ocean, or, in other words, absolutely dissolves into itself. Sublime idea! far surpassing that of the tender-hearted damsel of antiquity, who wept herself into a fountain; or the good dame of Narbonne in France, who, for a volubility of tongue unusual in her sex, was doomed to peel five hundred thousand and thirty-nine ropes of onions, and actually run out at her eyes before half the hideous task was accomplished.

Whiston, the same ingenious philosopher who rivalled Ditton in his researches after the longitude (for which the mischief-loving Swift discharged on their heads a most savory stanza), has distinguished himself by a very admirable theory respecting the earth. He conjectures that it was originally a *chaotic comet*, which being selected for the abode of man, was removed from its eccentric orbit, and whirled round the sun in its present regular motion; by which change of direction, order succeeded to confusion in the arrangement of its component parts. The philosopher adds, that the deluge was produced by an uncourteous salute from the watery tail of another comet; doubtless through sheer envy of its improved condition: thus furnishing a melancholy proof that jealousy may prevail, even among the heavenly bodies, and discord interrupt that celestial harmony of the spheres, so melodiously sung by the poets.

But I pass over a variety of excellent theories, among which are those of Burnet, and Woodward, and Whitehurst; regretting extremely that my time will not suffer me to give them the notice they deserve—and shall conclude with that of the renowned Dr. Darwin. This learned Theban, who is as

much distinguished for rhyme as reason, and for good-natured credulity as serious research, and who has recommended himself wonderfully to the good graces of the ladies, by letting them into all the gallantries, amours, debaucheries, and other topics of scandal of the court of Flora, has fallen upon a theory worthy of his combustible imagination. According to his opinion, the huge mass of chaos took a sudden occasion to explode, like a barrel of gunpowder, and in that act exploded the sun—which in its flight, by a similar convulsion, exploded the earth, which in like guise exploded the moon—and thus by a concatenation of explosions, the whole solar system was produced, and set most systematically in motion! *

By the great variety of theories here alluded to, every one of which, if thoroughly examined, will be found surprisingly consistent in all its parts, my unlearned readers will perhaps be led to conclude, that the creation of a world is not so difficult a task as they at first imagined. I have shown at least a score of ingenious methods in which a world could be constructed; and I have no doubt, that had any of the philosophers above quoted the use of a good manageable comet, and the philosophical warehouse *chaos* at his command, he would engage to manufacture a planet as good, or, if you would take his word for it, better than this we inhabit.

And here I cannot help noticing the kindness of Providence, in creating comets for the great relief of bewildered philosophers. By their assistance more sudden evolutions and transitions are effected in the system of nature than are wrought in a pantomimic exhibition, by the wonder-working

* Darw. Bot. Garden, Part I. Cant. i. l. 105.

sword of Harlequin. Should one of our modern sages, in his theoretical flights among the stars, ever find himself lost in the clouds, and in danger of tumbling into the abyss of nonsense and absurdity, he has but to seize a comet by the beard, mount astride of his tail, and away he gallops in triumph, like an enchanter on his hyppogriff, or a Connecticut witch on her broomstick, "to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

It is an old and vulgar saying about a "beggar on horseback," which I would not for the world have applied to these reverend philosophers: but I must confess, that some of them, when they are mounted on one of those fiery steeds, are as wild in their curvetings as was Phaeton of yore, when he aspired to manage the chariot of Phœbus. One drives his comet at full speed against the sun, and knocks the world out of him with the mighty concussion; another, more moderate, makes his comet a kind of beast of burden, carrying the sun a regular supply of food and fagots—a third, of more combustible disposition, threatens to throw his comet, like a bomb-shell, into the world, and blow it up like a powder magazine; while a fourth, with no great delicacy to this planet and its inhabitants, insinuates that some day or other, his comet—my modest pen blushes while I write it—shall absolutely turn tail upon our world, and deluge it with water!—Surely, as I have already observed, comets were bountifully provided by Providence for the benefit of philosophers, to assist them in manufacturing theories.

And now, having adduced several of the most prominent theories that occur to my recollection, I leave my judicious readers at full liberty to choose among them. They are all serious speculations of learned men—all differ essentially from

each other—and all have the same title to belief. It has ever been the task of one race of philosophers to demolish the works of their predecessors, and elevate more splendid fantasies in their stead, which in their turn are demolished and replaced by the air castles of a succeeding generation. Thus it would seem that knowledge and genius, of which we make such great parade, consist but in detecting the errors and absurdities of those who have gone before, and devising new errors and absurdities, to be detected by those who are to come after us. Theories are the mighty soap-bubbles with which the grown up children of science amuse themselves—while the honest vulgar stand gazing in stupid admiration, and dignify these learned vagaries with the name of wisdom!—Surely Socrates was right in his opinion, that philosophers are but a soberer sort of madmen, busying themselves in things totally incomprehensible, or which, if they could be comprehended, would be found not worthy the trouble of discovery.

For my own part, until the learned have come to an agreement among themselves, I shall content myself with the account handed down to us by Moses; in which I do but follow the example of our ingenious neighbors of Connecticut; who at their first settlement proclaimed, that the colony should be governed by the laws of God—until they had time to make better.

One thing, however, appears certain—from the unanimous authority of the before-quoted philosophers, supported by the evidence of our own senses, (which, though very apt to deceive us, may be cautiously admitted as additional testimony,) it appears, I say, and I make the assertion deliberately, without fear of contradiction, that this globe really *was created*,

and that it is composed of *land and water*. It farther appears that it is curiously divided and parcelled out into continents and islands, among which I boldly declare the renowned ISLAND OF NEW YORK will be found by any one who seeks for it in its proper place.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THAT FAMOUS NAVIGATOR, NOAH, WAS SHAMEFULLY NICKNAMED; AND HOW HE COMMITTED AN UNPARDONABLE OVERSIGHT IN NOT HAVING FOUR SONS; WITH THE GREAT TROUBLE OF PHILOSOPHERS CAUSED THEREBY, AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

NOAH, who is the first sea-faring man we read of, begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Authors, it is true, are not wanting, who affirm that the patriarch had a number of other children. Thus Berosus makes him father of the gigantic Titans, Methodius gives him a son called Jonithus, or Jonicus, and others have mentioned a son, named Thuiscon, from whom descended the Teutons or Teutonic, or in other words, the Dutch nation.

I regret exceedingly, that the nature of my plan will not permit me to gratify the laudable curiosity of my readers, by investigating minutely the history of the great Noah. Indeed, such an undertaking would be attended with more trouble than many people would imagine; for the good old patriarch seems to have been a great traveller in his day, and to have passed under a different name in every country that he visited. The Chaldeans, for instance, give us his story, merely altering his name into Xisuthrus—a trivial alteration, which, to an historian, skilled in etymologies, will appear wholly un-

important. It appears, likewise, that he had exchanged his tarpaulin and quadrant among the Chaldeans, for the gorgeous insignia of royalty, and appears as a monarch in their annals. The Egyptians celebrate him under the name of Osiris; the Indians as Menu; the Greek and Roman writers confound him with Ogyges, and the Theban with Deucalion and Saturn. But the Chinese, who deservedly rank among the most extensive and authentic historians, inasmuch as they have known the world much longer than any one else, declare that Noah was no other than Fohi; and what gives this assertion some air of credibility is, that it is a fact, admitted by the most enlightened literati, that Noah travelled into China, at the time of the building of the tower of Babel (probably to improve himself in the study of languages), and the learned Dr. Shackford gives us the additional information, that the ark rested on a mountain on the frontiers of China.

Fom this mass of rational conjectures and sage hypotheses, many satisfactory deductions might be drawn; but I shall content myself with the simple fact stated in the Bible, viz.: that Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. It is astonishing on what remote and obscure contingencies the great affairs of this world depend, and how events the most distant, and to the common observer unconnected, are inevitably consequent the one to the other. It remains to the philosopher to discover these mysterious affinities, and it is the proudest triumph of his skill, to detect and drag forth some latent chain of causation, which at first sight appears a paradox to the inexperienced observer. Thus many of my readers will doubtless wonder what connection the family of Noah can possibly have with this history—and many will stare when informed, that the whole history of this

quarter of the world has taken its character and course from the simple circumstance of the patriarch's having but three sons —but to explain:

Noah, we are told by sundry very credible historians, becoming sole surviving heir and proprietor of the earth, in fee simple, after the deluge, like a good father, portioned out his estate among his children. To Shem he gave Asia; to Ham, Africa; and to Japhet, Europe. Now it is a thousand times to be lamented that he had but three sons, for had there been a fourth, he would doubtless have inherited America; which, of course, would have been dragged forth from its obscurity on the occasion; and thus many a hard-working historian and philosopher would have been spared a prodigious mass of weary conjecture respecting the first discovery and population of this country. Noah, however, having provided for his three sons, looked in all probability upon our country as a mere wild unsettled land, and said nothing about it; and to this unpardonable taciturnity of the patriarch may we ascribe the misfortune, that America did not come into the world as early as the other quarters of the globe.

It is true, some writers have vindicated him from this misconduct towards posterity, and asserted that he really did discover America. Thus it was the opinion of Mark Lescarbot, a French writer, possessed of that ponderosity of thought, and profoundness of reflection, so peculiar to his nation, that the immediate descendants of Noah peopled this quarter of the globe, and that the old patriarch himself who still retained a passion for the sea-faring life, superintended the transmigration. The pious and enlightened father, Charlevoix, a French Jesuit, remarkable for his aversion to the marvellous, com-

mon to all great travellers, is conclusively of the same opinion; nay, he goes still farther, and decides upon the manner in which the discovery was effected, which was by sea, and under the immediate direction of the great Noah. "I have already observed," exclaims the good father, in a tone of becoming indignation, "that it is an arbitrary supposition that the grandchildren of Noah were not able to penetrate into the new world, or that they never thought of it. In effect, I can see no reason that can justify such a notion. Who can seriously believe, that Noah and his immediate descendants knew less than we do, and that the builder and pilot of the greatest ship that ever was, a ship which was formed to traverse an unbounded ocean, and had so many shoals and quicksands to guard against, should be ignorant of, or should not have communicated to his descendants the art of sailing on the ocean?" Therefore, they did sail on the ocean—therefore, they sailed to America—therefore, America was discovered by Noah!

Now all this exquisite chain of reasoning, which is so strikingly characteristic of the good father, being addressed to the faith, rather than the understanding, is flatly opposed by Hans de Laet, who declares it a real and most ridiculous paradox, to suppose that Noah ever entertained the thought of discovering America; and as Hans is a Dutch writer, I am inclined to believe he must have been much better acquainted with the worthy crew of the ark than his competitors, and of course possessed of more accurate sources of information. It is astonishing how intimate historians do daily become with the patriarchs and other great men of antiquity. As intimacy improves with time, and as the learned are particularly inquisitive and familiar in their acquaintance with the ancients, I should not be

surprised if some future writers should gravely give us a picture of men and manners as they existed before the flood, far more copious and accurate than the Bible; and that, in the course of another century, the log-book of the good Noah should be as current among historians, as the voyages of Captain Cook, or the renowned history of Robinson Crusoe.

I shall not occupy my time by discussing the huge mass of additional suppositions, conjectures, and probabilities respecting the first discovery of this country, with which unhappy historians overload themselves, in their endeavors to satisfy the doubts of an incredulous world. It is painful to see these laborious wights panting, and toiling, and sweating, under an enormous burden, at the very outset of their works, which, on being opened, turns out to be nothing but a mighty bundle of straw. As, however, by unwearied assiduity, they seem to have established the fact, to the satisfaction of all the world, that this country *has been discovered*, I shall avail myself of their useful labors to be extremely brief upon this point.

I shall not, therefore, stop to inquire, whether America was first discovered by a wandering vessel of that celebrated Phœnician fleet, which, according to Herodotus, circumnavigated Africa; or by that Carthaginian expedition, which Pliny, the naturalist, informs us, discovered the Canary Islands; or whether it was settled by a temporary colony from Tyre, as hinted by Aristotle and Seneca. I shall neither inquire whether it was first discovered by the Chinese, as Vossius with great shrewdness advances; nor by the Norwegians in 1002, under Biorn; nor by Behem, the German navigator, as Mr. Otto has endeavored to prove to the savans of the learned city of Philadelphia.

Nor shall I investigate the more modern claims of the Welsh, founded on the voyage of Prince Madoc in the eleventh century, who having never returned, it has since been wisely concluded that he must have gone to America and that for a plain reason—if he did not go there, where else could he have gone?—a question which most socratically shuts out all farther dispute.

Laying aside, therefore, all the conjectures above mentioned, with a multitude of others, equally satisfactory, I shall take for granted the vulgar opinion, that America was discovered on the 12th of October, 1492, by Christoval Colon, a Genoese, who has been clumsily nicknamed Columbus, but for what reason I cannot discern. Of the voyages and adventures of this Colon, I shall say nothing, seeing that they are already sufficiently known. Nor shall I undertake to prove that this country should have been called Colonia, after his name, that being notoriously self-evident.

Having thus happily got my readers on this side of the Atlantic, I picture them to myself all impatience to enter upon the enjoyment of the land of promise, and in full expectation that I will immediately deliver it into their possession. But if I do may I ever forfeit the reputation of a regular bred historian! No—no—most curious and thrice learned readers, (for thrice learned ye are if ye have read all that has gone before, and nine times learned shall ye be if ye read that which comes after,) we have yet a world of work before us. Think you the first discoverers of this fair quarter of the globe had nothing to do but go on shore and find a country ready laid out and cultivated like a garden, wherein they might revel at their ease? No such thing—they had forests to cut down, under-

wood to grub up, marshes to drain, and savages to exterminate.

In like manner, I have sundry doubts to clear away, questions to resolve, and paradoxes to explain, before I permit you to range at random; but these difficulties once overcome, we shall be enabled to jog on right merrily through the rest of our history. Thus my work shall, in a manner, echo the nature of the subject, in the same manner as the sound of poetry has been found by certain shrewd critics to echo the sense—this being an improvement in history which I claim the merit of having invented.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING THE GREAT DIFFICULTY PHILOSOPHERS HAVE HAD IN PEOPLING AMERICA; AND HOW THE ABORIGINES CAME TO BE BEGOTTEN BY ACCIDENT—TO THE GREAT RELIEF AND SATISFACTION OF THE AUTHOR.

The next inquiry at which we arrive in the regular course of our history is to ascertain, if possible, how this country was originally peopled—a point fruitful of incredible embarrassments; for unless we prove that the Aborigines did absolutely come from somewhere, it will be immediately asserted, in this age of skepticism, that they did not come at all; and if they did not come at all, then was this country never populated—a conclusion perfectly agreeable to the rules of logic, but wholly irreconcilable to every feeling of humanity, inasmuch as it must syllogistically prove fatal to the innumerable Aborigines of this populous region.

To avert so dire a sophism, and to rescue from logical annihilation so many millions of fellow-creatures, how many wings of geese have been plundered! what oceans of ink have been benevolently drained! and how many capacious heads of learned historians have been addled, and forever confounded! I pause with reverential awe, when I contemplate the ponderous tomes, in different languages, with which they have endeavored to solve this question, so important to the happi-

ness of society, but so involved in clouds of impenetrable obscurity. Historian after historian has engaged in the endless circle of hypothetical argument, and after leading us a weary chase through octavos, quartos, and folios, has let us out at the end of his work just as wise as we were at the beginning. It was doubtless some philosophical wild-goose chase of the kind that made the old poet Macrobius rail in such a passion at curiosity, which he anathematizes most heartily, as "an irksome agonizing care, a superstitious industry about unprofitable things, an itching humor to see what is not to be seen, and to be doing what signifies nothing when it is done." But to proceed:

Of the claims of the children of Noah to the original population of this country I shall say nothing, as they have already been touched upon in my last chapter. The claimants next in celebrity, are the descendants of Abraham. Thus Christoval Colon (vulgarly called Columbus) when he first discovered the gold mines of Hispaniola, immediately concluded, with a shrewdness that would have done honor to a philosopher, that he had found the ancient Ophir, from whence Solomon procured the gold for embellishing the temple at Jerusalem; nay, Colon even imagined that he saw the remains of furnaces of veritable Hebraic construction, employed in refining the precious ore.

So golden a conjecture, tinctured with such fascinating extravagance, was too tempting not to be immediately snapped at by the gudgeons of learning; and accordingly, there were divers profound writers, ready to swear to its correctness, and to bring in their usual load of authorities, and wise surmises, wherewithal to prop it up. Vetablus and Robertus

Stephens declared nothing could be more clear—Arius Montanus, without the least hesitation, asserts that Mexico was the true Ophir, and the Jews the early settlers of the country. While Possevin, Becan, and several other sagacious writers, lug in a *supposed* prophecy of the fourth book of Esdras, which being inserted in the mighty hypothesis, like the keystone of an arch, gives it, in their opinion, perpetual durability.

Scarce, however, have they completed their goodly superstructure, than in trudges a phalanx of opposite authors, with Hans de Laet, the great Dutchman, at their head, and at one blow tumbles the whole fabric about their ears. Hans, in fact, contradicts outright all the Israelitish claims to the first settlement of this country, attributing all those equivocal symptoms, and traces of Christianity and Judaism, which have been said to be found in divers provinces of the new world, to the *Devil*, who has always affected to counterfeit the worship of the true Deity. "A remark," says the knowing old Padre d'Acosta, "made by all good authors who have spoken of the religion of nations newly discovered, and founded besides on the authority of the *fathers of the church*." Some writers again, among whom it is with much regret I am compelled to metion Lopez de Gomara, and Juan de Leri, insinuate that the Canaanites, being driven from the land of promise by the Jews, were seized with such a panic that they fled without looking behind them, until stopping to take breath, they found themselves safe in America. As they brought neither their national language, manners, nor features with them, it is supposed they left them behind in the hurry of their flight—I cannot give my faith to this opinion.

I pass over the supposition of the learned Grotius, who being both an ambassador and a Dutchman to boot, is entitled to great respect; that North America was peopled by a strolling company of Norwegians, and that Peru was founded by a colony from China—Manco or Mango Capac, the first Incas, being himself a Chinese. Nor shall I more than barely mention, that father Kircher ascribes the settlement of America to the Egyptians, Rudbeck to the Scandinavians, Charron to the Gauls, Juffredus Petri to a skating party from Friesland, Milius to the Celtæ, Marinocus the Sicilian to the Romans, Le Compte to the Phœnicians, Postel to the Moors, Martyn d'Angleria to the Abyssinians, together with the sage surmise of De Laet, that England, Ireland, and the Orcades may contend for that honor.

Nor will I bestow any more attention or credit to the idea that America is the fairy region of Zipangri, described by that dreaming traveller, Marco Polo, the Venetian; or that it comprises the visionary island of Atlantis, described by Plato. Neither will I stop to investigate the heathenish assertion of Paracelsus, that each hemisphere of the globe was originally furnished with an Adam and Eve. Or the more flattering opinion of Dr. Romayne, supported by many nameless authorities, that Adam was of the Indian race—or the startling conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius, and Darwin, so highly honorable to mankind, that the whole human species is accidentally descended from a remarkable family of monkeys!

This last conjecture, I must own, came upon me very suddenly and very ungraciously. I have often beheld the clown in a pantomime, while gazing in stupid wonder at the extravagant gambols of a harlequin, all at once electrified by a sud-

den stroke of the wooden sword across his shoulders. Little did I think at such times, that it would ever fall to my lot to be treated with equal discourtesy, and that while I was quietly beholding these grave philosophers, emulating the eccentric transformations of the hero of pantomime, they would on a sudden turn upon me and my readers, and with one hypothetical flourish metamorphose us into beasts! I determined from that moment not to burn my fingers with any more of their theories, but content myself with detailing the different methods by which they transported the descendants of these ancient and respectable monkeys to this great field of theoretical warfare.

This was done either by migrations by land or transmigrations by water. Thus Padre Joseph d'Acosta enumerates three passages by land—first by the north of Europe, secondly by the north of Asia, and thirdly by regions southward of the Straits of Magellan. The learned Grotius marches his Norwegians by a pleasant route across frozen rivers and arms of the sea, through Iceland, Greenland, Estotiland and Naremberga: and various writers, among whom are Angleria, De Hornn, and Buffon, anxious for the accommodation of these travellers, have fastened the two continents together by a strong chain of deductions—by which means they could pass over dry-shod. But should even this fail, Pinkerton, that industrious old gentleman, who compiles books, and manufactures Geographies, has constructed a natural bridge of ice, from continent to continent, at the distance of four or five miles from Behring's Straits—for which he is entitled to the grateful thanks of all the wandering aborigines who ever did or ever will pass over it.

It is an evil much to be lamented, that none of the worthy writers above quoted could ever commence his work, without immediately declaring hostilities against every writer who had treated of the same subject. In this particular, authors may be compared to a certain sagacious bird, which in building its nest, is sure to pull to pieces the nests of all the birds in its neighborhood. This unhappy propensity tends grievously to impede the progress of sound knowledge. Theories are at best but brittle productions, and when once committed to the stream, they should take care that like the notable pots which were fellow-voyagers, they do not crack each other.

My chief surprise is, that among the many writers I have noticed, no one has attempted to prove that this country was peopled from the moon—or that the first inhabitants floated hither on islands of ice, as white bears cruise about the northern oceans—or that they were conveyed hither by balloons, as modern aeronauts pass from Dover to Calais—or by witchcraft, as Simon Magus posted among the stars—or after the manner of the renowned Scythian Abaris, who, like the New England witches on full-blooded broomsticks, made most unheard-of journeys on the back of a golden arrow, given him by the Hyperborean Apollo.

But there is still one mode left by which this country could have been peopled, which I have reserved for the last, because I consider it worth all the rest: it is—*by accident!* Speaking of the islands of Solomon, New Guinea, and New Holland, the profound father Charlevoix observes, "in fine, all these countries are peopled, and *it is possible* some have been so *by accident.* Now if it could have happened in that manner, why might it not have been at the *same time*, and by

the *same means*, with *the other* parts of the globe?" This ingenious mode of deducing certain conclusions from possible premises, is an improvement in syllogistic skill, and proves the good father superior even to Archimedes, for he can turn the world without any thing to rest his lever upon. It is only surpassed by the dexterity with which the sturdy old Jesuit, in another place, cuts the gordian knot—"Nothing," says he, "is more easy. The inhabitants of both hemispheres are certainly the descendants of the same father. The common father of mankind received an express order from Heaven to people the world, and *accordingly it has been peopled.* To bring this about, it was necessary to overcome all difficulties in the way, *and they have also been overcome!*" Pious logician! How does he put all the herd of laborious theorists to the blush, by explaining, in five words, what it has cost them volumes to prove they knew nothing about!

From all the authorities here quoted, and a variety of others which I have consulted, but which are omitted through fear of fatiguing the unlearned reader, I can only draw the following conclusions, which luckily, however, are sufficient for my purpose. First that this part of the world has actually *been peopled*, (Q. E. D.) to support which we have living proofs in the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabit it. Secondly, that it has been peopled in five hundred different ways, as proved by a cloud of authors who, from the positiveness of their assertions, seem to have been eye-witnesses to the fact. Thirdly, that the people of this country had a *variety of fathers*, which, as it may not be thought much to their credit by the common run of readers, the less we say on the subject the better. The question, therefore, I trust, is forever at rest.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR PUTS A MIGHTY QUESTION TO THE ROUT, BY THE ASSISTANCE OF THE MAN IN THE MOON — WHICH NOT ONLY DELIVERS THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE FROM GREAT EMBARRASSMENT, BUT LIKEWISE CONCLUDES THIS INTRODUCTORY BOOK.

THE writer of a history may, in some respects, be likened unto an adventurous knight, who having undertaken a perilous enterprise, by way of establishing his fame, feels bound, in honor and chivalry, to turn back for no difficulty nor hardship, and never to shrink or quail, whatever enemy he may encounter. Under this impression, I resolutely draw my pen, and fall to, with might and main, at those doughty questions and subtle paradoxes, which, like fiery dragons and bloody giants, beset the entrance to my history, and would fain repulse me from the very threshold. And at this moment a gigantic question has started up, which I must needs take by the beard and utterly subdue, before I can advance another step in my historic undertaking; but I trust this will be the last adversary I shall have to contend with, and that in the next book I shall be enabled to conduct my readers in triumph into the body of my work.

The question which has thus suddenly arisen, is, What right had the first discoverers of America to land and take

possession of a country, without first gaining the consent of its inhabitants, or yielding them an adequate compensation for their territory?—a question which has withstood many fierce assaults, and has given much distress of mind to multitudes of kind-hearted folk. And indeed, until it be totally vanquished, and put to rest, the worthy people of America can by no means enjoy the soil they inhabit, with clear right and title, and quiet, unsullied consciences.

The first source of right, by which property is acquired in a country, is DISCOVERY. For as all mankind have an equal right to any thing, which has never before been appropriated, so any nation, that discovers an uninhabited country, and takes possession thereof, is considered as enjoying full property, and absolute, unquestionable empire therein.*

This proposition being admitted, it follows clearly, that the Europeans who first visited America, were the real discoverers of the same; nothing being necessary to the establishment of this fact, but simply to prove that it was totally uninhabited by man. This would at first appear to be a point of some difficulty, for it is well known, that this quarter of the world abounded with certain animals, that walked erect on two feet, had something of the human countenance, uttered certain unintelligible sounds, very much like language, in short, had a marvellous resemblance to human beings. But the zealous and enlightened fathers, who accompanied the discoverers, for the purpose of promoting the kingdom of heaven, by establishing fat monasteries and bishoprics on earth, soon cleared up this point, greatly to the satisfaction of his holiness the pope, and of all Christian voyagers and discoverers.

* Grotius. Puffendorf, b. v. c. 4. Vattel, b. i. c. 18, &c.

They plainly proved, and as there were no Indian writers arose on the other side, the fact was considered as fully admitted and established, that the two-legged race of animals before mentioned were mere cannibals, detestable monsters, and many of them giants—which last description of vagrants have, since the times of Gog, Magog, and Goliath, been considered as outlaws, and have received no quarter in either history, chivalry, or song. Indeed, even the philosophic Bacon declared the Americans to be people proscribed by the laws of nature, inasmuch as they had a barbarous custom of sacrificing men, and feeding upon man's flesh.

Nor are these all the proofs of their utter barbarism: among many other writers of discernment, Ulloa tells us "their imbecility is so visible, that one can hardly form an idea of them different from what one has of the brutes. Nothing disturbs the tranquillity of their souls, equally insensible to disasters and to prosperity. Though half naked, they are as contented as a monarch in his most splendid array. Fear makes no impression on them, and respect as little." All this is furthermore supported by the authority of M. Bouguer. "It is not easy," says he, "to describe the degree of their indifference for wealth and all its advantages. One does not well know what motives to propose to them when one would persuade them to any service. It is vain to offer them money; they answer they are not hungry." And Vanegas confirms the whole, assuring us that "ambition they have none, and are more desirous of being thought strong than valiant. The objects of ambition with us—honor, fame, reputation, riches, posts, and distinctions, are unknown among them. So that this powerful spring of action, the cause of so much *seeming*

good and *real* evil in the world, has no power over them. In a word, these unhappy mortals may be compared to children, in whom the development of reason is not completed."

Now all these peculiarities, although in the unenlightened states of Greece they would have entitled their possessors to immortal honor, as having reduced to practice those rigid and abstemious maxims, the mere talking about which acquired certain old Greeks the reputation of sages and philosophers; —yet, were they clearly proved in the present instance to betoken a most abject and brutified nature, totally beneath the human character. But the benevolent fathers, who had undertaken to turn these unhappy savages into dumb beasts, by dint of argument, advanced still stronger proofs; for as certain divines of the sixteenth century, and among the rest Lullus, affirm—the Americans go naked, and have no beards!— "They have nothing," says Lullus, "of the reasonable animal, except the mask."—And even that mask was allowed to avail them but little, for it was soon found that they were of a hideous copper complexion—and being of a copper complexion, it was all the same as if they were negroes—and negroes are black, "and black," said the pious fathers, devoutly crossing themselves, "is the color of the Devil!" Therefore, so far from being able to own property, they had no right even to personal freedom—for liberty is too radiant a deity to inhabit such gloomy temples. All which circumstances plainly convinced the righteous followers of Cortes and Pizarro, that these miscreants had no title to the soil that they infested—that they were a perverse, illiterate, dumb, beardless, blackseed—mere wild beasts of the forests, and like them should either be subdued or exterminated.

From the foregoing arguments, therefore, and a variety of others equally conclusive, which I forbear to enumerate, it is clearly evident that this fair quarter of the globe when first visited by Europeans, was a howling wilderness, inhabited by nothing but wild beasts; and that the transatlantic visitors acquired an incontrovertible property therein, by the *right of discovery*.

This right being fully established, we now come to the next, which is the right acquired by *cultivation*. "The cultivation of the soil," we are told, "is an obligation imposed by nature on mankind. The whole world is appointed for the nourishment of its inhabitants: but it would be incapable of doing it, was it uncultivated. Every nation is then obliged by the law of nature to cultivate the ground that has fallen to its share. Those people, like the ancient Germans and modern Tartars, who, having fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, and choose to live by rapine, are wanting to themselves, and *deserve to be exterminated as savage and pernicious beasts*."*

Now it is notorious, that the savages knew nothing of agriculture, when first discovered by the Europeans, but lived a most vagabond, disorderly, unrighteous life,—rambling from place to place, and prodigally rioting upon the spontaneous luxuries of nature, without tasking her generosity to yield them any thing more; whereas it has been most unquestionably shown, that Heaven intended the earth should be ploughed and sown, and manured, and laid out into cities, and towns, and farms, and country seats, and pleasure grounds, and public gardens, all which the Indians knew nothing about—there-

* Vattel, b. i. ch. 17.

fore, they did not improve the talents Providence had bestowed on them—therefore, they were careless stewards—therefore, they had no right to the soil—therefore, they deserved to be exterminated.

It is true, the savages might plead that they drew all the benefits from the land which their simple wants required—they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together with the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, furnished a sufficient variety for their frugal repasts;—and that as Heaven merely designed the earth to form the abode, and satisfy the wants of man; so long as those purposes were answered, the will of Heaven was accomplished.—But this only proves how undeserving they were of the blessings around them—they were so much the more savages, for not having more wants; for knowledge is in some degree an increase of desires, and it is this superiority both in the number and magnitude of his desires, that distinguishes the man from the beast. Therefore the Indians, in not having more wants, were very unreasonable animals; and it was but just that they should make way for the Europeans, who had a thousand wants to their one, and, therefore, would turn the earth to more account, and by cultivating it, more truly fulfil the will of Heaven. Besides—Grotius and Lauterbach, and Puffendorff, and Titius, and many wise men beside, who have considered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood, or drawing water in it—nothing but precise demarcation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can establish the possession. Now as the savages (probably from never having read the authors above quoted) had never complied with any of these necessary forms, it plainly follows

that they had no right to the soil, but that it was completely at the disposal of the first comers, who had more knowledge, more wants, and more elegant, that is to say, artificial desires than themselves.

In entering upon a newly discovered, uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property—therefore, in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of nature, and counteracting the will of Heaven—therefore, they were guilty of impiety, burglary, and trespass on the case,—therefore, they were hardened offenders against God and man—therefore, they ought to be exterminated.

But a more irresistible right than either that I have mentioned, and one which will be the most readily admitted by my reader, provided he be blessed with bowels of charity and philanthropy, is the right acquired by civilization. All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages were found. Not only deficient in the comforts of life, but what is still worse, most piteously and unfortunately blind to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life—and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learned to estimate those blessings; they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies, by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previously introduced among them

the diseases which they were calculated to cure. By these and a variety of other methods was the condition of these poor savages wonderfully improved; they acquired a thousand wants, of which they had before been ignorant; and as he has most sources of happiness who has most wants to be gratified, they were doubtlessly rendered a much happier race of beings.

But the most important branch of civilization, and which has most strenuously been extolled by the zealous and pious fathers of the Romish Church, is the introduction of the Christian faith. It was truly a sight that might well inspire horror, to behold these savages tumbling among the dark mountains of paganism, and guilty of the most horrible ignorance of religion. It is true, they neither stole nor defrauded; they were sober, frugal, continent, and faithful to their word; but though they acted right habitually, it was all in vain, unless they acted so from precept. The new comers, therefore, used every method to induce them to embrace and practise the true religion—except indeed that of setting them the example.

But notwithstanding all these complicated labors for their good, such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these stubborn wretches, that they ungratefully refused to acknowledge the strangers as their benefactors, and persisted in disbelieving the doctrines they endeavored to inculcate; most insolently alleging, that from their conduct, the advocates of Christianity did not seem to believe in it themselves. Was not this too much for human patience?—would not one suppose that the benign visitants from Europe, provoked at their incredulity, and discouraged by their stiff-necked obstinacy, would forever have abandoned their shores, and consigned them to their

original ignorance and misery?—But no—so zealous were they to effect the temporal comfort and eternal salvation of these pagan infidels, that they even proceeded from the milder means of persuasion, to the more painful and troublesome one of persecution—let loose among them whole troops of fiery monks and furious bloodhounds — purified them by fire and sword, by stake and fagot; in consequence of which indefatigable measures the cause of Christian love and charity was so rapidly advanced, that in a few years not one-fifth of the number of unbelievers existed in South America that were found there at the time of its discovery.

What stronger right need the European settlers advance to the country than this? Have not whole nations of uninformed savages been made acquainted with a thousand imperious wants and indispensable comforts, of which they were before wholly ignorant? Have they not been literally hunted and smoked out of the dens and lurking places of ignorance and infidelity, and absolutely scourged into the right path? Have not the temporal things, the vain baubles and filthy lucre of this world, which were too apt to engage their worldly and selfish thoughts, been benevolently taken from them; and have they not, instead thereof, been taught to set their affections on things above?—And finally, to use the words of a reverend Spanish father, in a letter to his superior in Spain —"Can any one have the presumption to say that these savage Pagans have yielded any thing more than an inconsiderable recompense to their benefactors; in surrendering to them a little pitiful tract of this dirty sublunary planet in exchange for a glorious inheritance in the kingdom of heaven?"

Here then are three complete and undeniable sources of

right established, any one of which was more than ample to establish a property in the newly-discovered regions of America. Now, so it has happened in certain parts of this delightful quarter of the globe, that the right of discovery has been so strenuously asserted—the influence of cultivation so industriously extended, and the progress of salvation and civilization so zealously prosecuted, that, what with their attendant wars, persecutions, oppressions, diseases and other partial evils that often hang on the skirts of great benefits—the savage aborigines have, somehow or another, been utterly annihilated—and this all at once brings me to a fourth right, which is worth all the others put together.—For the original claimants to the soil being all dead and buried, and no one remaining to inherit or dispute the soil, the Spaniards, as the next immediate occupants, entered upon the possession as clearly as the hangman succeeds to the clothes of the malefactor—and as they have Blackstone,* and all the learned expounders of the law on their side, they may set all actions of ejectment at defiance—and this last right may be entitled the RIGHT BY EXTERMINATION, or in other words, the RIGHT BY GUNPOWDER.

But lest any scruples of conscience should remain on this head, and to settle the question of right forever, his holiness Pope Alexander VI. issued a bull, by which he generously granted the newly-discovered quarter of the globe to the Spaniards and Portuguese; who, thus having law and gospel on their side, and being inflamed with great spiritual zeal, showed the Pagan savages neither favor nor affection, but prosecuted the work of discovery, colonization, civilization, and extermination, with ten times more fury than ever.

* Bl. Com. b. ii. c. 1.

Thus were the European worthies who first discovered America clearly entitled to the soil; and not only entitled to the soil, but likewise to the eternal thanks of these infidel savages, for having come so far, endured so many perils by sea and land, and taken such unwearied pains, for no other purpose but to improve their forlorn, uncivilized, and heathenish condition—for having made them acquainted with the comforts of life; for having introduced among them the light of religion, and finally—for having hurried them out of the world, to enjoy its reward!

But as argument is never so well understood by us selfish mortals as when it comes home to ourselves, and as I am particularly anxious that this question should be put to rest forever, I will suppose a parallel case, by way of arousing the candid attention of my readers.

Let us suppose, then, that the inhabitants of the moon, by astonishing advancement in science, and by profound insight into that lunar philosophy, the mere flickerings of which have of late years dazzled the feeble optics, and addled the shallow brains of the good people of our globe—let us suppose, I say, that the inhabitants of the moon, by these means, had arrived at such a command of their *energies*, such an enviable state of *perfectibility*, as to control the elements, and navigate the boundless regions of space. Let us suppose a roving crew of these soaring philosophers, in the course of an aerial voyage of discovery among the stars, should chance to alight upon this outlandish planet.

And here I beg my readers will not have the uncharitableness to smile, as is too frequently the fault of volatile readers, when perusing the grave speculations of philosophers. I am

far from indulging in any sportive vein at present; nor is the supposition I have been making so wild as many may deem it. It has long been a very serious and anxious question with me, and many a time and oft, in the course of my overwhelming cares and contrivances for the welfare and protection of this my native planet, have I lain awake whole nights debating in my mind, whether it were most probable we should first discover and civilize the moon, or the moon discover and civilize our globe. Neither would the prodigy of sailing in the air and cruising among the stars be a whit more astonishing and incomprehensible to us, than was the European mystery of navigating floating castles, through the world of waters, to the simple natives. We have already discovered the art of coasting along the aerial shores of our planet, by means of balloons, as the savages had of venturing along their sea-coasts in canoes; and the disparity between the former, and the aerial vehicles of the philosophers from the moon, might not be greater than that between the bark canoes of the savages, and the mighty ships of their discoverers. I might here pursue an endless chain of similar speculations; but as they would be unimportant to my subject, I abandon them to my reader, particularly if he be a philosopher, as matters well worthy of his attentive consideration.

To return then to my supposition—let us suppose that the aerial visitants I have mentioned, possessed of vastly superior knowledge to ourselves; that is to say, possessed of superior knowledge in the art of extermination—riding on hyppogriffs —defended with impenetrable armor—armed with concentrated sunbeams, and provided with vast engines, to hurl enormous moon-stones: in short, let us suppose them, if our vanity

will permit the supposition, as superior to us in knowledge, and consequently in power, as the Europeans were to the Indians, when they first discovered them. All this is very possible; it is only our self-sufficiency that makes us think otherwise; and I warrant the poor savages, before they had any knowledge of the white men, armed in all the terrors of glittering steel and tremendous gunpowder, were as perfectly convinced that they themselves were the wisest, the most virtuous, powerful, and perfect of created beings, as are, at this present moment, the lordly inhabitants of old England, the volatile populace of France, or even the self-satisfied citizens of this most enlightened republic.

Let us suppose, moreover, that the aerial voyagers, finding this planet to be nothing but a howling wilderness, inhabited by us, poor savages and wild beasts, shall take formal possession of it, in the name of his most gracious and philosophic excellency, the man in the moon. Finding, however, that their numbers are incompetent to hold it in complete subjection, on account of the ferocious barbarity of its inhabitants, they shall take our worthy President, the King of England, the Emperor of Hayti, the mighty Bonaparte, and the great King of Bantam, and returning to their native planet, shall carry them to court, as were the Indian chiefs led about as spectacles in the courts of Europe.

Then making such obeisance as the etiquette of the court requires, they shall address the puissant man in the moon, in, as near as I can conjecture, the following terms:

"Most serene and mighty Potentate, whose dominions extend as far as eye can reach, who rideth on the Great Bear, useth the sun as a looking-glass, and maintaineth unrivalled

control over tides, madmen, and sea-crabs. We thy liege subjects have just returned from a voyage of discovery, in the course of which we have landed and taken possession of that obscure little dirty planet, which thou beholdest rolling at a distance. The five uncouth monsters, which we have brought into this august presence, were once very important chiefs among their fellow savages, who are a race of beings totally destitute of the common attributes of humanity; and differing in every thing from the inhabitants of the moon, inasmuch as they carry their heads upon their shoulders, instead of under their arms—have two eyes instead of one—are utterly destitute of tails, and of a variety of unseemly complexions, particularly of horrible whiteness—instead of pea-green.

"We have moreover found these miserable savages sunk into a state of the utmost ignorance and depravity, every man shamelessly living with his own wife, and rearing his own children, instead of indulging in that community of wives enjoined by the law of nature, as expounded by the philosophers of the moon. In a word, they have scarcely a gleam of true philosophy among them, but are, in fact, utter heretics, ignoramuses, and barbarians. Taking compassion, therefore, on the sad condition of these sublunary wretches, we have endeavored, while we remained on their planet, to introduce among them the light of reason—and the comforts of the moon. We have treated them to mouthfuls of moonshine, and draughts of nitrous oxide, which they swallowed with incredible voracity, particularly the females; and we have likewise endeavored to instil into them the precepts of lunar philosophy. We have insisted upon their renouncing the contemptible shackles of religion and common sense, and

adoring the profound, omnipotent, and all perfect energy, and the ecstatic, immutable, immovable perfection. But such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these wretched savages, that they persisted in cleaving to their wives, and adhering to their religion, and absolutely set at naught the sublime doctrines of the moon,—nay, among other abominable heresies, they even went so far as blasphemously to declare, that this ineffable planet was made of nothing more nor less than green cheese!"

At these words, the great man in the moon (being a very profound philosopher) shall fall into a terrible passion, and possessing equal authority over things that do not belong to him, as did whilom his holiness the Pope, shall forthwith issue a formidable bull, specifying, "That, whereas a certain crew of Lunatics have lately discovered, and taken possession of a newly-discovered planet called *the earth*—and that whereas it is inhabited by none but a race of two-legged animals that carry their heads on their shoulders instead of under their arms; cannot talk the lunatic language; have two eyes instead of one; are destitute of tails, and of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea-green—therefor, and for a variety of other excellent reasons, they are considered incapable of possessing any property in the planet they infest, and the right and title to it are confirmed to its original discoverers.—And furthermore, the colonists who are now about to depart to the aforesaid planet are authorized and commanded to use every means to convert these infidel savages from the darkness of Christianity, and make them thorough and absolute lunatics."

In consequence of this benevolent bull, our philosophic benefactors go to work with hearty zeal. They seize upon

our fertile territories, scourge us from our rightful possessions, relieve us from our wives, and when we are unreasonable enough to complain, they will turn upon us and say, Miserable barbarians! ungrateful wretches! have we not come thousands of miles to improve your worthless planet; have we not fed you with moonshine; have we not intoxicated you with nitrous oxide; does not our moon give you light every night, and have you the baseness to murmur, when we claim a pitiful return for all these benefits? But finding that we not only persist in absolute contempt of their reasoning and disbelief in their philosophy, but even go so far as daringly to defend our property, their patience shall be exhausted, and they shall resort to their superior powers of argument; hunt us with hyppogriffs, transfix us with concentrated sunbeams, demolish our cities with moon-stones; until having, by main force, converted us to the true faith, they shall graciously permit us to exist in the torrid deserts of Arabia, or the frozen regions of Lapland, there to enjoy the blessings of civilization and the charms of lunar philosophy, in much the same manner as the reformed and enlightened savages of this country are kindly suffered to inhabit the inhospitable forests of the north, or the impenetrable wildernesses of South America.

Thus, I hope, I have clearly proved, and strikingly illustrated, the right of the early colonists to the possession of this country; and thus is this gigantic question completely vanquished: so having manfully surmounted all obstacles, and subdued all opposition, what remains but that I should forthwith conduct my readers into the city which we have been so long in a manner besieging? But hold; before I proceed another step, I must pause to take breath, and recover

from the excessive fatigue I have undergone, in preparing to begin this most accurate of histories. And in this I do but imitate the example of a renowned Dutch tumbler of antiquity, who took a start of three miles for the purpose of jumping over a hill, but having run himself out of breath by the time he reached the foot, sat himself quietly down for a few moments to blow, and then walked over it at his leisure.

BOOK II.

TREATING OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF NIEUW-NEDERLANDTS.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED DIVERS REASONS WHY A MAN SHOULD NOT WRITE IN A HURRY; ALSO, OF MASTER HENDRICK HUDSON, HIS DISCOVERY OF A STRANGE COUNTRY—AND HOW HE WAS MAGNIFICENTLY REWARDED BY THE MUNIFICENCE OF THEIR HIGH MIGHTINESSES.

MY great-grandfather, by the mother's side, Hermanus Van Clattercop, when employed to build the large stone church at Rotterdam, which stands about three hundred yards to your left after you turn off from the Boomkeys, and which is so conveniently constructed, that all the zealous Christians of Rotterdam prefer sleeping through a sermon there to any other church in the city—my great-grandfather, I say, when employed to build that famous church, did in the first place send to Delft for a box of long pipes; then having purchased a new spitting-box and a hundred weight of the best Virginia, he sat himself down, and did nothing for the space of three months but smoke most laboriously. Then did he spend full three months more in trudging on foot, and voyaging in trek-

schuit, from Rotterdam to Amsterdam—to Delft—to Haerlem—to Leyden—to the Hague, knocking his head and breaking his pipe against every church in his road. Then did he advance gradually nearer and nearer to Rotterdam, until he came in full sight of the identical spot whereon the church was to be built. Then did he spend three months longer in walking round it and round it, contemplating it, first from one point of view, and then from another—now would he be paddled by it on the canal—now would he peep at it through a telescope from the other side of the Meuse, and now would he take a bird's-eye glance at it, from the top of one of those gigantic windmills which protect the gates of the city. The good folks of the place were on the tiptoe of expectation and impatience—notwithstanding all the turmoil of my great-grandfather, not a symptom of the church was yet to be seen; they even began to fear it would never be brought into the world, but that its great projector would lie down and die in labor of the mighty plan he had conceived. At length, having occupied twelve good months in puffing and paddling, and talking and walking—having travelled over all Holland, and even taken a peep into France and Germany—having smoked five hundred and ninety-nine pipes, and three hundred weight of the best Virginia tobacco—my great-grandfather gathered together all that knowing and industrious class of citizens who prefer attending to anybody's business sooner than their own, and having pulled off his coat and five pair of breeches, he advanced sturdily up, and laid the corner-stone of the church, in presence of the whole multitude—just at the commencement of the thirteenth month.

In a similar manner, and with the example of my worthy

ancestor full before my eyes, have I proceeded in writing this most authentic history. The honest Rotterdamers no doubt thought my great-grandfather was doing nothing at all to the purpose, while he was making such a world of prefatory bustle, about the building of his church—and many of the ingenious inhabitants of this fair city will unquestionably suppose that all the preliminary chapters, with the discovery, population, and final settlement of America, were totally irrelevant and superfluous—and that the main business, the history of New York, is not a jot more advanced, than if I had never taken up my pen. Never were wise people more mistaken in their conjectures; in consequence of going to work slowly and deliberately, the church came out of my grandfather's hands one of the most sumptuous, goodly, and glorious edifices in the known world—excepting that, like our magnificent capitol, at Washington, it was begun on so grand a scale that the good folks could not afford to finish more than the wing of it. So, likewise, I trust, if ever I am able to finish this work on the plan I have commenced, (of which, in simple truth, I sometimes have my doubts,) it will be found that I have pursued the latest rules of my art, as exemplified in the writings of all the great American historians, and wrought a very large history out of a small subject—which, now-a-days, is considered one of the great trumphs of historic skill. To proceed, then, with the thread of my story.

In the ever memorable year of our Lord, 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five-and-twentieth day of March, old style, did that "worthy and irrecoverable discoverer, (as he has justly been called,) Master Henry Hudson," set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the Half Moon, being employed by

the Dutch East India Company, to seek a northwest passage to China.

Henry (or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick) Hudson, was a sea-faring man of renown, who had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and caused him to find great favor in the eyes of their High Mightinesses, the lords states general, and also of the honorable West India Company. He was a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose, which was supposed in those days to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighborhood of his tobacco pipe.

He wore a true Andrea Ferrara, tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on one side of his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and his voice sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet—owing to the number of hard northwesters which he had swallowed in the course of his sea-faring.

Such was Hendrick Hudson, of whom we have heard so much, and know so little: and I have been thus particular in his description for the benefit of modern painters and statuaries, that they may represent him as he was; and not, according to their common custom with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvidere.

As chief mate and favorite companion, the commodore chose master Robert Juet, of Limehouse, in England. By some his name has been spelled *Chewit*, and ascribed to the circumstances of his having been the first man that ever

chewed tobacco; but this I believe to be a mere flippancy; more especially as certain of his progeny are living at this day, who write their names Juet. He was an old comrade and early schoolmate of the great Hudson, with whom he had often played truant and sailed chip boats in a neighboring pond, when they were little boys—from whence it is said that the commodore first derived his bias towards a sea-faring life. Certain it is, that the old people about Limehouse declared Robert Juet to be an unlucky urchin, prone to mischief, that would one day or other come to the gallows.

He grew up as boys of that kind often grow up, a rambling, heedless varlet, tossed about in all quarters of the world —meeting with more perils and wonders than did Sinbad the Sailor, without growing a whit more wise, prudent, or ill-natured. Under every misfortune, he comforted himself with a quid of tobacco, and the truly philosophic maxim, that "it will be all the same thing a hundred years hence." He was skilled in the art of carving anchors and true lover's knots on the bulk-heads and quarter-railings, and was considered a great wit on board ship, in consequence of his playing pranks on everybody around, and now and then even making a wry face at old Hendrick, when his back was turned.

To this universal genius are we indebted for many particulars concerning this voyage; of which he wrote a history, at the request of the commodore, who had an unconquerable aversion to writing himself, from having received so many floggings about it when at school. To supply the deficiencies of master Juet's journal, which is written with true log-book brevity, I have availed myself of divers family traditions,

handed down from my great-great-grandfather, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of cabin-boy.

From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me exceedingly that I have to admit so noted an expedition into my work, without making any more of it.

Suffice it to say, the voyage was prosperous and tranquil—the crew, being a patient people, much given to slumber and vacuity, and but little troubled with the disease of thinking—a malady of the mind, which is the sure breeder of discontent. Hudson had laid in abundance of gin and sourkrout, and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew. True it is, some slight disaffection was shown on two or three occasions, at certain unreasonable conduct of Commodore Hudson. Thus, for instance, he forbore to shorten sail when the wind was light, and the weather serene, which was considered among the most experienced Dutch seamen, as certain *weather-breeders*, or prognostics, that the weather would change for the worse. He acted, moreover, in direct contradiction to that ancient and sage rule of the Dutch navigators, who always took in sail at night—put the helm a-port, and turned in—by which precaution they had a good night's rest—were sure of knowing where they were the next morning, and stood but little chance of running down a continent in the dark. He likewise prohibited the seamen from wearing more than five jackets and six pair of breeches, under pretence of rendering them more alert; and no man was permitted to go aloft, and hand in sails with a pipe in his mouth, as is the invariable Dutch custom at the present day. All these grievances, though they might ruffle for a moment the

constitutional tranquillity of the honest Dutch ars, made but transient impression; they eat hugely, drank profusely, and slept immeasurably, and being under the especial guidance of Providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America; where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the fourth day of September, entered that majestic bay which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New York, and which had never before been visited by any European.*

* True it is—and I am not ignorant of the fact, that in a certain apocryphal book of voyages, compiled by one Hakluyt, is to be found a letter written to Francis the First, by one Giovanne, or John Verazzani, on which some writers are inclined to found a belief that this delightful bay had been visited nearly a century previous to the voyage of the enterprising Hudson. Now this (albeit it has met with the countenance of certain very judicious and learned men) I hold in utter disbelief, and that for various good and substantial reasons: *First*, Because on strict examination it will be found, that the description given by this Verazzani applies about as well to the bay of New York as it does to my night-cap. *Secondly*, Because that this John Verazzani, for whom I already begin to feel a most bitter enmity, is a native of Florence; and everybody knows the crafty wiles of these losel Florentines, by which they filched away the laurels from the brows of the immortal Colon, (vulgarly called Columbus,) and bestowed them on their officious townsman, Amerigo Vespucci; and I make no doubt they are equally ready to rob the illustrious Hudson of the credit of discovering this beautiful island, adorned by the city of New York, and placing it beside their usurped discovery of South America. And, *thirdly*, I award my decision in favor of the pretensions of Hendrick Hudson, inasmuch as his expedition sailed from Holland, being truly and absolutely a Dutch enterprise—and though all the proofs in the world were introduced on the other side, I would set them at naught, as undeserving my attention. If these three reasons be not sufficient to satisfy every burgher of this ancient city—all I can say is, they are degenerate descendants from their venerable Dutch ancestors, and totally unworthy the trouble of convincing. Thus, therefore, the title of Hendrick Hudson to his renowned discovery is fully vindicated.

It has been traditionary in our family, that when the great navigator was first blessed with a view of this enchanting island, he was observed, for the first and only time in his life, to exhibit strong symptoms of astonishment and admiration. He is said to have turned to master Juet, and uttered these remarkable words, while he pointed towards this paradise of the new world—"See! there!"—and thereupon, as was always his way when he was uncommonly pleased, he did puff out such clouds of dense tobacco smoke, that in one minute the vessel was out of sight of land, and master Juet was fain to wait until the winds dispersed this impenetrable fog.

It was indeed—as my great-grandfather used to say—though in truth I never heard him, for he died, as might be expected, before I was born—"It was indeed a spot on which the eye might have revelled forever, in ever new and never ending beauties." The island of Mannahata spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy, or some fair creation of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another, crowned with lofty trees of luxuriant growth; some pointing their tapering foliage towards the clouds, which were gloriously transparent; and others loaded with a verdant burthen of clambering vines, bowing their branches to the earth, that was covered with flowers. On the gentle declivities of the hills were scattered in gay profusion, the dog-wood, the sumach, and the wild brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke rising from the little glens that opened along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers a welcome at the hands of their fellow creatures. As

they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man, crowned with feathers, issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan swimming on a silver lake, sounded the warwhoop, and bounded into the woods like a wild deer, to the utter astonishment of the phlegmatic Dutchmen, who had never heard such a noise, or witnessed such a caper in their whole lives.

Of the transactions of our adventurers with the savages, and how the latter smoked copper pipes, and ate dried currants; how they brought great store of tobacco and oysters; how they shot one of the ship's crew, and how he was buried, I shall say nothing; being that I consider them unimportant to my history. After tarrying a few days in the bay, in order to refresh themselves after their sea-faring, our voyagers weighed anchor, to explore a mighty river which emptied into the bay. This river, it is said, was known among the savages by the name of the *Shatemuck;* though we are assured in an excellent little history published in 1674, by John Josselyn, Gent., that it was called the *Mohegan,** and master Richard Bloome, who wrote some time afterwards, asserts the same—so that I very much incline in favor of the opinion of these two honest gentlemen. Be this as it may, up this river did the adventurous Hendrick proceed, little doubting but it would turn out to be the much looked for passage to China!

The journal goes on to make mention of divers interviews between the crew and the natives, in the voyage up the river; but as they would be impertinent to my history, I shall pass

* This river is likewise laid down in Ogilvy's map as Manhattan—Noordt Montaigne and Mauritius river.

over them in silence, except the following dry joke, played off by the old commodore and his school-fellow, Robert Juet, which does such vast credit to their experimental philosophy, that I cannot refrain from inserting it. "Our master and his mate determined to try some of the chiefe men of the countrey, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they tooke them downe into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and aqua vitæ, that they were all merrie; and one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly, as any of our countrey women would do in a strange place. In the end, one of them was drunke, which had been aborde of our ship all the time that we had been there, and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it." *

Having satisfied himself by this ingenious experiment, that the natives were an honest, social race of jolly roysters, who had no objection to a drinking bout and were very merry in their cups, the old commodore chuckled hugely to himself, and thrusting a double quid of tobacco in his cheek, directed master Juet to have it carefully recorded, for the satisfaction of all the natural philosophers of the university of Leyden—which done, he proceeded on his voyage, with great self-complacency. After sailing, however, above an hundred miles up the river, he found the watery world around him began to grow more shallow and confined, the current more rapid, and perfectly fresh—phenomena not uncommon in the ascent of rivers, but which puzzled the honest Dutchmen prodigiously. A consultation was therefore called, and having deliberated full six hours, they were brought to a determination, by the ship's running aground—whereupon they unanimously con-

* Juet's Journ. Purch. Pil.

cluded, that there was but little chance of getting to China in this direction. A boat, however, was despatched to explore higher up the river, which, on its return, confirmed the opinion—upon this the ship was warped off and put about, with great difficulty, being like most of her sex, exceedingly hard to govern; and the adventurous Hudson, according to the account of my great-great-grandfather, returned down the river—with a prodigious flea in his ear!

Being satisfied that there was little likelihood of getting to China, unless, like the blind man, he returned from whence he set out, and took a fresh start, he forthwith recrossed the sea to Holland, where he was received with great welcome by the honorable East India Company, who were very much rejoiced to see him come back safe—with their ship; and at a large and respectable meeting of the first merchants and burgomasters of Amsterdam, it was unanimously determined, that as a munificent reward for the eminent services he had performed, and the important discovery he had made, the great river Mohegan should be called after his name!—and it continues to be called Hudson river unto this very day.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A MIGHTY ARK WHICH FLOATED, UNDER THE PROTECTION OF ST. NICHOLAS, FROM HOLLAND TO GIBBET ISLAND—THE DESCENT OF THE STRANGE ANIMALS THEREFROM—A GREAT VICTORY, AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE ANCIENT VILLAGE OF CONMUNIPAW.

THE delectable accounts given by the great Hudson, and master Juet, of the country they had discovered, excited not a little talk and speculation among the good people of Holland. Letters patent were granted by government to an association of merchants, called the West India Company, for the exclusive trade on Hudson river, on which they erected a trading-house called Fort Aurania, or Orange, from whence did spring the great city of Albany. But I forbear to dwell on the various commercial and colonizing enterprises which took place; among which was that of Mynheer Adrian Block, who discovered and gave a name to Block Island, since famous for its cheese—and shall barely confine myself to that which gave birth to this renowned city.

It was some three or four years after the return of the immortal Hendrick, that a crew of honest, Low Dutch colonists set sail from the city of Amsterdam for the shores of America. It is an irreparable loss to history, and a great proof of the darkness of the age, and the lamentable neglect of

the noble art of book-making, since so industriously cultivated by knowing sea-captains, and learned supercargoes, that an expedition so interesting and important in its results, should be passed over in utter silence. To my great-great-grandfather am I again indebted for the few facts I am enabled to give concerning it—he having once more embarked for this country, with a full determination, as he said, of ending his days here—and of begetting a race of Knickerbockers, that should rise to be great men in the land.

The ship in which these illustrious adventurers set sail was called the *Goede Vrouw*, or good woman, in compliment to the wife of the President of the West India Company, who was allowed by everybody (except her husband) to be a sweet-tempered lady—when not in liquor. It was in truth a most gallant vessel, of the most approved Dutch construction, and made by the ablest ship-carpenters of Amsterdam, who, it is well known, always model their ships after the fair forms of their countrywomen. Accordingly, it had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern-post to the tafferel. Like the beauteous model, who was declared to be the greatest belle in Amsterdam, it was full in the bows, with a pair of enormous cat-heads, a copper bottom, and withal a most prodigious poop!

The architect, who was somewhat of a religious man, far from decorating the ship with pagan idols, such as Jupiter, Neptune, or Hercules, (which heathenish abominations, I have no doubt occasion the misfortunes and shipwreck of many a noble vessel,) he, I say on the contrary, did laudably erect for a head, a goodly image of St. Nicholas, equipped with a

low, broad-brimmed hat, a huge pair of Flemish trunk hose, and a pipe that reached to the end of the bowsprit. Thus gallantly furnished, the staunch ship floated sideways, like a majestic goose, out of the harbor of the great city of Amsterdam, and all the bells, that were not otherwise engaged, rang a triple bobmajor on the joyful occasion.

My great-great-grandfather remarks, that the voyage was uncommonly prosperous, for, being under the especial care of the ever-revered St. Nicholas, the Goede Vrouw seemed to be endowed with qualities unknown to common vessels. Thus she made as much leeway as headway, could get along very nearly as fast with the wind ahead, as when it was a-poop—and was particularly great in a calm; in consequence of which singular advantages, she made out to accomplish her voyage in a very few months, and came to anchor at the mouth of the Hudson, a little to the east of Gibbet Island.

Here lifting up their eyes, they beheld, on what is at present called the Jersey shore, a small Indian village, pleasantly embowered in a grove of spreading elms, and the natives all collected on the beach, gazing in stupid admiration at the Goede Vrouw. A boat was immediately despatched to enter into a treaty with them, and approaching the shore, hailed them through a trumpet, in the most friendly terms; but so horribly confounded were these poor savages at the tremendous and uncouth sound of the Low Dutch language, that they one and all took to their heels, and scampered over the Bergen hills; nor did they stop until they had buried themselves, head and ears, in the marshes on the other side, where they all miserably perished to a man—and their bones being collected and decently covered by the Tammany Society of that

day, formed that singular mound called RATTLESNAKE HILL, which rises out of the centre of the salt marshes a little to the east of the Newark Causeway.

Animated by this unlooked for victory, our valiant heroes sprang ashore in triumph, took possession of the soil as conquerors, in the name of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General; and marching fearlessly forward, carried the village of COMMUNIPAW by storm, notwithstanding that it was vigorously defended by some half a score of old squaws and pappooses. On looking about them they were so transported with the excellencies of the place, that they had very little doubt the blessed St. Nicholas had guided them thither, as the very spot whereon to settle their colony. The softness of the soil was wonderfully adapted to the driving of piles; the swamps and marshes around them afforded ample opportunities for the constructing of dykes and dams; the shallowness of the shore was peculiarly favorable to the building of docks—in a word, this spot abounded with all the requisites for the foundation of a great Dutch city. On making a faithful report, therefore, to the crew of the Goede Vrouw, they one and all determined that this was the destined end of their voyage. Accordingly they descended from the Goede Vrouw, men, women, and children, in goodly groups, as did the animals of yore from the ark, and formed themselves into a thriving settlement, which they called by the Indian name COMMUNIPAW.

As all the world is doubtless perfectly acquainted with Communipaw, it may seem somewhat superfluous to treat of it in the present work; but my readers will please to recollect, notwithstanding it is my chief desire to satisfy the present age, yet I write likewise for posterity, and have to consult

the understanding and curiosity of some half a score of centuries yet to come; by which time, perhaps, were it not for this invaluable history, the great Communipaw, like Babylon, Carthage, Nineveh, and other great cities, might be perfectly extinct—sunk and forgotten in its own mud—its inhabitants turned into oysters,* and even its situation a fertile subject of learned controversy and hard-headed investigation among indefatigable historians. Let me then piously rescue from oblivion the humble relics of a place, which was the egg from whence was hatched the mighty city of New York!

Communipaw is at present but a small village, pleasantly situated, among rural scenery, on that beauteous part of the Jersey shore which was known in ancient legends by the name of Pavonia,† and commands a grand prospect of the superb bay of New York. It is within but half an hour's sail of the latter place, provided you have a fair wind, and may be distinctly seen from the city. Nay, it is a well-known fact, which I can testify from my own experience, that on a clear still summer evening, you may hear, from the battery of New York, the obstreperous peals of broad-mouthed laughter of the Dutch negroes at Communipaw, who, like most other negroes, are famous for their risible powers. This is peculiarly the case on Sunday evenings, when, it is remarked by an ingenious and observant philosopher, who has made great discoveries in the neighborhood of this city, that they always laugh loudest—which he attributes to the circumstance of their having their holiday clothes on.

* Men by inaction degenerate into oysters.—*Knickerbocker.*

† Pavonia, in the ancient maps, is given to a tract of country extending from about Hoboken to Amboy.

These negroes, in fact, like the monks of the dark ages, engross all the knowledge of the place, and being infinitely more adventurous and more knowing than their masters, carry on all the foreign trade; making frequent voyages to town in canoes loaded with oysters, buttermilk, and cabbages.

They are great astrologers, predicting the different changes of weather almost as accurately as an almanac—they are moreover exquisite performers on three-stringed fiddles; in whistling they almost boast the far-famed powers of Orpheus's lyre, for not a horse or an ox in the place, when at the plough or before the wagon, will budge a foot until he hears the well-known whistle of his black driver and companion.—And from their amazing skill at casting up accounts upon their fingers, they are regarded with as much veneration as were the disciples of Pythagoras of yore, when initiated into the sacred quaternary of numbers.

As to the honest burghers of Communipaw, like wise men and sound philosophers, they never look beyond their pipes, nor trouble their heads about any affairs out of their immediate neighborhood; so that they live in profound and enviable ignorance of all the troubles, anxieties, and revolutions of this distracted planet. I am even told that many among them do verily believe that Holland, of which they have heard so much from tradition, is situated somewhere on Long Island—that *Spiking-devil* and *the Narrows* are the two ends of the world—that the country is still under the dominion of their High Mightinesses, and that the city of New York still goes by the name of Nieuw Amsterdam. They meet every Saturday afternoon, at the only tavern in the place, which bears as a sign, a square-headed likeness of the Prince of Orange, where

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they smoke a silent pipe, by way of promoting social conviviality, and invariably drink a mug of cider to the success of Admiral Van Tromp, who they imagine is still sweeping the British channel, with a broom at his mast-head.

Communipaw, in short, is one of the numerous little villages in the vicinity of this most beautiful of cities, which are so many strongholds and fastnesses, whither the primitive manners of our Dutch forefathers have retreated, and where they are cherished with devout and scrupulous strictness. The dress of the original settlers is handed down inviolate, from father to son—the identical broad-brimmed hat, broad-skirted coat, and broad-bottomed breeches, continue from generation to generation; and several gigantic knee-buckles of massy silver, are still in wear, that made gallant display in the days of the patriarchs of Communipaw. The language likewise continues unadulterated by barbarous innovations; and so critically correct is the village schoolmaster in his dialect, that his reading of a Low Dutch psalm has much the same effect on the nerves as the filing of a handsaw.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH IS SET FORTH THE TRUE ART OF MAKING A BARGAIN—TOGETHER WITH THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A GREAT METROPOLIS IN A FOG—AND THE BIOGRAPHY OF CERTAIN HEROES OF COMMUNIPAW.

HAVING, in the trifling digression which concluded the last chapter, discharged the filial duty which the city of New York owed to Communipaw, as being the mother settlement; and having given a faithful picture of it as it stands at present, I return with a soothing sentiment of self-approbation, to dwell upon its early history. The crew of the Goede Vrouw being soon reinforced by fresh importations from Holland, the settlement went jollily on, increasing in magnitude and prosperity. The neighboring Indians in a short time became accustomed to the uncouth sound of the Dutch language, and an intercourse gradually took place between them and the new comers. The Indians were much given to long talks, and the Dutch to long silence—in this particular, therefore, they accommodated each other completely. The chiefs would make long speeches about the big bull, the Wabash, and the Great Spirit, to which the others would listen very attentively, smoke their pipes and grunt *yah*, *myn-her*—whereat the poor savages were wondrously delighted. They instructed the new settlers in the best art of curing and smoking tobacco, while the latter, in

return, made them drunk with true Hollands—and then taught them the art of making bargains.

A brisk trade for furs was soon opened: the Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing it as an invariable table of avoirdupois, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is true, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight, for let them place a bundle of furs, never so large, in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam—never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw!

This is a singular fact—but I have it direct from my great-great-grandfather, who had risen to considerable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh-master, on account of the uncommon heaviness of his foot.

The Dutch possessions in this part of the globe began now to assume a very thriving appearance, and were comprehended under the general title of Nieuw Nederlandts, on account, as the sage Vander Donck observes, of their great resemblance to the Dutch Netherlands—which indeed was truly remarkable, excepting that the former were rugged and mountainous, and the latter level and marshy. About this time the tranquillity of the Dutch colonists was doomed to suffer a temporary interruption. In 1614, Captain Sir Samuel Argal, sailing under a commission from Dale, governor of Virginia, visited the Dutch settlements on Hudson River, and demanded their submission to the English crown and Virginian dominion. To this arrogant demand, as they were in no condition to resist

it, they submitted for the time, like discreet and reasonable men.

It does not appear that the valiant Argal molested the settlement of Communipaw; on the contrary, I am told that when his vessel first hove in sight, the worthy burghers were seized with such a panic, that they fell to smoking their pipes with astonishing vehemence; insomuch that they quickly raised a cloud, which, combining with the surrounding woods and marshes, completely enveloped and concealed their beloved village, and overhung the fair regions of Pavonia—so that the terrible Captain Argal passed on, totally unsuspicious that a sturdy little Dutch settlement lay snugly couched in the mud, under cover of all this pestilent vapor. In commemoration of this fortunate escape, the worthy inhabitants have continued to smoke, almost without intermission, unto this very day; which is said to be the cause of the remarkable fog which often hangs over Communipaw of a clear afternoon.

Upon the departure of the enemy, our worthy ancestors took full six months to recover their wind and get over the consternation into which they had been thrown. They then called a council of safety to smoke over the state of the province. At this council presided one Oloffe Van Kortlandt, a personage who was held in great reverence among the sages of Communipaw for the variety and darkness of his knowledge. He had originally been one of a set of peripatetic philosophers who passed much of their time sunning themselves on the side of the great canal of Amsterdam in Holland; enjoying, like Diogenes, a free and unencumbered estate in sunshine. His name Kortlandt (Shortland or Lackland) was supposed, like that of the illustrious Jean Sansterre, to indicate that he had

no land; but he insisted, on the contrary, that he had great landed estates somewhere in Terra Incognita; and he had come out to the new world to look after them. He was the first great land speculator that we read of in these parts.

Like all land speculators, he was much given to dreaming. Never did any thing extraordinary happen at Communipaw but he declared that he had previously dreamt it; being one of those infallible prophets who predict events after they have come to pass. This supernatural gift was as highly valued among the burghers of Pavonia as among the enlightened nations of antiquity. The wise Ulysses was more indebted to his sleeping than his waking moments for his most subtle achievements, and seldom undertook any great exploit without first soundly sleeping upon it; and the same may be said of Oloffe Van Kortlandt, who was thence aptly denominated Oloffe the dreamer.

As yet his dreams and speculations had turned to little personal profit; and he was as much a lack-land as ever. Still he carried a high head in the community; if his sugar-loaf hat was rather the worse for wear, he set it off with a taller cock's-tail; if his shirt was none of the cleanest, he puffed it out the more at the bosom; and if the tail of it peeped out of a hole in his breeches, it at least proved that it really had a tail and was not mere ruffle.

The worthy Van Kortlandt, in the council in question, urged the policy of emerging from the swamps of Communipaw and seeking some more eligible site for the seat of empire. Such, he said, was the advice of the good St. Nicholas, who had appeared to him in a dream the night before; and whom he had known by his broad hat, his long pipe, and the resem-

blance which he bore to the figure on the bow of the Goede Vrouw.

Many have thought this dream was a mere invention of Oloffe Van Kortlandt; who, it is said, had ever regarded Communipaw with an evil eye because he had arrived there after all the land had been shared out, and who was anxious to change the seat of empire to some new place, where he might be present at the distribution of "town lots." But we must not give heed to such insinuations, which are too apt to be advanced against those worthy gentlemen engaged in laying out towns, and in other land speculations. For my own part, I am disposed to place the same implicit faith in the vision of Oloffe the Dreamer that was manifested by the honest burghers of Communipaw, who one and all agreed that an expedition should be forthwith fitted out to go on a voyage of discovery in quest of a new seat of empire.

This perilous enterprise was to be conducted by Oloffe himself; who chose as lieutenants or coadjutors Mynheers Abraham Hardenbroeck, Jacobus Van Zandt, and Winant Ten Broeck—three indubitably great men, but of whose history, although I have made diligent inquiry, I can learn but little previous to their leaving Holland. Nor need this occasion much surprise; for adventurers, like prophets, though they make great noise abroad, have seldom much celebrity in their own countries; but this much is certain, that the overflowings and offscourings of a country are invariably composed of the richest parts of the soil. And here I cannot help remarking how convenient it would be to many of our great men and great families of doubtful origin, could they have the privilege of the heroes of yore, who, whenever their origin

was involved in obscurity, modestly announced themselves descended from a god—and who never visited a foreign country but what they told some cock and bull stories about their being kings and princes at home. This venal trespass on the truth, though it has been occasionally played off by some pseudo marquis, baronet, and other illustrious foreigner, in our land of good-natured credulity, has been completely discountenanced in this skeptical, matter of fact age—and I even question whether any tender virgin, who was accidentally and unaccountably enriched with a bantling, would save her character at parlor firesides and evening tea parties by ascribing the phenomenon to a swan, a shower of gold, or a river god.

Had I the benefit of mythology and classic fable above alluded to, I should have furnished the first of the trio with a pedigree equal to that of the proudest hero of antiquity. His name, Van Zandt, that is to say, *from the sand*, or in common parlance, from the dirt, gave reason to suppose that like Triptolemus, Themes, the Cyclops and the Titans, he had sprung from Dame Terra, or the earth! This supposition is strongly corroborated by his size, for it is well known that all the progeny of mother earth were of a gigantic stature; and Van Zandt, we are told, was a tall, raw-boned man, above six feet high—with an astonishingly hard head. Nor is this origin of the illustrious Van Zandt a whit more improbable or repugnant to belief than what is related and universally admitted of certain of our greatest, or rather richest men; who, we are told with the utmost gravity, did originally spring from a dunghill!

Of the second of the trio, but faint accounts have reac to this time, which mention that he was a sturdy, obstir

worrying, bustling little man; and, from being usually equipped in an old pair of buckskins, was familiarly dubbed Harden Broeck; that is to say, Hard in the Breech; or, as it was generally rendered, Tough Breeches.

Ten Broeck completed this junto of adventurers. It is a singular but ludicrous fact,—which, were I not scrupulous in recording the whole truth, I should almost be tempted to pass over in silence as incompatible with the gravity and dignity of history,—that this worthy gentleman should likewise have been nicknamed from what in modern times is considered the most ignoble part of the dress. But in truth the small clothes seems to have been a very dignified garment in the eyes of our venerated ancestors, in all probability from its covering that part of the body which has been pronounced "the seat of honor."

The name of Ten Broeck, or as it was sometimes spelled Tin Broeck, has been indifferently translated into Ten Breeches and Tin Breeches. Certain elegant and ingenious writers on the subject declare in favor of *Tin*, or rather *Thin* Breeches; whence they infer that the original bearer of it was a poor but merry rogue, whose galligaskins were none of the soundest, and who, peradventure, may have been the author of that truly philosophical stanza:

"Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys;
A light heart and *thin pair of breeches*,
Will go through the world, my brave boys!"

The more accurate commentators, however, declare in favor of the other reading, and affirm that the worthy in ques-

, was a burly, bulbous man, who, in sheer ostentation of , venerable progenitors, was the first to introduce into the ttlement the ancient Dutch fashion of ten pair of breeches.

Such was the trio of coadjutors chosen by Oloffe the Dreamer to accompany him in this voyage into unknown realms; as to the names of his crews, they have not been handed down by history.

Having, as I before observed, passed much of his life in the open air, among the peripatetic philosophers of Amsterdam, Oloffe had become familiar with the aspect of the heavens, and could as accurately determine when a storm was brewing or a squall rising, as a dutiful husband can foresee, from the brow of his spouse, when a tempest is gathering about his ears. Having pitched upon a time for his voyage, when the skies appeared propitious he exhorted all his crews to take a good night's rest, wind up their family affairs, and make their wills; precautions taken by our forefathers even in after times when they became more adventurous, and voyaged to Haverstraw, or Kaatskill, or Groodt Esopus, or any other far country, beyond the great waters of the Tappaan Zee.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE HEROES OF COMMUNIPAW VOYAGED TO HELL-GATE, AND HOW THEY WERE RECEIVED THERE.

AND now the rosy blush of morn began to mantle in the east, and soon the rising sun, emerging from amidst golden and purple clouds, shed his blithesome rays on the tin weathercocks of Communipaw. It was that delicious season of the year, when nature, breaking from the chilling thraldom of old winter, like a blooming damsel from the tyranny of a sordid old father, threw herself, blushing with ten thousand charms, into the arms of youthful spring. Every tufted copse and blooming grove resounded with the notes of hymeneal love. The very insects, as they sipped the dew that gemmed the tender grass of the meadows, joined in the joyous epithalamium—the virgin bud timidly put forth its blushes, "the voice of the turtle was heard in the land," and the heart of man dissolved away in tenderness. Oh! sweet Theocritus! had I thine oaten reed, wherewith thou erst did charm the gay Sicilian plains—Or, oh! gentle Bion! thy pastoral pipe, wherein the happy swains of the Lesbian isle so much delighted, then might I attempt to sing, in soft Bucolic or negligent Idyllium, the rural beauties of the scene—but having

nothing, save this jaded goosequill, wherewith to wing my flight, I must fain resign all poetic disportings of the fancy, and pursue my narrative in humble prose; comforting myself with the hope, that though it may not steal so sweetly upon the imagination of my reader, yet it may commend itself, with virgin modesty, to his better judgment, clothed in the chaste and simple garb of truth.

No sooner did the first rays of cheerful Phœbus dart into the windows of Communipaw, than the little settlement was all in motion. Forth issued from his castle the sage Van Kortlandt, and seizing a conch shell, blew a far resounding blast, that soon summoned all his lusty followers. Then did they trudge resolutely down to the water side, escorted by a multitude of relatives and friends, who all went down, as the common phrase expresses it, "to see them off." And this shows the antiquity of those long family processions, often seen in our city, composed of all ages, sizes, and sexes, laden with bundles and handboxes, escorting some bevy of country cousins, about to depart for home in a market boat.

The good Oloffe bestowed his forces in a squadron of three canoes, and hoisted his flag on board a little round Dutch boat, shaped not unlike a tub, which had formerly been the jolly boat of the Goede Vrouw. And now, all being embarked, they bade farewell to the gazing throng upon the beach, who continued shouting after them, even when out of hearing, wishing them a happy voyage, advising them to take good care of themselves, not to get drowned—with an abundance other of those sage and invaluable cautions, generally given by landsmen to such as go down to the sea in ships, and adventure upon the deep waters. In the mean while the voy-

agers cheerily urged their course across the crystal bosom of the bay, and soon left behind them the green shores of ancient Pavonia.

And first they touched at two small islands which lay nearly opposite Communipaw, and which are said to have been brought into existence about the time of the great irruption of the Hudson, when it broke through the Highlands and made its way to the ocean.* For in this tremendous uproar of the waters, we are told that many huge fragments of rock and land were rent from the mountains and swept down by this runaway river, for sixty or seventy miles; where some of them ran aground on the shoals just opposite Communipaw, and formed the identical islands in question, while others drifted out to sea, and were never heard of more! A sufficient proof of the fact is, that the rock which forms the bases of these islands is exactly similar to that of the Highlands, and moreover one of our philosophers, who has diligently compared the agreement of their respective surfaces, has even gone so far as to assure me, in confidence, that Gibbet Island was originally nothing more nor less than a wart on Anthony's nose.†

* It is a matter long since established by certain of our philosophers, that is to say, having been often advanced, and never contradicted, it has grown to be pretty nigh equal to a settled fact, that the Hudson was originally a lake dammed up by the mountains of the Highlands. In process of time, however, becoming very mighty and obstreperous, and the mountains waxing pursy, dropsical, and weak in the back, by reason of their extreme old age, it suddenly rose upon them, and after a violent struggle effected its escape. This is said to have come to pass in very remote time, probably before that rivers had lost the art of running up hill. The foregoing is a theory in which I do not pretend to be skilled, notwithstanding that I do fully give it my belief.

† A promontory in the Highlands.

Leaving these wonderful little isles, they next coasted by Governor's Island, since terrible from its frowning fortress and grinning batteries. They would by no means, however, land upon this island, since they doubted much it might be the abode of demons and spirits, which in those days did greatly abound throughout this savage and pagan country.

Just at this time a shoal of jolly porpoises came rolling and tumbling by, turning up their sleek sides to the sun, and spouting up the briny element in sparkling showers. No sooner did the sage Oloffe mark this than he was greatly rejoiced. "This," exclaimed he, "if I mistake not, augurs well—the porpoise is a fat, well-conditioned fish—a burgomaster among fishes—his looks betoken ease, plenty, and prosperity,—I greatly admire this round fat fish, and doubt not but this is a happy omen of the success of our undertaking." So saying, he directed his squadron to steer in the track of these alderman fishes.

Turning, therefore, directly to the left, they swept up the strait vulgarly called the East River. And here the rapid tide which courses through this strait, seizing on the gallant tub in which Commodore Van Kortlandt had embarked, hurried it forward with a velocity unparalleled in a Dutch boat navigated by Dutchmen; insomuch that the good commodor who had all his life long been accustomed only to the drow navigation of canals, was more than ever convinced that th were in the hands of some supernatural power, and that jolly porpoises were towing them to some fair haven that to fulfil all their wishes and expectations.

Thus borne away by the resistless current, they

that boisterous point of land since called Corlear's Hook,* and leaving to the right the rich winding cove of the Wallabout, they drifted into a magnificent expanse of water, surrounded by pleasant shores, whose verdure was exceedingly refreshing to the eye. While the voyagers were looking around them, on what they conceived to be a serene and sunny lake, they beheld at a distance a crew of painted savages, busily employed in fishing, who seemed more like the genii of this romantic region—their slender canoe lightly balanced like a feather on the undulating surface of the bay.

At sight of these the hearts of the heroes of Communipaw were not a little troubled. But as good fortune would have it at the bow of the commodore's boat was stationed a very valiant man, named Hendrick Kip, (which being interpreted, means *chicken*, a name given him in token of his courage.) No sooner did he behold these varlet heathens than he trem-ed with excessive valor, and although a good half mile dis-nt, he seized a musketoon that lay at hand, and turning ay his head, fired it most intrepidly in the face of the sed sun. The blundering weapon recoiled and gave the nt Kip an ignominious kick, which laid him prostrate uplifted heels in the bottom of the boat. But such was fect of this tremendous fire, that the wild men of the , struck with consternation, seized hastily upon their s, and shot away into one of the deep inlets of the Long shore.

signal victory gave new spirits to the voyagers, and of the achievement they gave the name of the val-

* Properly spelt *hoeck*, (i. e. a point of land.)

iant Kip to the surrounding bay, and it has continued to be called Kip's Bay from that time to the present. The heart of the good Van Kortlandt—who, having no land of his own, was a great admirer of other people's—expanded to the full size of a peppercorn at the sumptuous prospect of rich unsettled country around him, and falling into a delicious revery, he straightway began to riot in the possession of vast meadows of salt marsh and interminable patches of cabbages. From this delectable vision he was all at once awakened by the sudden turning of the tide, which would soon have hurried him from this land of promise, had not the discreet navigator given signal to steer for shore; where they accordingly landed hard by the rocky heights of Bellevue—that happy retreat, where our jolly aldermen eat for the good of the city, and fatten the turtle that are sacrificed on civic solemnities.

Here, seated on the greensward, by the side of a small stream that ran sparkling among the grass, they refreshed themselves after the toils of the seas, by feasting lustily on the ample stores which they had provided for this perilous voyage. Thus having well fortified their deliberative powers, they fell into an earnest consultation, what was farther to be done. This was the first council dinner ever eaten at Bellevue by Christian burghers, and here, as tradition relates, did originate the great family feud between the Hardenbroecks and the Tenbroecks, which afterwards had a singular influence on the building of the city. The sturdy Hardenbroeck, whose eyes had been wondrously delighted with the salt marshes which spread their reeking bosoms along the coast, at the bottom of Kip's Bay, counselled by all means to return thither, and found the intended city. This was strenuously opposed

by the unbending Ten Broeck, and many testy arguments passed between them. The particulars of this controversy have not reached us, which is ever to be lamented; this much is certain, that the sage Oloffe put an end to the dispute, by determining to explore still farther in the route which the mysterious porpoises had so clearly pointed out—whereupon the sturdy Tough Breeches abandoned the expedition, took possession of a neighboring hill, and in a fit of great wrath peopled all that tract of country, which has continued to be inhabited by the Hardenbroecks unto this very day.

By this time the jolly Phœbus, like some wanton urchin sporting on the side of a green hill, began to roll down the declivity of the heavens; and now, the tide having once more turned in their favor, the Pavonians again committed themselves to its discretion and coasting along the western shores, were borne towards the straits of Blackwell's Island.

And here the capricious wanderings of the current occasioned not a little marvel and perplexity to these illustrious mariners. Now would they be caught by the wanton eddies, and, sweeping round a jutting point, would wind deep into some romantic little cove, that indented the fair island of Manna hatta; now were they hurried narrowly by the very bases of impending rocks, mantled with the flaunting grape-vine, and crowned with groves which threw a broad shade on the waves beneath; and anon they were borne away into the mid-channel and wafted along with a rapidity that very much discomposed the sage Van Kortlandt, who as he saw the land swiftly receding on either side, began exceedingly to doubt that terra firma was giving them the slip.

Wherever the voyagers turned their eyes, a new creation

seemed to bloom around. No signs of human thrift appeared to check the delicious wildness of nature, who here revelled in all her luxuriant variety. Those hills, now bristled, like the fretful porcupine, with rows of poplars, (vain upstart plants! minions of wealth and fashion!) were then adorned with the vigorous natives of the soil; the lordly oak, the generous chestnut, the graceful elm—while here and there the tulip tree reared its majestic head, the giant of the forest. Where now are seen the gay retreats of luxury—villas half buried in twilight bowers, whence the amorous flute oft breathes the sighings of some city swain—there the fish-hawk built his solitary nest, on some dry tree that overlooked his watery domain. The timid deer fed undisturbed along those shores now hallowed by the lovers' moonlight walk, and printed by the slender foot of beauty; and a savage solitude extended over those happy regions, where now are reared the stately towers of the Joneses, the Schermerhornes, and the Rhinelanders.

Thus gliding in silent wonder through these new and unknown scenes, the gallant squadron of Pavonia swept by the foot of a promontory, which strutted forth boldly into the waves, and seemed to frown upon them as they brawled against its base. This is the bluff well known to modern mariners by the name of Gracie's point, from the fair castle which, like an elephant, it carries upon its back. And here broke upon their view a wild and varied prospect, where land and water were beauteously intermingled, as though they had combined to heighten and set off each other's charms. To the right lay the sedgy point of Blackwell's Island, drest in the fresh garniture of living green—beyond it stretched the

pleasant coast of Sundswick, and the small harbor well known by the name of Hallet's Cove—a place infamous in latter days, by reason of its being the haunt of pirates who infest these seas, robbing orchards and watermelon patches, and insulting gentlemen navigators, when voyaging in their pleasure boats. To the left a deep bay, or rather creek, gracefully receded between shores fringed with forests, and forming a kind of vista, through which were beheld the silvan regions of Haerlem, Morrisania, and East Chester. Here the eye reposed with delight on a richly wooded country, diversified by lofted knolls, shadowy intervals, and waving lines of upland, swelling above each other; while over the whole, the purple mists of spring diffused a hue of soft voluptuousness.

Just before them the grand course of the stream, making a sudden bend, wound among embowered promontories and shores of emerald verdure, that seemed to melt into the wave. A character of gentleness and mild fertility prevailed around. The sun had just descended, and the thin haze of twilight, like a transparent veil drawn over the bosom of virgin beauty, heightened the charms which it half concealed.

Ah! witching scenes of foul delusion. Ah! hapless voyagers, gazing with simple wonder on these Circean shores! Such, alas! are they, poor easy souls, who listen to the seductions of a wicked world—treacherous are its smiles! fatal its caresses. He who yields to its enticements launches upon a whelming tide, and trusts his feeble bark among the dimpling eddies of a whirlpool! And thus it fared with the worthies of Pavonia, who, little mistrusting the guileful scene before them, drifted quietly on, until they were aroused by an uncommon tossing and agitation of their vessels. For now

the late dimpling current began to brawl around them, and the waves to boil and foam with horrific fury. Awakened as if from a dream, the astonished Oloffe bawled aloud to put about, but his words were lost amid the roaring of the waters. And now ensued a scene of direful consternation. At one time they were borne with dreadful velocity among tumultuous breakers; at another, hurried down boisterous rapids. Now they were nearly dashed upon the Hen and Chickens (infamous rocks! — more voracious than Scylla and her whelps;) and anon they seemed sinking into yawning gulfs, that threatened to entomb them beneath the waves. All the elements combined to produce a hideous confusion. The waters raged, the winds howled—and as they were hurried along, several of the astonished mariners beheld the rocks and trees of the neighboring shores driving through the air!

At length the mighty tub of Commodore Van Kortland was drawn into the vortex of that tremendous whirlpool called the Pot, where it was whirled about in giddy mazes, until the senses of the good commander and his crew were overpowered by the horror of the scene, and the strangeness of the revolution.

How the gallant squadron of Pavonia was snatched from the jaws of this modern Charybdis, has never been truly made known, for so many survived to tell the tale, and, what is still more wonderful, told it in so many different ways, that there has ever prevailed a great variety of opinions on the subject.

As to the commodore and his crew, when they came to their senses they found themselves stranded on the Long I[illegible]

and shore. The worthy commodore, indeed, used to relate many and wonderful stories of his adventures in this time of peril; how that he saw spectres flying in the air, and heard the yelling of hobgoblins, and put his hand into the pot when they were whirled round, and found the water scalding hot, and beheld several uncouth looking beings seated on rocks and skimming it with huge ladles—but particularly he declared with great exultation, that he saw the losel porpoises, which had betrayed them into this peril, some broiling on the Gridiron and others hissing on the Frying-pan!

These, however, were considered by many as mere fantasies of the commodore, while he lay in a trance; especially as he was known to be given to dreaming; and the truth of them has never been clearly ascertained. It is certain, however, that to the accounts of Oloffe and his followers may be traced the various traditions handed down of this marvellous strait—as how the devil has been seen there, sitting astride of the Hog's Back and playing on the fiddle—how he broils fish there before a storm; and many other stories, in which we must be cautious of putting too much faith. In consequence of all these terrific circumstances, the Pavonian commander gave this pass the name of *Helle-gat*, or as it has been interpreted, *Hell-Gate;** which it continues to bear at the present day.

* This is a narrow strait in the Sound, at the distance of six miles above New York. It is dangerous to shipping, unless under the care of skilful pilots, by reason of numerous rocks, shelves, and whirlpools. These have received sundry appellations, such as the Gridiron, Frying-pan, Hog's Back, Pot, &c., and are very violent and turbulent at certain times of tide. Certain mealy-mouthed men, of squeamish consciences, who are loth to give the Devil his due, have softened the above charac-

teristic name into *Hurl*-gate, forsooth! Let those take care how they venture into the Gate, or they may be hurled into the Pot before they are aware of it. The name of this strait, as given by our author, is supported by the map in Vander Donck's history, published in 1656—by Ogilvie's History of America, 1671—as also by a journal still extant, written in the 16th century, and to be found in Hazard's State Papers. And an old MS. written in French, speaking of various alterations in names about this city, observes, "De *Helle-gat*, trou d'Enfer, ils ont fait *Hell-gate*, Porte d'Enfer."

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE HEROES OF COMMUNIPAW RETURNED SOMEWHAT WISER THAN THEY WENT—AND HOW THE SAGE OLOFFE DREAMED A DREAM—AND THE DREAM THAT HE DREAMED.

THE darkness of night had closed upon this disastrous day, and a doleful night was it to the shipwrecked Pavonians, whose ears were incessantly assailed with the raging of the elements, and the howling of the hobgoblins that infested this perfidious strait. But when the morning dawned, the horrors of the preceding evening had passed away, rapids, breakers, and whirlpools had disappeared, the stream again ran smooth and dimpling, and having changed its tide, rolled gently back, towards the quarter where lay their much regretted home.

The wo-begone heroes of Communipaw eyed each other with rueful countenances; their squadron had been totally dispersed by the late disaster. Some were cast upon the western shore, where, headed by one Ruleff Hopper, they took possession of all the country lying about the six mile stone; which is held by the Hoppers at this present writing.

The Waldrons were driven by stress of weather to a distant coast, where, having with them a jug of genuine Hollands, hey were enabled to conciliate the savages, setting up a kind

of tavern; whence, it is said, did spring the fair town of Haerlem, in which their descendants have ever since continued to be reputable publicans. As to the Suydams, they were thrown upon the Long Island coast, and may still be found in those parts. But the most singular luck attended the great Ten Broeck, who, falling overboard, was miraculously preserved from sinking by the multitude of his nether garments. Thus buoyed up, he floated on the waves like a merman, or like an angler's dobber, until he landed safely on a rock, where he was found the next morning busily drying his many breeches in the sunshine.

I forbear to treat of the long consultation of Oloffe with his remaining followers, in which they determined that it would never do to found a city in so diabolical a neighborhood. Suffice it in simple brevity to say that they once more committed themselves, with fear and trembling, to the briny elements, and steered their course back again through the scenes of their yesterday's voyage, determined no longer to roam in search of distant sites, but to settle themselves down in the marshy regions of Pavonia.

Scarce, however, had they gained a distant view of Communipaw when they were encountered by an obstinate eddy which opposed their homeward voyage. Weary and dispirited as they were, they yet tugged a feeble oar against the stream; until, as if to settle the strife, half a score of potent billows rolled the tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt high and dry on the long point of an island which divided the bosom of the bay.

Some pretend that these billows were sent by old Neptune to strand the expedition on a spot whereon was to be found

his strong-hold in this western world: others more pious, attribute every thing to the guardianship of the good St. Nicholas; and after events will be found to corroborate this opinion. Oloffe Van Kortlandt was a devout trencherman. Every repast was a kind of religious rite with him; and his first thought on finding him once more on dry ground, was how he should contrive to celebrate his wonderful escape from Hell-gate and all its horrors by a solemn banquet. The stores which had been provided for the voyage by the good housewives of Communipaw were nearly exhausted, but, in casting his eyes about, the commodore beheld that the shore abounded with oysters. A great store of these was instantly collected; a fire was made at the foot of a tree; all hands fell to roasting and broiling and stewing and frying, and a sumptuous repast was soon set forth. This is thought to be the origin of those civic feasts with which, to the present day, all our public affairs are celebrated, and in which the oyster is ever sure to play an important part.

On the present occasion the worthy Van Kortlandt was observed to be particularly zealous in his devotions to the trencher; for having the cares of the expedition especially committed to his care, he deemed it incumbent on him to eat profoundly for the public good. In proportion as he filled himself to the very brim with the dainty viands before him, did the heart of this excellent burgher rise up towards his throat, until he seemed crammed and almost choked with good eating and good nature. And at such times it is, when a man's heart is in his throat, that he may more truly be said to speak from it, and his speeches abound with kindness and good fellowship. Thus having swallowed the last

possible morsel, and washed it down with a fervent potation, Oloffe felt his heart yearning, and his whole frame in a manner dilating with unbounded benevolence. Every thing around him seemed excellent and delightful; and laying his hands on each side of his capacious periphery, and rolling his half-closed eyes around on the beautiful diversity of land and water before him, he exclaimed, in a fat half-smothered voice, "What a charming prospect!" The words died away in his throat—he seemed to ponder on the fair scene for a moment—his eyelids heavily closed over their orbs—his head drooped upon his bosom—he slowly sank upon the green turf, and a deep sleep stole gradually over him.

And the sage Oloffe dreamed a dream—and lo, the good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees, in that self-same wagon wherein he brings his yearly presents to children, and he descended hard by where the heroes of Communipaw had made their late repast. And he lit his pipe by the fire, and sat himself down and smoked; and as he smoked the smoke from his pipe ascended into the air and spread like a cloud overhead. And Oloffe bethought him and he hastened and climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees, and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of country—and as he considered it more attentively, he fancied that the great volume of smoke assumed a variety of marvellous forms, where in dim obscurity he saw shadowed out palaces and domes and lofty spires, all of which lasted but a moment, and then faded away, until the whole rolled off, and nothing but the green woods were left. And when St. Nicholas had smoked his pipe, he twisted it in his hat-band, and, laying his finger beside his nose, gave the astonished Van Kortlandt

very significant look, then mounting his wagon he returned over the tree-tops and disappeared.

And Van Kortlandt awoke from his sleep greatly instructed, and he aroused his companions, and related to them his dream, and interpreted it, that it was the will of St. Nicholas that they should settle down and build the city here. And that the smoke of the pipe was a type how vast would be the extent of the city; inasmuch as the volumes of its smoke would spread over a wide extent of country. And they all with one voice assented to this interpretation excepting Mynheer Ten Broeck, who declared the meaning to be that it would be a city wherein a little fire would occasion a great smoke, or in other words, a very vaporing little city—both which interpretations have strangely come to pass!

The great object of their perilous expedition, therefore, being thus happily accomplished, the voyagers returned merrily to Communipaw, where they were received with great rejoicings. And here calling a general meeting of all the wise men and the dignitaries of Pavonia, they related the whole history of their voyage, and of the dream of Oloffe Van Kortlandt. And the people lifted up their voices and blessed the good St. Nicholas, and from that time forth the sage Van Kortlandt was held in more honor than ever, for his great talent at dreaming, and was pronounced a most useful citizen and a right good man—when he was asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTAINING AN ATTEMPT AT ETYMOLOGY—AND OF THE FOUNDING OF THE GREAT CITY OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE original name of the island whereon the squadron of Communipaw was thus propitiously thrown, is a matter of some dispute, and has already undergone considerable vitiation—a melancholy proof of the instability of all sublunary things, and the vanity of all our hopes of lasting fame; for who can expect his name will live to posterity, when even the names of mighty islands are thus soon lost in contradiction and uncertainty!

The name most current at the present day, and which is likewise countenanced by the great historian Vander Donck, is MANHATTAN; which is said to have originated in a custom among the squaws, in the early settlement, of wearing men's hats, as is still done among many tribes. "Hence," as we are told by an old governor who was somewhat of a wag, and flourished almost a century since, and had paid a visit to the wits of Philadelphia,—"hence arose the appellation of man-hat-on, first given to the Indians, and afterwards to the island"—a stupid joke!—but well enough for a governor.

Among the more venerable sources of information on this

subject, is that valuable history of the American possessions written by Master Richard Blome, in 1687, wherein it is called Manhadaes and Manahanent; nor must I forget the excellent little book, full of precious matter, of that authentic historian, John Josselyn, Gent., who expressly calls it Manadaes.

Another etymology still more ancient, and sanctioned by the countenance of our ever to be lamented Dutch ancestors, is that found in certain letters still extant;* which passed between the early governors and their neighboring powers, wherein it is called indifferently Monhattoes—Munhatos, and Manhattoes, which are evidently unimportant variations of the same name; for our wise forefathers set little store by those niceties either in orthography or orthoepy, which form the sole study and ambition of many learned men and women of this hypercritical age. This last name is said to be derived from the great Indian spirit Manetho; who was supposed to make this island his favorite abode, on account of its uncommon delights. For the Indian traditions affirm that the bay was once a translucid lake, filled with silver and golden fish, in the midst of which lay this beautiful island, covered with every variety of fruits and flowers; but that the sudden irruption of the Hudson laid waste these blissful scenes, and Manetho took his flight beyond the great waters of Ontario.

These, however, are very fabulous legends, to which very cautious credence must be given; and though I am willing to admit the last quoted orthography of the name as very fit for prose, yet is there another which I peculiarly delight in, as at once poetical, melodious, and significant—and which we have

* Vide Hazard's Col. Stat. Pap.

opinion of the worthy Domi
the name to a great drunken
Dutch discoverers, whereat tl
most ecstatically drunk for th
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Jolly Topers; a name which i
ent day.*

* MSS. of the Rev. John Heck
York Historical Society.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF PAVONIA MIGRATED FROM COMMUNIPAW TO THE ISLAND OF MANNA-HATA—AND HOW OLOFFE THE DREAMER PROVED HIMSELF A GREAT LAND SPECULATOR.

IT having been solemnly resolved that the seat of empire should be removed from the green shores of Pavonia to the pleasant island of Mannahata, everybody was anxious to embark under the standard of Oloffe the Dreamer, and to be among the first sharers of the promised land. A day was appointed for the grand migration, and on that day little Communipaw was in a buzz and a bustle like a hive in swarming time. Houses were turned inside out and stripped of the venerable furniture which had come from Holland; all the community, great and small, black and white, man, woman, and child, was in commotion, forming lines from the houses to the water side, like lines of ants from an ant-hill; everybody laden with some article of household furniture; while busy housewives plied backwards and forwards along the lines, helping every thing forward by the nimbleness of their tongues.

By degrees a fleet of boats and canoes were piled up with all kinds of household articles: ponderous tables; chests of

drawers resplendent with brass ornaments; quaint corner cupboards; beds and bedsteads; with any quantity of pots, kettles, frying-pans, and Dutch ovens. In each boat embarked a whole family, from the robustious burgher down to the cats and dogs and little negroes. In this way they set off across the mouth of the Hudson, under the guidance of Oloffe the Dreamer, who hoisted his standard on the leading boat.

This memorable migration took place on the first of May, and was long cited in tradition as the *grand moving*. The anniversary of it was piously observed among the "sons of the pilgrims of Communipaw," by turning their houses topsy-turvy and carrying all the furniture through the streets, in emblem of the swarming of the parent hive; and this is the real origin of the universal agitation and "moving" by which this most restless of cities is literally turned out of doors on every May day.

As the little squadron from Communipaw drew near to the shores of Manna-hata, a sachem, at the head of a band of warriors, appeared to oppose their landing. Some of the most zealous of the pilgrims were for chastising this insolence with powder and ball, according to the approved mode of discoverers; but the sage Oloffe gave them the significant sign of St. Nicholas, laying his finger beside his nose and winking hard with one eye; whereupon his followers perceived that there was something sagacious in the wind. He now addressed the Indians in the blandest terms; and made such tempting display of beads, hawks'-bells, and red blankets that he was soon permitted to land, and a great land speculation ensued. And here let me give the true story of the original purchase of the site of this renowned city, about which

much has been said and written. Some affirm that the first cost was but sixty guilders. The learned Dominie Heckwelder records a tradition* that the Dutch discoverers bargained for only so much land as the hide of a bullock would cover; but that they cut the hide in strips no thicker than a child's finger, so as to take in a large portion of land, and to take in the Indians into the bargain. This, however, is an old fable which the worthy Dominie may have borrowed from antiquity. The true version is, that Oloffe Van Kortlandt bargained for just so much land as a man could cover with his nether garments. The terms being concluded, he produced his friend Mynheer Ten Broeck, as the man whose breeches were to be used in measurement. The simple savages, whose ideas of a man's nether garments had never expanded beyond the dimensions of a breech clout, stared with astonishment and dismay as they beheld this bulbous-bottomed burgher peeled like an onion, and breeches after breeches spread forth over the land until they covered the actual site of this venerable city.

This is the true history of the adroit bargain by which the island of Manhattan was bought for sixty guilders; and in corroboration of it I will add, that Mynheer Ten Breeches, for his services on this memorable occasion, was elevated to the office of land measurer; which he ever afterwards exercised in the colony.

* MSS. of the Rev. John Heckwelder; New York Historical Society.

I must not omit to mention that in portioning out the land, a goodly "bowerie" or farm was allotted to the sage Oloffe in consideration of the service he had rendered to the public by his talent at dreaming; and the site of his "bowerie is known by the name of Kortlandt (or Cortlandt) street to the present day.

And now the infant settlement having advanced in age and stature, it was thought high time it should receive an honest Christian name. Hitherto it had gone by the original Indian name Manna-hata, or as some will have it, "The Manhattoes;" but this was now decried as savage and heathenish, and as tending to keep up the memory of the pagan brood that originally possessed it. Many were the consultations held upon the subject, without coming to a conclusion, for though everybody condemned the old name, nobody could invent a new one. At length, when the council was almost in despair, a burgher, remarkable for the size and squareness of his head, proposed that they should call it New Amsterdam. The proposition took everybody by surprise; it was so striking, so apposite, so ingenious. The name was adopted by acclamation, and New Amsterdam the metropolis was thenceforth called. Still, however, the early authors of the province continued to call it by the general appellation of "The Manhattoes," and the poets fondly clung to the euphonious name of Manna-hata; but those are a kind of folk whose tastes and notions should go for nothing in matters of this kind.

Having thus provided the embryo city with a name, the next was to give it an armorial bearing or device, as some cities have a rampant lion, others a soaring eagle; emblematical, no doubt, of the valiant and highflying qualities of the

of houses soon made it necessary to ar
which the city should be built; but at t
tion held on the subject, a violent di
mention it with much sorrowing as bei
on record in the councils of New Amste
a breaking forth of the grudge and hear
isted between those two eminent bur
broeck, and Hardenbroeck, ever since t
on the coast of Bellevue. The great Har
very wealthy and powerful, from his don
the whole chain of Apulean mountains th
gulf of Kip's Bay, and from part of whic
been expelled in latter ages by the p
Joneses and the Schermerhornes.

An ingenious plan for the city was
Hardenbroeck, who proposed that it sh
intersected by canals, after the manner
tities in Holland. To this Mynheer Te
tically opposed, suggesting in place thr

(or Tough Breeches) replied, with a look of as much scorn as he could possibly assume. He cast the utmost censure upon the plan of his antagonist, as being preposterous and against the very order of things, as he would leave to every true Hollander. "For what," said he, "is a town without canals? —it is like a body without veins and arteries, and must perish for want of a free circulation of the vital fluid." Ten Breeches, on the contrary, retorted with a sarcasm upon his antagonist, who was somewhat of an arid, dry-boned habit; he remarked, that as to the circulation of the blood being necessary to existence, Mynheer Tough Breeches was a living contradiction to his own assertion; for everybody knew there had not a drop of blood circulated through his wind-dried carcase for good ten years, and yet there was not a greater busy-body in the whole colony. Personalities have seldom much effect in making converts in argument—nor have I ever seen a man convinced of error by being convicted of deformity. At least such was not the case at present. If Ten Breeches was very happy in sarcasm, Tough Breeches, who was a sturdy little man, and never gave up the last word, rejoined with increasing spirit—Ten Breeches had the advantage of the greatest volubility, but Tough Breeches had that invaluable coat of mail in argument called obstinacy—Ten Breeches had, therefore, the most mettle, but Tough Breeches the best bottom—so that though Ten Breeches made a dreadful clattering about his ears, and battered and belabored him with hard words and sound arguments, yet Tough Breeches hung on most resolutely to the last. They parted, therefore, as is usual in all arguments where both parties are in the right, without coming to any conclusion—but they hated each other

should be particular—and in truth, as I
the critical period, when our city, like a
ceived the twists and turns which have
give it its present picturesque irregulari
minute in detailing their first causes.

After the unhappy altercation I have
not find that any thing farther was said o
of being recorded. The council, consisti
oldest heads in the community, met regu
ponder on this momentous subject; but,
terred by the war of words they had wit
naturally averse to the exercise of the to
quent exercise of the brains—certain it i
silence was maintained—the question as u
—the members quietly smoked their pi
laws, without ever enforcing any, and ir
affairs of the settlement went on—as it p

As most of the council were but littl
tery of combining pot-hooks and hange

affairs of the colony." By which it appears that the first settlers did not regulate their time by hours, but pipes, in the same manner as they measure distances in Holland at this very time; an admirably exact measurement as a pipe in the mouth of a true-born Dutchman is never liable to those accidents and irregularities that are continually putting our clocks out of order.

In this manner did the profound council of NEW AMSTERDAM smoke, and doze, and ponder, from week to week, month to month, and year to year, in what manner they should construct their infant settlement—meanwhile, the town took care of itself, and like a sturdy brat which is suffered to run about wild, unshackled by clouts and bandages, and other abominations by which your notable nurses and sage old women cripple and disfigure the children of men, increased so rapidly in strength and magnitude, that before the honest burgomasters had determined upon a plan, it was too late to put it in execution—whereupon they wisely abandoned the subject altogether.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE CITY OF NEW AMSTERDAM WA ED GREAT UNDER THE PROTECTION OF ST. NICHOLAS AND THE ABS NCE OF LAWS AND STATUTES. HOW OLOFFE THE DREAMER BEGAN TO DREAM OF AN EXTENSION OF EMPIRE, AND OF THE EFFECT OF HIS DREAMS.

THERE is something exceedingly delusive in thus looking back through the long vista of departed years, and catching a glimpse of the fairy realms of antiquity. Like a landscape melting into distance, they receive a thousand charms from their very obscurity, and the fancy delights to fill up their outlines with graces and excellences of its own creation. Thus loom on my imagination those happier days of our city, when as yet New Amsterdam was a mere pastoral town, shrouded in groves of sycamores and willows, and surrounded by trackless forests and wide-spreading waters, that seemed to shut out all the cares and vanities of a wicked world.

In those days did this embryo city present the rare and noble spectacle of a community governed without laws; and thus being left to its own course, and the fostering care of Providence, increased as rapidly as though it had been l ied with a dozen panniers full of those sage laws usu ally sped on the backs of young cities—in order to make t ow. And in this particular I greatly admire the w

and sound knowledge of human nature, displayed by the sage Oloffe the Dreamer and his fellow legislators. For my part, I have not so bad an opinion of mankind as many of my brother philosophers. I do not think poor human nature so sorry a piece of workmanship as they would make it out to be; and as far as I have observed, I am fully satisfied that man, if left to himself, would about as readily go right as wrong. It is only this eternally sounding in his ears that it is his duty to go right, which makes him go the very reverse. The noble independence of his nature revolts at this intolerable tyranny of law, and the perpetual interference of officious morality, which are ever besetting his path with finger-posts and directions to "keep to the right, as the law directs;" and like a spirited urchin, he turns directly contrary, and gallops through mud and mire, over hedges and ditches, merely to show that he is a lad of spirit, and out of his leading-strings. And these opinions are amply substantiated by what I have above said of our worthy ancestors; who never being be-preached and be-lectured, and guided and governed by statutes and laws and by-laws, as are their more enlightened descendants, did one and all demean themselves honestly and peaceably, out of pure ignorance, or in other words—because they knew no better.

Nor must I omit to record one of the earliest measures of this infant settlement, inasmuch as it shows the piety of our forefathers, and that, like good Christians, they were always ready to serve God, after they had first served themselves. Thus, having quietly settled themselves down, and provided for their own comfort, they bethought themselves of testifying their gratitude to the great and good St. Nicholas, for his protecting care, in guiding them to this delectable abode. To

this end they built a fair and goodly chapel within the fort, which they consecrated to his name; whereupon he immediately took the town of New Amsterdam under his peculiar patronage, and he has ever since been, and I devoutly hope will ever be, the tutelar saint of this excellent city.

At this early period was instituted that pious ceremony, still religiously observed in all our ancient families of the right breed, of hanging up a stocking in the chimney on St. Nicholas eve; which stocking is always found in the morning miraculously filled; for the good St. Nicholas has ever been a great giver of gifts, particularly to children.

I am moreover told that there is a little legendary book, somewhere extant, written in Low Dutch, which says, that the image of this renowned saint, which whilom graced the bowsprit of the Goede Vrouw, was elevated in front of this chapel, in the centre of what, in modern days, is called the Bowling Green—on the very spot, in fact, where he appeared in vision to Oloffe the Dreamer. And the legend further treats of divers miracles wrought by the mighty pipe, which the saint held in his mouth; a whiff of which was a sovereign cure for an indigestion—an invaluable relic in this colony of brave trenchermen. As, however, in spite of the most diligent search, I cannot lay my hands upon this little book, I must confess that I entertain considerable doubt on the subject.

Thus benignly fostered by the good St. Nicholas, the infant city thrived apace. Hordes of painted savages, it is true, still lurked about the unsettled parts of the island. Th hunter still pitched his bower of skins and bark beside t

that ran through the cool and shady glens, while

here might be seen on some sunny knoll, a grou

dian wigwams, whose smoke arose above the neighboring trees, and floated in the transparent atmosphere. A mutual good-will, however, existed between these wandering beings and the burghers of New Amsterdam. Our benevolent forefathers endeavored as much as possible to ameliorate their situation, by giving them gin, rum, and glass beads, in exchange for their peltries; for it seems the kind-hearted Dutchmen had conceived a great friendship for their savage neighbors, on account of their being pleasant men to trade with, and little skilled in the art of making a bargain.

Now and then a crew of these half human sons of the forest would make their appearance in the streets of New Amsterdam, fantastically painted and decorated with beads and flaunting feathers, sauntering about with an air of listless indifference—sometimes in the market-place, instructing the little Dutch boys in the use of the bow and arrow—at other times, inflamed with liquor, swaggering and whooping and yelling about the town like so many fiends, to the great dismay of all the good wives, who would hurry their children into the house, fasten the doors, and throw water upon the enemy from the garret windows. It is worthy of mention here, that our forefathers were very particular in holding up these wild men as excellent domestic examples—and for reasons that may be gathered from the history of master Ogilby, who tells us, that "for the least offence the bridegroom soundly beats his wife and turns her out of doors, and marries another, insomuch that some of them have every year a new wife." Whether this awful example had any influence or not, history does not mention; but it is certain that our grandmothers were miracles of fidelity and obedience.

True it is, that the good understanding between our ancestors and their savage neighbors was liable to occasional interruptions, and I have heard my grandmother, who was a very wise old woman, and well versed in the history of these parts, tell a long story of a winter's evening, about a battle between the New Amsterdammers and the Indians, which was known by the name of the *Peach War*, and which took place near a peach orchard, in a dark glen, which for a long while went by the name of Murderer's Valley.

The legend of this sylvan war, was long current among the nurses, old wives, and other ancient chroniclers of the place; but time and improvement have almost obliterated both the tradition and the scene of battle; for what was once the blood-stained valley is now in the centre of this populous city, and known by the name of *Dey-street*.

I know not whether it was to this "Peach war," and the acquisitions of Indian land which may have grown out of it, that we may ascribe the first seeds of the spirit of "annexation" which now began to manifest themselves. Hitherto the ambition of the worthy burghers had been confined to the lovely island of Manna-hata; and Spiten Devil on the Hudson, and Hell-gate on the Sound, were to them the pillars of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra* of human enterprise. Shortly after the Peach war, however, a restless spirit was observed among the New Amsterdammers, who began to cast wistful looks upon the wild lands of their Indian neighbors; for somehow or other wild Indian land always looks greener in the eyes of settlers than the land they occupy. It is hinted that Oloffe the Dreamer encouraged these notions: having, as has been shown, the inherent spirit of a land speculator, which

had been wonderfully quickened and expanded since he had become a land-holder. Many of the common people, who had never before owned a foot of land, now began to be discontented with the town-lots which had fallen to their shares; others who had snug farms and tobacco plantations, found they had not sufficient elbow-room and began to question the rights of the Indians to the vast regions they pretended to hold,—while the good Oloffe indulged in magnificent dreams of foreign conquest and great patroonships in the wilderness.

The result of these dreams were certain exploring expeditions sent forth in various directions to "sow the seeds of empire," as it was said. The earliest of these were conducted by Hans Reinier Oothout, an old navigator famous for the sharpness of his vision, who could see land when it was quite out of sight to ordinary mortals, and who had a spy-glass covered with a bit of tarpauling, with which he could spy up the crookedest river, quite to its head waters. He was accompanied by Mynheer Ten Breeches, as land measurer, in case of any dispute with the Indians.

What was the consequence of these exploring expeditions? In a little while we find a frontier post or trading-house called Fort Nassau, established far to the south on Delaware River; another called Fort Goed Hoep (or Good Hope), on the Varsche or Fresh, or Connecticut River; and another called Fort Aurania (now Albany) away up the Hudson River; while the boundaries of the province kept extending on every side, nobody knew whither, far into the regions of Terra Incognita.

Of the boundary feuds and troubles which the ambitious little province brought upon itself by these indefinite expan-

sions of its territory, we shall treat at large in the after pages of this eventful history; sufficient for the present is it to say that the swelling importance of the New Netherlands awakened the attention of the mother country, who, finding it likely to yield much revenue and no trouble, began to take that interest in its welfare which knowing people evince for rich relations.

But as this opens a new era in the fortunes of New Amsterdam, I will here put an end to this second book of my history, and will treat of the maternal policy of the mother country in my next.

BOOK III.

IN WHICH IS RECORDED THE GOLDEN REIGN OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE RENOWNED WOUTER VAN TWILLER, HIS UNPARALLELED VIRTUES —AS LIKEWISE HIS UNUTTERABLE WISDOM IN THE LAW CASE OF WANDLE SCHOONHOVEN AND BARENT BLEECKER—AND THE GREAT ADMIRATION OF THE PUBLIC THEREAT.

GRIEVOUS and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian, who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears—nor can he recall the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection, that it has passed away for ever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without great dejection of spirit. With faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion, that veils the modest merit of our venerable ancestors,

and as their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself before their mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they represent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers, who have preceded me in the steady march of existence—whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall soon be stopped for ever!

These, I say to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas, have long since mouldered in that tomb, towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence—their countenances to assume the animation of life—their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusions of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortune—a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land—blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children; but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thine ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doting recollections of age to overcome me, while

dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs—on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which never more will dawn on the lovely island of Manna-hata.

These melancholy reflections have been forced from me by the growing wealth and importance of New Amsterdam, which, I plainly perceive, are to involve it in all kinds of perils and disasters. Already, as I observed at the close of my last book, they had awakened the attentions of the mother country. The usual mark of protection shown by mother countries to wealthy colonies was forthwith manifested; a governor being sent out to rule over the province and squeeze out of it as much revenue as possible. The arrival of a governor of course put an end to the protectorate of Oloffe the Dreamer. He appears, however, to have dreamt to some purpose during his sway, as we find him afterwards living as a patroon on a great landed estate on the banks of the Hudson; having virtually forfeited all right to his ancient appellation of Kortlandt or Lackland.

In was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament—when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the

clover blossoms of the meadows—all which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller, was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his

pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look; shake his capacious head; smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter;" which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name: for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller; which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back bone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walk-

ing. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small grey eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead

sceptre he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects—and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole of it, a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment—a most indubitable sign of

a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting
reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hint
renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent mag
was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, tha
flattering presage of a wise and equitable administ
The morning after he had been installed in office, and
moment that he was making his breakfast from a pro
earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he
terrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven,
important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who com
bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he ref
come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there
heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Govern
Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few
he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writin
being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened atte
to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an oc
al grunt, as he shovelled a spoonful of Indian pudding i
mouth—either as a sign that he relished the dish, or c
hended the story—he called unto him his constable, an
ing out of his breeches pocket a huge jack-knife, dispat
after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his t
box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those
days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Al
among the true believers. The two parties being com
before him, each produced a book of accounts, writte
language and character that would have puzzled any
High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer

tian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced—that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found, that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other—therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced—therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt—and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived, that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration—and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates; but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff—five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, subdevils, or bottle-holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters—hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen—who actually died of suffocation in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council-board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen—being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all those snug junketings and public gormandizings, for which the ancient

magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men in a small way—who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the alms-house and the bridewell—that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty—that shall give to their beck a hound-like pack of catchpolls and bumbailiffs—tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down! My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian—but I have a mortal antipathy to catchpolls, bumbailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain-thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study—

for as a learned gentleman of our own city observe
is a constant relation between the moral character of
ligent creatures, and their physical constitution—bet

habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see that a lean, spare, diminutive body is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind—either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe, that your well fed, robustious burghers are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance—and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?—no—no—it is your lean, hungry men who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls—one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body—a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart — a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchained in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind. His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains,

whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the windows of the bed-chamber, are usually half closed, that its slumberings may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding moreover, the mortal and malignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighborhood of the heart in an intolerable passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest—whereupon a host of honest, good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which had lain perdue, slyly peeping out of the loop-holes of the heart, finding this cerberus asleep, do pluck up their spirits, turn out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol up and down the diaphragm—disposing their possessor to laughter, good humor, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow mortals.

As a board of magistrates, formed on this principle, think but very little, they are the less likely to differ and wrangle about favorite opinions—and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was conscious of this, and therefore ordered in his cartularies, that no judge should hold a court of justice, except in the morning, on an empty stomach.—A pitiful rule, which I can never forgive, and which I warrant bore hard upon all the poor culprits in the kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken the opposite course, and have so managed, that the aldermen

the best fed men in the community; feasting lustily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily on oysters and turtles, that in process of time they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony—and the profound laws which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labors of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced, when awake. In a word, your fair, round-bellied burgomaster, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house-door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its safety—but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race-horse to draw an ox wagon.

The burgomasters then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly, blue-nosed, skimmed milk, New-England cheese.

Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter, and these his worthy compeers, unless it be the sage divans of some of our modern corporations. They would sit for hours smoking and dozing

over public affairs without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness, so necessary to deep reflection. Under the sober sway of Wouter Van Twiller and these his worthy coadjutors, the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country, customary in new cities, and which at this day may be witnessed in the city of Washington; that immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleasing sight in those times, to behold the honest burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the bench at the door of his whitewashed house, under the shade of some gigantic sycamore or overhanging willow. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze, and listening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunting of his swine; that combination of farm-yard melody, which may truly be said to have a silver sound, inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of the different appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit-grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the settlement of New Amsterdam. The grass grew quietly in the highways—the bleating sheep and frolicksome calves sported about the verdant ridge, where the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll—the cu fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods, where now a

be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money-brokers—and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields, where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of wealth, and the servility and heart-burnings of repining poverty—and what in my mind is still more conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mould, and to be those honest, blunt minds, which, like certain manufactures, are made by the gross, and considered as exceedingly good for common use.

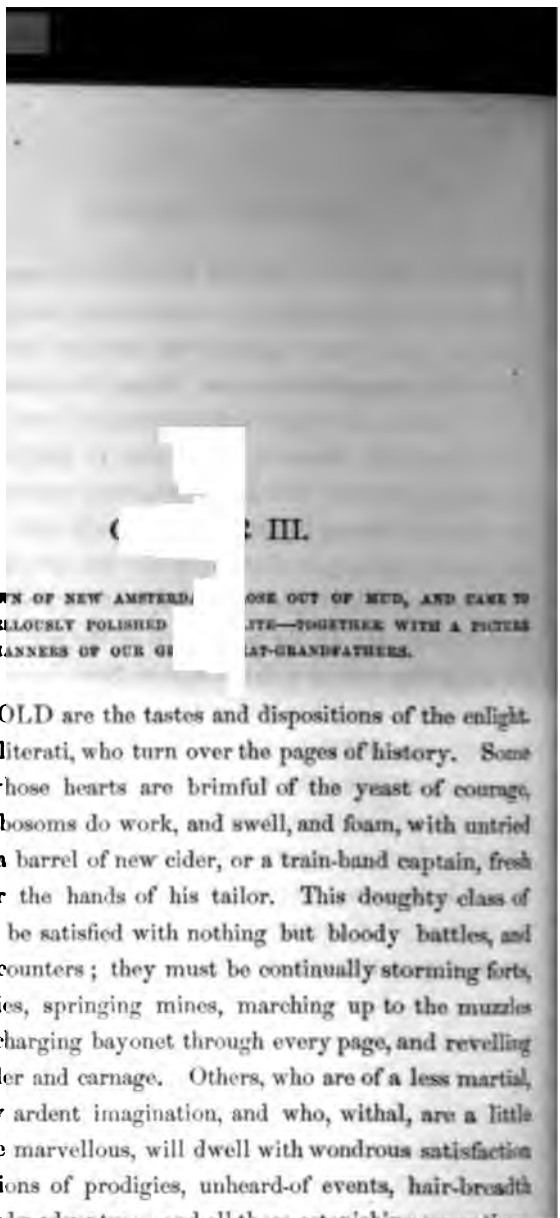
Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and especially promoted to city honors; your keen intellects, like razors, being considered too sharp for common service. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal distribution of riches, as the great source of jealousies, brcils, and heart-breakings; whereas, for my part, I verily believe it is the sad inequality of intellect that prevails, that embroils communities more than any thing else; and I have remarked that your knowing people, who are so much wiser than any body else, are eternally keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New Amsterdam, nothing of the kind was known within its walls—the very words of learning, education, taste, and talents were unheard of—a right genius was an animal unknown, and a blue stocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a

horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man in fact seemed to know more than his neighbor, nor any man to know more than an honest man ought to know, who has nobody's business to mind but his own; the parson and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the sage Van Twiller always si his name with a cross.

Thrice happy and ever t envied little Burgh! existing in all the security of harmles nsignificance—unnoticed and unenvied by the world, witho ambition, without vainglory, without riches, without learnin and all their train of carking cares—and as of yore, in the l ter days of man, the deities were wont to visit him on earth a d bless his rural habitations, so we are told, in the sylvan days of New Amsterdam, the good St. Nicholas would often make his appearance in his beloved city, of a holiday afternoon, riding jollily among the tree-tops, or over the roofs of the houses, now and then drawing forth magnificent presents from his breeches pockets, and dropping them down the chimneys of his favorites. Whereas in these degenerate days of iron and brass he never shows us the light of his countenance, nor ever visits us, save one night in the year; when he rattles down the chimneys of the descendants of the patriarchs, confining his presents merely to the children, in token of the degeneracy of the parents.

Such are the comfortable and thriving effects of a fat government. The province of the New Netherlands, destitute of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity that wealth could never purchase. There were neither public commotions, nor private quarrels; neither parties, nor sects, nor schisms; neit persecutions, nor trials, nor punishments; nor were t counsellors, attorneys, catchpolls, or hangmen. Every

attended to what little business he was lucky enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbor. In those days nobody meddled with concerns above his comprehension; nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs; nor neglected to correct his own conduct, and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull to pieces the characters of others—but in a word, every respectable citizen eat when he was not hungry, drank when he was not thirsty, and went regularly to bed when the sun set and the fowls went to roost, whether he were sleepy or not; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement, that I am told every dutiful wife throughout New Amsterdam made a point of enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace—this superabundance of good things clearly constituting the true luxury of life, according to the favorite Dutch maxim, that "more than enough constitutes a feast." Every thing, therefore, went on exactly as it should do, and in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, "the profoundest *tranquillity* and *repose* reigned throughout the province."



CHAPTER III.

HOW THE TOWN OF NEW AMSTERDAM ROSE OUT OF MUD, AND CAME TO BE MARVELLOUSLY POLISHED AND POLITE—TOGETHER WITH A PICTURE OF THE MANNERS OF OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS.

MANIFOLD are the tastes and dispositions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brimful of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work, and swell, and foam, with untried valor, like a barrel of new cider, or a train-band captain, fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles, and horrible encounters; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and revelling in gunpowder and carnage. Others, who are of a less martial, but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvellous, will dwell with wondrous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard-of events, hair-breadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astonishing narrati[ves] which just amble along the boundary line of **possibility.** third class, who, not to speak slightly of them, **are of a lig** turn, and skim over the records of past times, **as they do**

the edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement, do singularly delight in treasons, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders, and all the other catalogue of hideous crimes, which like cayenne in cookery, do give a pungency and flavor to the dull detail of history—while a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do diligently pore over the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human kind, and watch the gradual changes in men and manners, effected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity, and peace, which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them that as soon as I can possibly alight on any thing horrible, uncommon, or impossible, it shall go hard, but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being premised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if possible, women after my own heart; grave, philosophical, and investigating; fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a nation down, through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first development of the newly-hatched colony, and the primitive manners and customs prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam.

Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many painstaking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors—they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log-hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof; from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage-garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves, the steady, silent, and undeviating march of prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city—the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg most. The house was always furnished with abundant large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little w

cock, to let the family into the important secret, which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind;—the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened, except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum, where the

passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace—the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would cro around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to so old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the fam

who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches—grisly ghosts, horses without heads—and hair-breadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in

hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old laidies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *yah Mynheer*, or, *yah ya Vrouw*, to

question that was asked them; behaving in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of deference in their descendants to say a word against it.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE GOLDEN AGE, AND WHAT CONSTITUTED A FINE LADY AND GENTLEMAN IN THE DAYS OF WALTER THE DOUBTER.

IN this dulcet period of my history, when the beauteous island of Manna-hata presented a scene, the very counterpart of those glowing pictures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, these arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty, and gray-beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the num-

ber, which generally equalled that of the gentleman's small clothes; and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days in which every woman staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed—and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, when the contents filled a couple of corn baskets, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories; the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well-turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that

the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given, it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball-room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object—and a voluminous damsel arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a Low Dutch sonneteer of the province to be radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen. The reason of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller—this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which, no doubt, entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings, was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamschatka damsel with a store of bearskins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of rein deer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; as

best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of dame Nature, in water colors and needle work, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females—a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair; they neither drove their curricles, nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of—neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent rencontres with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors—for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey-woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawning of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labor in contempt; skulked about docks and market-places; loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little money they could procure at hustle-cap and chuck-far-

thing; swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbor's horses—in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short by an affair of honor with a whipping-post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days—his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hand of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons—half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low-crowned broad-rimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage, and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigious queue of eelskin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of true Delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honorable terms.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe of peace—the substantial solace of his domestic cares, and daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with

crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted with ribald street walkers or vagabond boys—those unlucky urchins who do so infest our streets, displaying, under the roses of youth, the thorns and briers of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches, and the damsel with petticoats of half a score, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love without fear and without reproach; for what had that virtue to fear, which was defended by a shield of good linsey-woolseys, equal at least to the seven bull hides of the invincible Ajax?

Ah blissful, and never to be forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again—when Buttermilk Channel was quite dry at low water—when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon, and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city!

Happy would it have been for New Amsterdam could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity, but alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the bustle, the cares, and miseries of the world. Let no man congratulate himself, when he beholds the child of his bosom or the city of his birth increasing in magnitude and importance—let the history of his own life teach him the dangers of the one, and this excellent little history of Manna-hata convince him of the calamities of

CHAPTER V.

OF THE FOUNDING OF FORT AURANIA—OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE HUDSON—OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE PATROON KILLIAN VAN RENSSELAER; HIS LORDLY DESCENT UPON THE EARTH, AND HIS INTRODUCTION OF CLUB-LAW.

IT has already been mentioned that, in the early times of Oloffe the Dreamer, a frontier post, or trading house, called Fort Aurania, had been established on the upper waters of the Hudson, precisely on the site of the present venerable city of Albany; which was at that time considered at the very end of the habitable world. It was, indeed, a remote possession with which, for a long time, New Amsterdam held but little intercourse. Now and then the "Company's Yacht," as it was called, was sent to the fort with supplies, and to bring away the peltries which had been purchased of the Indians. It was like an expedition to the Indias, or the North Pole, and always made great talk in the settlement. Sometimes an adventurous burgher would accompany the expedition, to the great uneasiness of his friends; but, on his return, had so many stories to tell of storms and tempests on the Tappan Zee; of hobgoblins in the Highlands and at the Devils Dans Kammer, and of all the other wonders and perils with which

er abounded in those early days, that he deterred
s adventurous inhabitants from following his ex-

:ters were in this state, when, one day, as Walter the
:r and his burgermeesters were smoking and pondering
e affairs of the province, they were roused by the re-
a cannon. Sallying forth, they beheld a strange vessel
or in the bay. It was unquestionably of Dutch build;
ɔottomed and high pooped, and bore the flag of their
lightinesses at the mast-head.

:r a while a boat put off for land, and a stranger
l on shore, a lofty, lordly kind of man, tall and dry,
meagre face, furnished with huge moustaches. He was
Flemish doublet and hose, and an insufferably tall hat
cocktail feather. Such was the patroon Killian Van
aer, who had come out from Holland to found a colony
ɔonship on a great tract of wild land, granted to him
r High Mightinesses the Lords States General, in the
egions of the Hudson.

ian Van Rensellaer was a nine days' wonder in New
dam; for he carried a high head, looked down upon
tly, short-legged burgomasters, and owned no alle-
to the governor himself; boasting that he held his
ship directly from the Lords States General.

tarried but a short time in New Amsterdam; merely
up recruits for his colony. Few, however, ventured
; for those remote and savage regions; and when they
ed, their friends took leave of them as if they should
ɔe them more; and stood gazing with tearful eye as
t, round-sterned little vessel ploughed and splashed its

way up the Hudson, with great noise and little progress, taking nearly a day to get out of sight of the city.

And now, from time to time, floated down tidings to the Manhattoes of the growing importance of this new colony. Every account represented Killian Van Rensellaer as rising in importance and becoming a mighty patroon in the land. He had received more recruits from Holland. His patroonship of Rensellaerwick lay immediately below Fort Aurania, and extended for several miles on each side of the Hudson, beside embracing the mountainous region of the Helderberg. Over all this he claimed to hold separate jurisdiction independent of the colonial authorities of New Amsterdam.

All these assumptions of authority were duly reported to Governor Van Twiller and his council, by dispatches from Fort Aurania; at each new report the governor and his counsellors looked at each other, raised their eyebrows, gave an extra puff or two of smoke, and then relapsed into their usual tranquillity.

At length tidings came that the patroon of Rensellaerwick had extended his usurpations along the river, beyond the limits granted him by their High Mightinesses; and that he had even seized upon a rocky island in the Hudson, commonly known by the name of Bearn or Bear's Island; where he was erecting a fortress to be called by the lordly name of Rensellaerstein.

Wouter Van Twiller was roused by this intelligence. After consulting with his burgomasters, he dispatched a letter to the patroon of Rensellaerwick, demanding by what right he had seized upon this island, which lay beyond the bounds of his patroonship. The answer of Killian Van Rensellaer was

his own lordly style, "*By wapen recht!*" that is to say, by right of arms, or, in common parlance, by club-law. This wer plunged the worthy Wouter in one of the deepest bts he had in the whole course of his administration; in meantime, while Wouter doubted, the lordly Killian went to finish his fortress of Rensellaerstein, about which I fore- I shall have something to record in a future chapter of this st eventful history.

C[illegible]ER VI.

IN WHICH THE READER IS I[illegible] INTO A DELECTABLE WALK, WHIC[illegible] ENDS VERY DIFFER[illegible]OM WHAT IT COMMENCED.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four, on a fine afternoon in the glowing month of September, I took my customary walk upon the battery, which is at once the pride and bulwark of this ancient and impregnable city of New York. The ground on which I trod was hallowed by recollections of the past, and as I slowly wandered through the long alley of poplars, which, like so many birch brooms standing on end, diffused a melancholy and lugubrious shade, my imagination drew a contrast between the surrounding scenery, and what it was in the classic days of our forefathers. Where the government house by name, but the custom house by occupation, proudly reared its brick walls and wooden pillars, there whilom stood the low, but substantial, red-tiled mansion of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. Around it the mighty bulwarks of Fort Amsterdam frowned defiance to every absent foe; but, like many a whiskered warrior and gallant militia captain, confined their martial deeds to alone. The mud breastworks had long been levelled earth, and their site converted into the green lawn

ys of the battery; where the gay apprentice sported his day coat, and the laborious mechanic, relieved from the t and drudgery of the week, poured his weekly tale of love o the half averted ear of the sentimental chambermaid. e capacious bay still presented the same expansive sheet of ter, studded with islands, sprinkled with fishing boats, and nded by shores of picturesque beauty. But the dark for- s which once clothed those shores had been violated by the rage hand of cultivation, and their tangled mazes, and im- netrable thickets, had degenerated into teeming orchards and ving fields of grain. Even Governor's Island, once a smiling rden, appertaining to the sovereigns of the province, was w covered with fortifications, inclosing a tremendous block- use—so that this once peaceful island resembled a fierce tle warrior in a big cocked hat, breathing gunpowder and fiance to the world!

For some time did I indulge in a pensive train of thought; ntrasting, in sober sadness, the present day with the hal- wed years behind the mountains; lamenting the melancholy gress of improvement, and praising the zeal with which worthy burghers endeavored to preserve the wrecks of erable customs, prejudices, and errors, from the over- elming tide of modern innovation—when by degrees my ns took a different turn, and I insensibly awakened to an oyment of the beauties around me.

It was one of those rich autumnal days which heaven par- ularly bestows upon the beauteous island of Manna-hata l its vicinity—not a floating cloud obscured the azure fir- ment—the sun, rolling in glorious splendor, through his real course, seemed to expand his honest Dutch counte-

the tranquillity of the hour—an
presented a polished mirror, i
and smiled. The standard of
handkerchief, for days of gala, h
which forms the handle of a gig
ulous leaves of the poplar and
the breath of heaven. Every th
profound repose of nature. The
slept in the embrazures of the
gathering fresh strength to figh
on the next fourth of July—the
Island forgot to call the garrison
gun had not yet sounded its s
meaning poultry throughout th
the fleet of canoes at anchor bet
munipaw, slumbered on their ra
oysters to lie for a while unmol
native banks!—My own feelings
gious tranquillity, and I should i

erhangs the would-be cities of Jersey, Harsimus, and Hobo-
n, which, like three jockies, are starting on the course of
stence, and jostling each other at the commencement of the
e. Now it skirts the long shore of ancient Pavonia,
ading its wide shadows from the high settlements of Wee-
k quite to the lazaretto and quarantine erected by the
city of our police, for the embarrassment of commerce—
it climbs the serene vault of heaven, cloud rolling over
d, shrouding the orb of day, darkening the vast expanse,
bearing thunder and hail and tempest in its bosom. The
h seems agitated at the confusion of the heavens—the late
reless mirror is lashed into furious waves that roll in hol-
murmurs to the shore—the oyster boats that erst sported
he placid vicinity of Gibbet Island, now hurry affrighted
he land—the poplar writhes and twists and whistles in the
t—torrents of drenching rain and sounding hail deluge the
tery walks—the gates are thronged by apprentices, servant
ds and little Frenchmen, with pocket handkerhiefs over
r hats, scampering from the storm—the late beauteous
spect presents one scene of anarchy and wild uproar, as
ugh old Chaos had resumed his reign, and was hurling back
one vast turmoil the conflicting elements of nature.

Whether I fled from the fury of the storm, or remained
lly at my post, as our gallant train-band captains, who
ch their soldiers through the rain without flinching, are
nts which I leave to the conjecture of the reader. It is
sible he may be a little perplexed also to know the reason
r I introduced this tremendous tempest to disturb the se-
ty of my work. On this latter point I will gratuitously
ruct his ignorance. The panorama view of the battery

was given merely to gratify the reader with a correct description of that celebrated place, and the parts adjacent—secondly, the storm was played off partly to give a little bustle and life to this tranquil part of my work, and to keep my drowsy readers from falling asleep—and partly to serve as an overture to the tempestuous times which are about to assail the pacific province of Nieuw Nederlandts—and which overhang the slumbrous administration of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. It is thus the experienced playwright puts all the fiddles, the French-horns, the kettle-drums, and trumpets of his orchestra in requisition, to usher in one of those horrible and brimstone uproars called Melodrames—and it is thus he discharges his thunder, his lightning, his rosin, and saltpetre, preparatory to the rising of a ghost or the murdering of a hero. We will now proceed with our history.

Whatever may be advanced by philosophers to the contrary, I am of opinion that, as to nations, the old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," is a sheer and ruinous mistake. It might have answered well enough in the honest times when it was made; but in these degenerate days, if a nation pretends to rely merely upon the justice of its dealings, it will fare something like the honest man who fell among thieves, and found his honesty a poor protection against bad company. Such, at least, was the case with the guileless government of the New Netherlands; which, like a worthy unsuspicious old burgher, quietly settled itself down in the city of New Amsterdam, as into a snug elbow-chair—and fell into a comfortable nap—while, in the meantime, its cunning neighbors stepped in and picked its pockets. In a word, we may ascribe the commencement of all the woes of this great province, and

magnificent metropolis, to the tranquil security, or, to
e more accurately, to the unfortunate honesty of its gov-
ment. But as I dislike to begin an important part of my
ry towards the end of a chapter, and as my readers, like
lf, must doubtless be exceedingly fatigued with the long
we have taken, and the tempest we have sustained—I
it meet we shut up the book, smoke a pipe, and having
refreshed our spirits, take a fair start in a new chapter.

CHA

FAITHFULLY DESCRIBING THE IN
THEREABOUTS — SHOWING, MOR
OF CONSCIENCE, AND A CURIOU
BARIANS, TO KEEP UP A HAR
POPULATION.

THAT my readers may t
extent of the calamity, a
over the honest, unsuspecting
and its dubious governor, it
some account of a horde of stra
the eastern frontier

Now so it came to pass, th
time of which we are treating,
had adopted a certain national c
faith, or rather a religious turnn

atural and unextinguishable right—the liberty of con-
ıce.

As, however, they possessed that ingenuous habit of mind
:h always thinks aloud; which rides cock-a-hoop on the
ıue, and is forever galloping into other people's ears, it
ırally followed that their liberty of conscience likewise
lied *liberty of speech*, which being freely indulged, soon
the country in a hubbub, and aroused the pious indigna-
of the vigilant fathers of the church.

The usual methods were adopted to reclaim them, which
hose days were considered efficacious in bringing back
y sheep to the fold; that is to say, they were coaxed, they
e admonished, they were menaced, they were buffeted—
upon line, precept upon precept, lash upon lash, here a
e and there a great deal, were exhorted without mercy
without success; until the worthy pastors of the church,
ried out by their unparalleled stubbornness, were driven,
the excess of their tender mercy, to adopt the Scripture
, and literally to "heap live embers on their heads."

Nothing, however, could subdue that independence of the
gue which has ever distinguished this singular race, so that
ıer than subject that heroic member to further tyranny,
y one and all embarked for the wilderness of America, to
oy, unmolested, the inestimable right of talking. And, in
, no sooner did they land upon the shore of this free-
ken country, than they all lifted up their voices, and made
h a clamor of tongues, that we are told they frightened
ry bird and beast out of the neighborhood, and struck such
e terror into certain fish, that they have been called *dumb-*
ever since.

This may appear marvellous, but it is nevertheless tr
proof of which I would observe, that the dumb-fish has
since become an object of superstitious reverence, and f
the Saturday's dinner of every true Yankee.

The simple aborigines of the land for a while co
plated these strange ...tter astonishment, but diss
ing that they wield... ...ess, though noisy weapons,
were a lively, ingenio... ...-humored race of men, they
came very friendly an... ...ble, and gave them the nam
Yanokies, which in th... Tchusaeg (or Massachusett)
guage signifies *silent m...* waggish appellation, since sh
ened into the familiar epit... of YANKEES, which they re
unto the present day.

True it is, and my fidelity as an historian will not allow
to pass over the fact, that having served a regular apprenti
ship in the school of persecution, these ingenious people so
showed that they had become masters of the art. The gr
majority were of one particular mode of thinking in matte
of religion; but to their great surprise and indignation, th
found that divers papists, quakers and anabaptists we
springing up among them, and all claiming to use the liber
of speech. This was at once pronounced a daring abuse of t
liberty of conscience; which they now insisted was nothi
more than the liberty to think as one pleased in matters
religion—provided one thought right; for otherwise it wo
be giving a latitude to damnable heresies. Now as they,
majority, were convinced that they alone thought right,
consequently followed, that whoever thought diff
them thought wrong—and whoever thought wrong
nately persisted in not being convinced and conv

flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire. The consequence of all which was a fiery persecution of divers sects, and especially of quakers.

Now I'll warrant there are hosts of my readers, ready at once to lift up their hands and eyes, with that virtuous indignation with which we contemplate the faults and errors of our neighbors, and to exclaim at the preposterous idea of convincing the mind by tormenting the body, and establishing the doctrine of charity and forbearance by intolerant persecution. But in simple truth, what are we doing at this very day, and in this very enlightened nation, but acting upon the very same principle in our political controversies? Have we not within but a few years released ourselves from the shackles of a government which cruelly denied us the privilege of governing ourselves, and using in full latitude, that invaluable member, the tongue? and are we not at this very moment striving our best to tyrannize over the opinions, tie up the tongues, and ruin the fortunes of one another? What are our great political societies, but mere political inquisitions—our pot-house committees but little tribunals of denunciation—our newspapers but mere whipping-posts and pillories, where unfortunate individuals are pelted with rotten eggs—and our council of appointment, but a grand *auto da fe*, where culprits are annually sacrificed for their political heresies?

Where, then, is the difference in principle between our measures and those you are so ready to condemn among the people I am treating of? There is none; the difference is merely circumstantial. Thus we *denounce*, instead of banish-

ing—we *libel*, instead of scourging—we *turn out of office*, instead of hanging—and where they burnt an offender in proper person, we either tar and feather or *burn him in effigy*—this political persecution being, somehow or other, the grand palladium of our liberties, and an incontrovertible proof that this is *a free country!*

But notwithstanding the fervent zeal with which this holy war was prosecuted against the whole race of unbelievers, we do not find that the population of this new colony was in any wise hindered thereby; on the contrary, they multiplied to a degree which would be incredible to any man unacquainted with the marvellous fecundity of this growing country.

This amazing increase may, indeed, be partly ascribed to a singular custom prevalent among them, commonly known by the name of *bundling*—a superstitious rite observed by the young people of both sexes, with which they usually terminated their festivities; and which was kept up with religious strictness by the more bigoted part of the community. This ceremony was likewise, in those primitive times, considered as an indispensable preliminary to matrimony; their courtships commencing where ours usually finish—by which means they acquired that intimate acquaintance with each other's good qualities before marriage, which has been pronounced by philosophers the sure basis of a happy union. Thus early did this cunning and ingenious people display a shrewdness of making a bargain, which has ever since distinguished them—and a strict adherence to the good old vulgar maxim about "buying a pig in a poke."

To this sagacious custom, therefore, do I chiefly attribute the unparalleled increase of the Yanokie or Yankee race; for

certain fact, well authenticated by court records and paristers, that wherever the practice of bundling prevailed, was an amazing number of sturdy brats annually born he State, without the license of the law, or the benefit of . Neither did the irregularity of their birth operate in ast to their disparagement. On the contrary, they grew ong-sided, raw-boned, hardy race of whoreson whalers, cutters, fishermen, and peddlers, and strapping corn-fed es; who by their united efforts tended marvellously ls peopling those notable tracts of country called Nan-, Piscataway, and Cape Cod.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THESE SINGULAR BARBARIANS TURNED OUT TO BE NOTORIOUS SQUATTERS—HOW THEY BUILT AIR CASTLES, AND ATTEMPTED TO INITIATE THE NEDERLANDERS INTO THE MYSTERY OF BUNDLING.

IN the last chapter I have given a faithful and unprejudiced account of the origin of that singular race of people, inhabiting the country eastward of the Nieuw Nederlandts; but I have yet to mention certain peculiar habits which rendered them exceedingly annoying to our ever-honored Dutch ancestors.

The most prominent of these was a certain rambling propensity, with which, like the sons of Ishmael, they seem to have been gifted by heaven, and which continually goads them on, to shift their residence from place to place, so that a Yankee farmer is in a constant state of migration; *tarrying* occasionally here and there; clearing lands for other people to enjoy, building houses for others to inhabit, and in a manner may be considered the wandering Arab of America.

His first thought, on coming to years of manhood, is to *settle* himself in the world—which means nothing more nor less than to begin his rambles. To this end he takes unto himself for a wife some buxom country heiress, passing rich

in red ribbons, glass beads, and mock tortoise-shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple sweatmeats, long sauce, and pumpkin pie.

Having thus provided himself, like a peddler with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on the peregrination. His whole family, household furniture, and farming utensils, are hoisted into a covered cart; his own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in hand, whistles "Yankee doodle," and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of Providence, and relying as cheerfully upon his own resources, as ever did a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log hut, clears away a cornfield and potato patch, and Providence smiling upon his labors, is soon surrounded by a snug farm and some half a score of flaxen-headed urchins, who, by their size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toadstools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublunary enjoyment—*improvement* is his darling passion, and having thus improved his lands, the next care is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge palace of pine boards immediately springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions, but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague.

By the time the outside of this mighty air castle is com-

pleted, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer is exhausted, so that he barely manages to furnish one room within, where the whole family burrow together—while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and p nd is decorated with fanciful festoons of dried apples and es. The outside remaining unpainted, grows venera k with time; the family wardrobe is laid under cont for old hats, petticoats, and breeches, to stuff into the n windows, while the four winds of heaven keep up a ing and howling about this aerial palace, and play as mruly gambols, as they did of yore in the cave of old Æolus.

The humble log hut, which whilom nestled this *improving* family snugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, stands hard by, in ignominious contrast, degraded into a cow-house or pig-sty; and the whole scene reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never been recorded, of an aspiring snail, who abandoned his humble habitation, which he had long filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty shell of a lobster—where he would no doubt have resided with great style and splendor, the envy and the hate of all the pains-taking snails in the neighborhood, had he not perished with cold, in one corner of his stupendous mansion.

Being thus completely settled, and, to use his own words, "to rights," one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation, to read newspapers, talk politics, neglect his own business, and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful and patriotic citizen; but now it is wayward disposition begins again to operate. He soo tired of a spot where there is no longer any room

provement—sells his farm, air castle, petticoat windows and all, reloads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands —again to fell trees—again to clear cornfields—again to build a shingle palace, and again to sell off and wander. Such were the people of Connecticut, who bordered upon the eastern frontier of New Netherlands, and my readers may easily imagine what uncomfortable neighbors this light-hearted but restless tribe must have been to our tranquil progenitors. If they cannot, I would ask them, if they have ever known one of our regular, well-organized Dutch families, whom it hath pleased heaven to afflict with the neighborhood of a French boarding-house? The honest old burgher cannot take his afternoon's pipe on the bench before his door, but he is persecuted with the scraping of fiddles, the chattering of women and the squalling of children—he cannot sleep at night for the horrible melodies of some amateur, who chooses to serenade the moon, and display his terrible proficiency in *execution*, on the clarionet, hautboy, or some other soft-toned instrument—nor can he leave the street-door open, but his house is defiled by the unsavory visits of a troop of pup dogs, who even sometimes carry their loathsome ravages into the sanctum sanctorum, the parlor!

If my readers have ever witnessed the sufferings of such a family, so situated, they may form some idea how our worthy ancestors were distressed by their mercurial neighbors of Connecticut.

Gangs of these marauders, we are told, penetrated into the New Netherland settlements, and threw whole villages into consternation by their unparalleled volubility and their intol-

erable inquisitiveness—two evil habits hitherto unknown in those parts, or only known to be abhorred; for our ancestors were noted as being men of truly Spartan taciturnity, and who neither knew nor cared aught about anybody's concerns but their own. Many [illegible]s were committed on the highways, where several [illegible]ing burghers were brought to a stand, and tortured [illegible]uestions and guesses, which outrages occasioned as [illegible]ation and heart-burning as does the modern right of [illegible]n the high seas.

Great jealousy did the [illegible]ise stir up, by their intermeddling and successes a[illegible]he divine sex; for being a race of brisk, likely, pleasant-tongued varlets, they soon seduced the light affections of the simple damsels from their ponderous Dutch gallants. Among other hideous customs, they attempted to introduce among them that of *bundling*, which the Dutch lasses of the Nederlandts, with that eager passion for novelty and foreign fashions natural to their sex, seemed very well inclined to follow, but that their mothers, being more experienced in the world, and better acquainted with men and things, strenuously discountenanced all such outlandish innovations.

But what chiefly operated to embroil our ancestors with these strange folk, was an unwarrantable liberty which they occasionally took of entering in hordes into the territories of the New Netherlands, and settling themselves down, without leave or license, to *improve* the land, in the manner I have before noticed. This unceremonious mode of taking possession of *new land* was technically termed ***squatting***, and has is derived the appellation of *squatters;* a name odious in ears of all great landholders, and which is given to th

enterprising worthies who seize upon land first, and take their chance to make good their title to it afterwards.

All these grievances, and many others which were constantly accumulating, tended to form that dark and portentous cloud, which, as I observed in a former chapter, was slowly gathering over the tranquil province of New Netherlands. The pacific cabinet of Van Twiller, however, as will be perceived in the sequel, bore them all with a magnanimity that redounds to their immortal credit—becoming by passive endurance inured to this increasing mass of wrongs; like that mighty man of old, who by dint of carrying about a calf from the time it was born, continued to carry it without difficulty when it had grown to be an ox.

CHA[illegible] IX.

HOW THE POR[illegible] GOED HOOP WA[illegible] TULLY BELEAGUERED—HOW THE RENOWNED WOUTER PELL IN[illegible] PROFOUND DOUBT, AND HOW HE FINALLY EVAPORATED.

BY this time my readers must fully perceive what an arduous task I have undertaken—exploring a little kind of Herculaneum of history, which had lain nearly for ages buried under the rubbish of years, and almost totally forgotten—raking up the limbs and fragments of disjointed facts, and endeavoring to put them scrupulously together, so as to restore them to their original form and connection—now lugging forth the character of an almost forgotten hero, like a mutilated statue—now deciphering a half-defaced inscription, and now lighting upon a mouldering manuscript, which, after painful study, scarce repays the trouble of perusal.

In such case how much has the reader to depend upon the honor and probity of his author, lest, like a cunning antiquarian, he either impose upon him some spurious fabrication of his own, for a precious relic of antiquity—or else dress up the dismembered fragment with such false trappings, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the truth from the fiction in which it is enveloped. This is a grievance which I have

than once had to lament, in the course of my wearisome researches among the works of my fellow historians, who have strangely disguised and distorted the facts respecting this country; and particularly respecting the great province of New Netherlands; as will be perceived by any who will take the trouble to compare their romantic effusions, tricked out in the meretricious gauds of fable, with this authentic history.

I have had more vexations of the kind to encounter, in those parts of my history which treat of the transactions on the eastern border, than in any other, in consequence of the troops of historians who have infested these quarters, and have shown the honest people of Nieuw Nederlandts no mercy in their works. Among the rest, Mr. Benjamin Trumbull arrogantly declares, that "the Dutch were always mere intruders." Now to this I shall make no other reply, than to proceed in the steady narration of my history, which will contain not only proofs that the Dutch had clear title and possession in the fair valleys of the Connecticut, and that they were wrongfully dispossessed thereof—but likewise, that they have been scandalously maltreated ever since, by the misrepresentations of the crafty historians of New England. And in this I shall be guided by a spirit of truth and impartiality, and a regard to immortal fame—for I would not wittingly dishonor my work by a single falsehood, misrepresentation, or prejudice, though it should gain our forefathers the whole country of New England.

I have already noticed in a former chapter of my history, that the territories of the Nieuw Nederlandts extended on the east, quite to the Varsche or fresh, or Connecticut river. Here, at an early period, had been established a frontier post on the

bank of the river, and called Fort Goed Hoop, not far from the site of the present fair city of Hartford. It was placed under the command of Jacobus Van Curlet, or Curlis, as some historians will have it; a doughty soldier, of that stomachful class famous for eating all they kill. He was long in the body and short in the limb, as though a tall man's body had been mounted on a little man's legs. He made up for this turnspit construction by striding to such an extent, that you would have sworn he had on the seven-leagued boots of Jack the Giant-killer; and so high did he tread on parade that his soldiers were sometimes alarmed lest he should trample himself under foot.

But notwithstanding the erection of this fort and the appointment of this ugly little man of war as commander, the Yankees continued the interlopings hinted at in my last chapter, and at length had the audacity to *squat* themselves down within the jurisdiction of Fort Goed Hoop.

The long-bodied Van Curlet protested with great spirit against these unwarrantable encroachments, couching his protest in Low Dutch, by way of inspiring more terror, and forthwith dispatched a copy of the protest to the governor at New Amsterdam, together with a long and bitter account of the aggressions of the enemy. This done, he ordered his men, one and all, to be of good cheer—shut the gate of the fort, smoked three pipes, went to bed, and awaited the result with a resolute and intrepid tranquillity, that greatly animated his adherents, and no doubt struck sore dismay and affright into the hearts of the enemy.

Now it came to pass, that about this time, the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, full of years and honors, and council

, had reached that period of life and faculty which, ng to the great Gulliver, entitles a man to admission e ancient order of Struldbruggs. He employed his ı smoking his Turkish pipe, amid an assemblage of equally enlightened and nearly as venerable as himself, ıo, for their silence, their gravity, their wisdom, and ıutious averseness to coming to any conclusion in busi- e only to be equalled by certain profound corporations [have known in my time. Upon reading the protest gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, therefore, his excellency aightway into one of the deepest doubts that ever he own to encounter; his capacious head gradually droop- ıis chest, he closed his eyes, and inclined his ear to one ı if listening with great attention to the discussion that ing on in his belly; and which all who knew him de- to be the huge court-house or council-chamber of his ts; forming to his head what the house of representa- oes to the Senate. An inarticulate sound, very much ling a snore, occasionally escaped him—but the nature internal cogitation was never known, as he never opened s on the subject to man, woman, or child. In the mean ıe protest of Van Curlet lay quietly on the table, where ed to light the pipes of the venerable sages assembled ıcil; and in the great smoke which they raised, the gal- acobus, his protest, and his mighty Fort Goed Hoop, oon as completely beclouded and forgotten, as is a ques- emergency swallowed up in the speeches and resolu- f a modern session of Congress.

ere are certain emergencies when your profound legis- and sage deliberative councils are mightily in the way

of a nation; and when an ounce of hare-brained decision is worth a pound of sage doubt and cautious discussion. Such, at least, was the case at present; for while the renowned Wouter Van Twiller was daily battling with his doubts, and his resolution growing weaker and weaker in the contest, the enemy pushed farther and farther into his territories, and assumed a most formidable appearance in the neighborhood of Fort Goed Hoop. Here they founded the mighty town of *Pyquag*, or, as it has since been called, *Weathersfield*, a place which, if we may credit the assertions of that worthy historian, John Josselyn, Gent., "hath been infamous by reason of the witches therein." And so daring did these men of Pyquag become, that they extended those plantations of onions, for which their town is illustrious, under the very noses of the garrison of Fort Goed Hoop—insomuch that the honest Dutchmen could not look toward that quarter without tears in their eyes.

This crying injustice was regarded with proper indignation by the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet. He absolutely trembled with the violence of his choler and the exacerbations of his valor; which were the more turbulent in their workings, from the length of the body in which they were agitated. He forthwith proceeded to strengthen his redoubts, heighten his breastworks, deepen his fosse, and fortify his position with a double row of abbatis; after which he dispatched a fresh courier with accounts of his perilous situation.

The courier chosen to bear the dispatches was a fat, oily little man, as being less liable to be worn out, or to lose leather on the journey; and to insure his speed, he was mounted on the fleetest wagon-horse in the garrison, remark-

able for length of limb, largeness of bone, and hardness of trot; and so tall, that the little messenger was obliged to climb on his back by means of his tail and crupper. Such extraordinary speed did he make, that he arrived at Fort Amsterdam in a little less than a month, though the distance was full two hundred pipes, or about one hundred and twenty miles.

With an appearance of great hurry and business, and smoking a short travelling-pipe, he proceeded on a long swing trot through the muddy lanes of the metropolis, demolishing whole batches of dirt pies, which the little Dutch children were making in the road; and for which kind of pastry the children of this city have ever been famous. On arriving at the governor's house, he climbed down from his steed; roused the gray-headed doorkeeper, old Skaats, who, like his lineal descendant and faithful representative, the venerable crier of our court, was nodding at his post—rattled at the door of the council chamber, and startled the members as they were dozing over a plan for establishing a public market.

At that very moment a gentle grunt, or rather a deep-drawn snore, was heard from the chair of the governor; a whiff of smoke was at the same instant observed to escape from his lips, and a light cloud to ascend from the bowl of his pipe. The council, of course, supposed him engaged in deep sleep for the good of the community, and, according to custom in all such cases established, every man bawled out silence, when, of a sudden, the door flew open, and the little courier straddled into the apartment, cased to the middle in a pair of Hessian boots, which he had got into for the sake of expedition. In his right hand he held forth the ominous dispatches, and with

his left he grasped firmly the waistband of his galligaskins, which had unfortunately given way, in the exertion of descending from his horse. He stumped resolutely up to the governor, and with more hurry than perspicuity delivered his message. But fortunately his ill tidings came too late to ruffle the tranquillity of this most tranquil of rulers. His venerable excellency had just breathed and smoked his last—his lungs and his pipe having been exhausted together, and his peaceful soul having escaped in the last whiff that curled from his tobacco-pipe. In a word, the renowned Walter the Doubter, who had so often slumbered with his contemporaries, now slept with his fathers, and Wilhelmus Kieft governed in his stead.

BOOK IV.

ONTAINING THE CHRONICLES OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.

CHAPTER I.

OWING THE NATURE OF HISTORY IN GENERAL; CONTAINING FARTHERMORE THE UNIVERSAL ACQUIREMENTS OF WILLIAM THE TESTY, AND HOW A MAN MAY LEARN SO MUCH AS TO RENDER HIMSELF GOOD FOR NOTHING.

WHEN the lofty Thucydides is about to enter upon his description of the plague that desolated Athens, one of his modern commentators assures the reader, that the history is now going to be exceeding solemn, serious, and pathetic; and hints, with that air of chuckling gratulation with which a good dame draws forth a choice morsel from a cupboard to regale a favorite, that this plague will give his history a most agreeable variety.

In like manner did my heart leap within me, when I came to the dolorous dilemma of Fort Goed Hoop, which I at once perceived to be the forerunner of a series of great events and entertaining disasters. Such are the true subjects for the historic pen. For what is history, in fact, but a kind of Newgate calendar, a register of the crimes and miseries that man

has inflicted on his fellow-man? It is a huge libel on human nature, to which we industriously add page after page, volume after volume, as if we were building up a monument to the honor, rather than the infamy of our species. If we turn over the pages of these chronicles that man has written of himself, what are the characters dignified by the appellation of great, and held up to the admiration of posterity? Tyrants, robbers, conquerors, renowned only for the magnitude of their misdeeds, and the stupendous wrongs and miseries they have inflicted on mankind—warriors, who have hired themselves to the trade of blood, not from motives of virtuous patriotism, or to protect the injured and defenceless, but merely to gain the vaunted glory of being adroit and successful in massacring their fellow-beings! What are the great events that constitute a glorious era?—The fall of empires—the desolation of happy countries—splendid cities smoking in their ruins—the proudest works of art tumbled in the dust—the shrieks and groans of whole nations ascending unto heaven!

It is thus the historian may be said to thrive on the miseries of mankind, like birds of prey which hover over the field of battle, to fatten on the mighty dead. It was observed by a great projector of inland lock navigation, that rivers, lakes, and oceans, were only formed to feed canals.—In like manner I am tempted to believe, that plots, conspiracies, wars, victories, and massacres, are ordained by Providence only as food for the historian.

It is a source of great delight to the philosopher, in studying the wonderful economy of nature, to trace the mutual dependencies of things, how they are created reciprocally for each other, and how the most noxious and apparently un-

necessary animal has its uses. Thus those swarms of flies, which are so often execrated as useless vermin, are created for the sustenance of spiders—and spiders, on the other hand, are evidently made to devour flies. So those heroes who have been such scourges to the world, were bounteously provided as themes for the poet and historian, while the poet and the historian were destined to record the achievements of heroes!

These, and many similar reflections, naturally arose in my mind, as I took up my pen to commence the reign of William Kieft: for now the stream of our history, which hitherto has rolled in a tranquil current, is about to depart forever from its peaceful haunts, and brawl through many a turbulent and rugged scene.

As some sleek ox, sunk in the rich repose of a clover-field, dozing and chewing the cud, will bear repeated blows before it raises itself; so the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, having waxed fat under the drowsy reign of the Doubter, needed cuffs and kicks to rouse it into action. The reader will now witness the manner in which a peaceful community advances towards a state of war; which is apt to be like the approach of a horse to a drum, with much prancing and little progress, and too often with the wrong end foremost.

Wilhelmus Kieft, who, in 1634, ascended the gubernatorial chair (to borrow a favorite though clumsy appellation of modern phraseologists), was of a lofty descent, his father being inspector of wind-mills in the ancient town of Saardam; and our hero, we are told, when a boy, made very curious investigations into the nature and operation of these machines, which was one reason why he afterwards came to be so ingenious a governor. His name, according to the most authentic etymolo-

gists, was a corruption of Kyver; that is to say, a wrangler or *scolder;* and expressed the characteristic of his family, which, for nearly two centuries, had kept the windy town of Saardam in hot water, and produced more tartars and brimstones than any ten families in the place; and so truly did he inherit this family [illegible]y, that he had not been a year in the governm[illegible]ovince, before he was universally denominated [illegible]Testy. His appearance answered to his name. [illegible]risk, wiry, waspish little old gentleman; such a one [illegible]w and then be seen stumping about our city in a [illegible]ted coat with huge buttons, a cocked hat stuck on the back [illegible]is head, and a cane as high as his chin. His face was broad, but his features were sharp; his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red, by two fiery little gray eyes; his nose turned up, and the corners of his mouth turned down, pretty much like the muzzle of an irritable pug dog.

I have heard it observed by a profound adept in human physiology, that if a woman waxes fat with the progress of years, her tenure of life is somewhat precarious, but if haply she withers as she grows old, she lives forever. Such promised to be the case with William the Testy, who grew tough in proportion as he dried. He had withered, in fact, not through the process of years, but through the tropical fervor of his soul, which burnt like a vehement rush-light in his bosom; inciting him to incessant broils and bickerings. Ancient traditions speak much of his learning, and of the [illegible]lant inroads he had made into the dead languages, [illegible] he had made captive a host of Greek nouns and Latin and brought off rich booty in ancient saws and a[illegible]

a he was wont to parade in his public harangues, as a aphant general of yore, his *spolia opima*. Of metaphysics new enough to confound all hearers and himself into the ain. In logic, he knew the whole family of syllogisms dilemmas, and was so proud of his skill that he never ed even a self-evident fact to pass unargued. It was ved, however, that he seldom got into an argument with- getting into a perplexity, and then into a passion with his sary for not being convinced gratis.

He had, moreover, skirmished smartly on the frontiers of al of the sciences, was fond of experimental philosophy, prided himself upon inventions of all kinds. His abode, h he had fixed at a Bowerie or country-seat at a short nce from the city, just at what is now called Dutch-street, abounded with proofs of his ingenuity: patent smoke- s that required a horse to work them; Dutch ovens that ed meat without fire; carts that went before the horses; ther-cocks that turned against the wind; and other wrong- ed contrivances that astonished and confounded all be- lers. The house, too, was beset with paralytic cats and s, the subjects of his experimental philosophy; and the ing and yelping of the latter unhappy victims of science, le aiding in the pursuit of knowledge, soon gained for the e the name of "Dog's Misery," by which it continues to nown even at the present day.

It is in knowledge as in swimming; he who flounders and shes on the surface, makes more noise, and attracts more ntion, than the pearl-diver who quietly dives in quest of sures to the bottom. The vast acquirements of the new rnor were the theme of marvel among the simple burgh-

ers of New Amsterdam; he figured about the place as learned a man as a Bonze at Pekin, who has mastered one half of the Chinese alphabet: and was unanimously pronounced a "universal genius!"

I have known in my time many a genius of this stamp; but, to speak my [illegible] I never knew one who, for the ordinary purposes [illegible] worth his weight in straw. In this respect, a little [illegible]gment and plain common sense is worth all the spe[illegible]as that ever wrote poetry or invented theories. Le[illegible]ow the universal acquirements of William the Te[illegible]n in the affairs of government.

CHAPTER II.

HOW WILLIAM THE TESTY UNDERTOOK TO CONQUER BY PROCLAMATION—HOW HE WAS A GREAT MAN ABROAD, BUT A LITTLE MAN IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

NO sooner had this bustling little potentate been blown by a whiff of fortune into the seat of government than he called his council together to make them a speech on the state of affairs.

Caius Gracchus, it is said, when he harangued the Roman populace, modulated his tone by an oratorical flute or pitch-pipe; Wilhelmus Kieft, not having such an instrument at hand, availed himself of that musical organ or trump which nature has implanted in the midst of a man's face; in other words, he preluded his address by a sonorous blast of the nose; a preliminary flourish much in vogue among public orators.

He then commenced by expressing his humble sense of his utter unworthiness of the high post to which he had been appointed; which made some of the simple burghers wonder why he undertook it, not knowing that it is a point of etiquette with a public orator never to enter upon office without declaring himself unworthy to cross the threshold. He then proceeded in a manner highly classic and erudite to speak of gov-

ernment generally, and of the governments of ancient Greece in particular; together with the wars of Rome and Carthage; and the rise and fall of sundry outlandish empires which the worthy burghers had never read nor heard of. Having thus after the manner of [illegible]d orator, treated of things in general, he came by a [illegible] roundabout transition, to the matter in hand, name[illegible]ng aggressions of the Yankees.

As my readers are [illegible]are of the advantage a potentate has of handling [illegible]s as he pleases in his speeches and bulletins, where he talk all on his own side, they may rest assured that the Testy did not let such an opportunity escape of giving [illegible]e Yankees what is called "a taste of his quality." In speaking of their inroads into the territories of their High Mightinesses, he compared them to the Gauls who desolated Rome; the Goths and Vandals who overran the fairest plains of Europe; but when he came to speak of the unparalleled audacity with which they of Weathersfield had advanced their patches up to the very walls of Fort Goed Hoop, and threatened to smother the garrison in onions, tears of rage started into his eyes, as though he nosed the very offence in question.

Having thus wrought up his tale to a climax, he assumed a most belligerent look, and assured the council that he had devised an instrument, potent in its effects, and which he trusted would soon drive the Yankees from the land. So saying, he thrust his hand into one of the deep pockets of his broad skirted coat and drew forth, not an infernal machine, but an instrument in writing, which he laid with great emphasis the table.

The burghers gazed at it for a time in silent

wary housewife does at a gun, fearful it may go off half-cocked. The document in question had a sinister look, it is true; it was crabbed in text, and from a broad red ribbon dangled the great seal of the province, about the size of a buckwheat pancake. Still, after all, it was but an instrument in writing. Herein, however, existed the wonder of the invention. The document in question was a PROCLAMATION, ordering the Yankees to depart instantly from the territories of their High Mightinesses under pain of suffering all the forfeitures and punishments in such case made and provided. It was on the moral effect of this formidable instrument that Wilhelmus Kieft calculated; pledging his valor as a governor that, once fulminated against the Yankees, it would, in less than two months, drive every mother's son of them across the borders.

The council broke up in perfect wonder, and nothing was talked of for some time among the old men and women of New Amsterdam but the vast genius of the governor, and his new and cheap mode of fighting by proclamation.

As to Wilhelmus Kieft, having dispatched his proclamation to the frontiers, he put on his cocked hat and corduroy small-clothes, and mounting a tall raw-boned charger, trotted out to his rural retreat of Dog's Misery. Here, like the good Numa, he reposed from the toils of state, taking lessons in government, not from the nymph Egeria, but from the honored wife of his bosom; who was one of that class of females sent upon the earth a little after the flood, as a punishment for the sins of mankind, and commonly known by the appellation of *knowing women*. In fact, my duty as an historian obliges me to make known a circumstance which was a great secret at the time, and consequently was not a subject of

scandal at more than half the tea-tables in New Amsterdam, but which, like many other great secrets, has leaked out in the lapse of years—and this was, that Wilhelmus the Testy, though one of the most potent little men that ever breathed, yet submitted at home to a species of government, neither laid down in Aristotle nor Plato; in short, it partook of the nature of a pure, unmixed tyranny, and is familiarly denominated *petticoat government*.—An absolute sway, which, although exceedingly common in these modern days, was very rare among the ancients, if we may judge from the rout made about the domestic economy of honest Socrates; which is the only ancient case on record.

The great Kieft, however, warded off all the sneers and sarcasms of his particular friends, who are ever ready to joke with a man on sore points of the kind, by alleging that it was a government of his own election, to which he submitted through choice; adding at the same time a profound maxim which he had found in an ancient author, that "he who would aspire to *govern*, should first learn to *obey*."

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH ARE RECORDED THE SAGE PROJECTS OF A RULER OF UNIVERSAL GENIUS—THE ART OF FIGHTING BY PROCLAMATION—AND HOW THAT THE VALIANT JACOBUS VAN CURLET CAME TO BE FOULLY DISHONORED AT FORT GOED HOOP.

NEVER was a more comprehensive, a more expeditious, or, what is still better, a more economical measure devised, than this of defeating the Yankees by proclamation—an expedient, likewise, so gentle and humane, there were ten chances to one in favor of its succeeding,—but then there was one chance to ten that it would not succeed—as the ill-natured fates would have it, that single chance carried the day! The proclamation was perfect in all its parts, well constructed, well written, well sealed, and well published—all that was wanting to insure its effect was, that the Yankees should stand in awe of it; but, provoking to relate, they treated it with the most absolute contempt, applied it to an unseemly purpose, and thus did the first warlike proclamation come to a shameful end—a fate which I am credibly informed has befallen but too many of its successors.

So far from abandoning the country, those varlets continued their encroachments, squatting along the green banks of the Varsche river, and founding Hartford, Stamford, New

Haven, and other border towns. I have already shown the onion patches of Pyquag were an eyesore to Jacobus Curlet and his garrison; but now these moss-troopers creased in their atrocities, kidnapping hogs, impou horses, and son [illegible] sly rib-roasting their ow Our worthy foren [illegible] scarcely stir abroad wi danger of being o [illegible] horseflesh, or taken in in gaining; while, in t [illegible] e, some daring Yankee po would penetrate t [illegible] old, and nearly ruin the housewives with tin [illegible] wooden bowls.*

I am well aw [illegible] erils which environ me i part of my history. Wh [illegible] raking, with curious han pious heart, among the mouldering remains of former anxious to draw therefrom the honey of wisdom, I ma somewhat like that valiant worthy, Samson, who, in me

* The following cases in point appear in Hazard's Collection o Papers.

"In the meantime, they of Hartford have not onely usurp taken in the lands of Connecticott, although unrighteously and the lawes of nations but have hindered our nation in sowing thei purchased broken up lands, but have also sowed them with corn night, which the Nederlanders had broken up and intended to and have beaten the servants of the high and mighty the honore panie, which were laboring upon theire master's lands, from theire with sticks and plow staves in hostile manner laming, and amo rest, struck Ever Duckings [Evert Duyckink] a hole in his head stick, so that the bloode ran downe very strongly downe up body."

"Those of Hartford sold a hogg, that belonged to the honore panie, under pretence that it had eaten of theire grounde they had not any foot of inheritance. They proffered the if the commissioners would have given 5s. for damage; wh missioners denied, because noe man's own hogg (as men can trespass upon his owne master's grounde.".

with the carcass of a dead lion, drew a swarm of bees about his ears. Thus, while narrating the many misdeeds of the Yanokie or Yankee race, it is ten chances to one but I offend the morbid sensibilities of certain of their unreasonable descendants, who may fly out and raise such a buzzing about this unlucky head of mine, that I shall need the tough hide of an Achilles, or an Orlando Furioso, to protect me from their stings.

Should such be the case, I should deeply and sincerely lament—not my misfortune in giving offence—but the wrong-headed perverseness of an ill-natured generation, in taking offence at any thing I say. That their ancestors did use my ancestors ill is true, and I am very sorry for it. I would, with all my heart, the fact were otherwise; but as I am recording the sacred events of history, I'd not bate one nail's breadth of the honest truth, though I were sure the whole edition of my work would be bought up and burnt by the common hangman of Connecticut. And in sooth, now that these testy gentlemen have drawn me out, I will make bold to go farther, and observe that this is one of the grand purposes for which we impartial historians are sent into the world—to redress wrongs and render justice on the heads of the guilty. So that, though a powerful nation may wrong its neighbors with temporary impunity, yet sooner or later an historian springs up, who wreaks ample chastisement on it in return.

Thus these moss-troopers of the east little thought, I'll warrant it, while they were harassing the inoffensive province of Nieuw Nederlands, and driving its unhappy governor to his wit's end, that an historian would ever arise, and give

them their own, with interest. Since, then, I am but performing my bounden duty as an historian, in avenging the wrongs of our revered ancestors, I shall make no further apology, and, indeed, when it is considered that I have all these ancient borderers of the east in my power, and at the mercy of my pen, I trust that it will be admitted I conduct myself with great humanity and moderation.

It was long before William the Testy could be persuaded that his much vaunted war measure was ineffectual; on the contrary, he flew in a passion whenever it was doubted, swearing that though slow in operating, yet when it once began to work, it would soon purge the land of these invaders. When convinced, at length, of the truth, like a shrewd physician, he attributed the failure to the quantity, not the quality of the medicine, and resolved to double the dose. He fulminated, therefore, a second proclamation more vehement than the first, forbidding all intercourse with these Yankee intruders; ordering the Dutch burghers on the frontiers to buy none of their pacing horses, measly pork, apple sweetmeats, Weathersfield onions, or wooden bowls, and to furnish them with no supplies of gin, gingerbread, or sourkrout.

Another interval elapsed, during which the last proclamation was as little regarded as the first, and the non-intercourse was especially set at naught by the young folks of both sexes, if we may judge by the active bundling which took place along the borders.

At length one day the inhabitants of New Amsterdam were aroused by a furious barking of dogs, great and small, and beheld, to their surprise, the whole garrison of Fort Good Hoop straggling into town all tattered and wayworn, with

bus Van Curlet at their head, bringing the melancholy in-
gence of the capture of Fort Goed Hoop by the Yankees.
The fate of this important fortress is an impressive warn-
to all military commanders. It was neither carried by
m nor famine; nor was it undermined; nor bombarded;
set on fire by red-hot shot; but was taken by a stratagem
less singular than effectual, and which can never fail of
ess, whenever an opportunity occurs of putting it in
ctice.

It seems that the Yankees had received intelligence that
garrison of Jacobus Van Curlet had been reduced nearly
-eighth by the death of two of his most corpulent soldiers,
) had overeaten themselves on fat salmon caught in the
che river. A secret expedition was immediately set on
t to surprise the fortress. The crafty enemy knowing the
its of the garrison to sleep soundly after they had eaten
ir dinners and smoked their pipes, stole upon them at the
ntide of a sultry summer's day, and surprised them in the
st of their slumbers.

In an instant the flag of their High Mightinesses was lower-
and the Yankee standard elevated in its stead, being a
d codfish, by way of a spread eagle. A strong garri-
was appointed, of long-sided, hard-fisted Yankees, with
thersfield onions for cockades and feathers. As to Jaco-
Van Curlet and his men, they were seized by the nape of
neck, conducted to the gate, and one by one dismissed
a kick in the crupper, as Charles XII. dismissed the
y-bottomed Russians at the battle of Narva; Jacobus
Curlet receiving two kicks in consideration of his official
ity.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING THE FEARFUL WRATH OF WILLIAM THE TESTY, AND THE ALARM OF NEW AMSTERDAM—HOW THE GOVERNOR DID STRONGLY FORTIFY THE CITY—OF THE RISE OF ANTHONY THE TRUMPETER, AND THE WINDY ADDITION TO THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

LANGUAGE cannot express the awful ire of William the Testy on hearing of the catastrophe at Fort Goed Hoop. For three good hours his rage was too great for words, or rather the words were too great for him, (being a very small man,) and he was nearly choked by the misshapen, nine-cornered Dutch oaths and epithets which crowded at once into his gullet. At length his words found vent, and for three days he kept up a constant discharge, anathematizing the Yankees, man, woman, and child, for a set of dieven, schobie-jacken, deugenieten, twistzoekeren, blaes-kaken, loosen-schalken, kakken-bedden, and a thousand other names, of which, unfortunately for posterity, history does not make mention. Finally, he swore that he would have nothing more to do with such a squatting, bundling, guessing, questioning, swapping, pumpkin-eating, molasses-daubing, shingle-splitting, cider-watering, horse-jockeying, notion-peddling crew—that they might stay at Fort Goed Hoop and rot, before he would dirty his hands by attempting to drive them away; in proof of

ch he ordered the new-raised troops to be marched forth- h into winter quarters, although it was not as yet quite mid- mer. Great despondency now fell upon the city of New sterdam. It was feared that the conquerors of Fort Goed op, flushed with victory and apple-brandy, might march on he capital, take it by storm, and annex the whole province Connecticut. The name of Yankee became as terrible ng the Nieuw Nederlanders as was that of Gaul among ancient Romans; insomuch that the good wives of the hattoes used it as a bugbear wherewith to frighten their ly children.

Everybody clamored around the governor, imploring him ut the city in a complete posture of defence, and he lis- d to their clamors. Nobody could accuse William the y of being idle in time of danger, or at any other time. was never idle, but then he was often busy to very little ose. When a youngling he had been impressed with the ls of Solomon, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, observe ways and be wise," in conformity to which he had ever t of a restless, ant-like turn; hurrying hither and thither, dy knew why or wherefore, busying himself about small ters with an air of great importance and anxiety, and toil- at a grain of mustard-seed in the full conviction that he moving a mountain. In the present instance, he called in is inventive powers to his aid, and was continually pon- ng over plans, making diagrams, and worrying about with op of workmen and projectors at his heels. At length, r a world of consultation and contrivance, his plans of nce ended in rearing a great flag-staff in the centre of the , and perching a wind-mill on each bastion.

These warlike preparations in some measure allayed the public alarm, especially after an additional means of securing the safety of the city had been suggested by the governor's lady. It has already been hinted in this most authentic history, that in the domestic establishment of William the Testy "the gray mare was [illegible]rse;" in other words, that his wife, "ruled the [illegible]n governing the governor, governed the province [illegible]ht thus be said to be under petticoat government.

Now it came to pa[illegible]ut this time there lived in the Manhattoes a jolly, [illegible]s trumpeter, named Antony Van Corlear, famous for [illegible]wind; and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument, that the effect upon all within hearing was like that ascribed to the Scotch bagpipe when it sings right lustily i' the nose.

This sounder of brass was moreover a lusty bachelor, with a pleasant, burly visage, a long nose, and huge whiskers. He had his little *bouwerie*, or retreat in the country, where he led a roystering life, giving dances to the wives and daughters of the burghers of the Manhattoes, insomuch that he became a prodigious favorite with all the women, young and old. He is said to have been the first to collect that famous toll levied on the fair sex at Kissing Bridge, on the highway to Hellgate.*

To this sturdy bachelor the eyes of all the women were turned in this time of darkness and peril, as the very man to second and carry out the plans of defence of the governor.

* The bridge here mentioned by Mr. Knickerbocker still exists; it is said that the toll is seldom collected now-a-days except on sleighing parties, by the descendants of the patriarchs, who preserve the traditions of the city.

kind of petticoat council was forthwith held at the govern- at house, at which the governor's lady presided; and this y, as has been hinted, being all potent with the governor, result of these councils was the elevation of Antony the mpeter to the post of commandant of wind-mills and mpion of New Amsterdam.

The city being thus fortified and garrisoned, it would have e one's heart good to see the governor snapping his fingers fidgeting with delight, as the trumpeter strutted up and n the ramparts twanging defiance to the whole Yankee , as does a modern editor to all the principalities and ers on the other side of the Atlantic. In the hands of ony Van Corlear this windy instrument appeared to him potent as the horn of the paladin Astolpho, or even the re classic horn of Alecto; nay, he had almost the temerity ompare it with the rams' horns celebrated in holy writ, at very sound of which the walls of Jericho fell down.

Be all this as it may, the apprehensions of hostilities from east gradually died away. The Yankees made no further sion; nay, they declared they had only taken possession Fort Goed Hoop as being erected within their territories. ar from manifesting hostility, they continued to throng to r Amsterdam with the most innocent countenances im- able, filling the market with their notions, being as ready ade with the Nederlanders as ever—and not a whit more e to get to the windward of them in a bargain.

The old wives of the Manhattoes who took tea with the rnor's lady attributed all this affected moderation to the inspired by the military preparations of the governor, and windy prowess of Antony the Trumpeter.

There were not wanting illiberal minds, howeve
sneered at the governor for thinking to defend his cit
governed it, by mere wind; but William Kieft was no
jeered out of his wind-mills—he had seen them perche
the ramparts of [illegible]ity of Saardam, and was per
they were connected [illegible]e great science of defence
so much piqued w[illegible] having them made a ma
ridicule, that he intro[illegible] them into the arms of th
where they remain to [illegible] day, quartered with the
beaver of the [illegible] an emblem and memento
policy.

I must not omit to mention that certain wise old bu
of the Manhattoes, skilful in expounding signs and my
after events have come to pass, consider this early in
of the wind-mill into the escutcheon of our city, which
had been wholly occupied by the beaver, as portentous
after fortune, when the quiet Dutchman would be d
aside by the enterprising Yankee, and patient industry
topped by windy speculation.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE JURISPRUDENCE OF WILLIAM THE TESTY, AND HIS ADMIRABLE EXPEDIENTS FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF POVERTY.

AMONG the wrecks and fragments of exalted wisdom which have floated down the stream of time from venerable antiquity, and been picked up by those humble, but industrious wights who ply along the shores of literature, we find a shrewd ordinance of Charondas the Locrian legislator. Anxious to preserve the judicial code of the State from the additions and amendments of country members and seekers of popularity, he ordained that, whoever proposed a new law should do it with a halter about his neck; whereby, in case his proposition were rejected, they just hung him up—and there the matter ended.

The effect was, that for more than two hundred years there was but one trifling alteration in the judicial code; and legal matters were so clear and simple that the whole race of lawyers starved to death for want of employment. The Locrians, too, being freed from all incitement to litigation, lived very lovingly together, and were so happy a people that they make scarce any figure in history; it being only your litigious, quarrelsome, rantipole nations who make much noise in the world.

I have been reminded of these historical facts in coming to treat of the internal policy of William the Testy. Well would it have been for him had he in the course of his universal acquirements stumbled upon the precaution of the good Charondas, or had he looked nearer home at the protectorate of Oloffe the Dreamer, when the community was governed without laws. Such legislation, however, was not suited to the busy, meddling mind of William the Testy. On the contrary, he conceived that the true wisdom of legislation consisted in the multiplicity of laws. He accordingly had great punishments for great crimes, and little punishments for little offences. By degrees the whole surface of society was cut up by ditches and fences, and quickset hedges of the law, and even the sequestered paths of private life so beset by petty rules and ordinances, too numerous to be remembered, that one could scarce walk at large without the risk of letting off a spring-gun or falling into a man-trap.

In a little while the blessings of innumerable laws became apparent—a class of men arose to expound and confound them. Petty courts were instituted to take cognizance of petty offences, pettifoggers began to abound; and the community was soon set together by the ears.

Let me not be thought as intending any thing derogatory to the profession of the law, or to the distinguished members of that illustrious order. Well am I aware that we have in this ancient city innumerable worthy gentlemen, the knights-errants of modern days, who go about redressing wrongs and defending the defenceless, not for the love of filthy lucre, nor the selfish cravings of renown, but merely for the pleasure of doing good. Sooner would I throw this trusty pen into the

flames, and cork up my ink-bottle forever, than infringe even for a nail's breadth upon the dignity of these truly benevolent champions of the distressed. On the contrary, I allude merely to those caitiff scouts who, in these latter days of evil, infest the skirts of the profession, as did the recreant Cornish knights of yore, the honorable order of chivalry; who, under its auspices, commit flagrant wrongs; who thrive by quibbles, by quirks and chicanery, and like vermin increase the corruption in which they are engendered.

Nothing so soon awakens the malevolent passions as the facility of gratification. The courts of law would never be so crowded with petty, vexatious and disgraceful suits, were it not for the herds of pettifoggers. These tamper with the passions of the poorer and more ignorant classes; who, as if poverty were not a sufficient misery in itself, are ever ready to imbitter it by litigation. These, like quacks in medicine, excite the malady to profit by the cure, and retard the cure to augment the fees. As the quack exhausts the constitution, the pettifogger exhausts the purse; and as he who has once been under the hands of a quack, is forever after prone to dabble in drugs, and poison himself with infallible prescriptions; so the client of the pettifogger is ever after prone to embroil himself with his neighbors, and impoverish himself with successful lawsuits. My readers will excuse this digression into which I have been unwarily betrayed; but I could not avoid giving a cool and unprejudiced account of an abomination too prevalent in this excellent city, and with the effects of which I am ruefully acquainted: having been nearly ruined by a lawsuit which was decided against me; and my ruin having been completed by another, which was decided in my favor.

To retu to our theme. There was nothing in the
range of mo l offences against which the jurisprud
William the Testy was more strenuously directed, th
crying sin of poverty. He pronounced it the root of a
and determined ot and branch, and extir
from the land. H ruck, in the course of hi
els in the old cou ope, with the wisdom o
notices posted up i wns, that "any vagrant
begging there woul the stocks," and he h
served, that no b to be seen in these ne
hoods; having doubtles n off their rags and the
erty and become rich unde terror of the law. He
mined to improve upon this hint. In a little while
machine of his own invention, was erected hard by
Misery. This was nothing more nor less than a gibb
very strange, uncouth, and unmatchable construction, f
efficacious, as he boasted, than the stocks, for the pun
of poverty. It was for altitude not a whit inferior to
Haman so renowned in Bible history; but the marve
contrivance was, that the culprit, instead of being su
by the neck according to venerable custom, was hoi
the waistband, and kept dangling and sprawling
heaven and earth for an hour or two at a time—to the
entertainment and edification of the respectable citiz
usually attend exhibitions of the kind.

It is incredible how the little governor chuckled at
ing caitiff vagrants and sturdy beggars thus swinging
crupper, and cutting antic gambols in the air. He ha
sand pleasantries, and mirthful conceits to utter up
occasions. He called them his dandle-lions—his wil

his high-fliers—his spread-eagles—his goshawks—his scare-crows—and finally, his *gallows-birds;* which ingenious appellation, though originally confined to worthies who had taken the air in this strange manner, has since grown to be a cant-name given to all candidates for legal elevation. This punishment, moreover, if we may credit the assertions of certain grave etymologists, gave the first hint for a kind of harnessing, or strapping, by which our forefathers braced up their multifarious breeches, and which has of late years been revived, and continues to be worn at the present day.

Such was the punishment of all petty delinquents, vagrants and beggars and others detected in being guilty of poverty in a small way; as to those who had offended on a great scale, who had been guilty of flagrant misfortunes and enormous backslidings of the purse, and who stood convicted of large debts, which they were unable to pay, William Kieft had them straightway inclosed within the stone walls of a prison, there to remain until they should reform and grow rich. This notable expedient, however, does not appear to have been more efficacious under William the Testy than in more modern days: it being found that the longer a poor devil was kept in prison the poorer he grew.

CHAPTER VI.

PROJECTS OF WILLIAM THE TESTY FOR INCREASING THE CURRENCY—HE IS OUTWITTED BY THE YANKEES—THE GREAT OYSTER WAR.

NEXT to his projects for the suppression of poverty, may be classed those of William the Testy, for increasing the wealth of New Amsterdam. Solomon, of whose character for wisdom the little governor was somewhat emulous, had made gold and silver as plenty as the stones in the streets of Jerusalem. William Kieft could not pretend to vie with him as to the precious metals, but he determined, as an equivalent, to flood the streets of New Amsterdam with Indian money. This was nothing more nor less than strings of beads wrought of clams, periwinkles, and other shell-fish, and called seawant or wampum. These had formed a native currency among the simple savages; who were content to take them of the Dutchmen in exchange for peltries. In an unlucky moment, William the Testy, seeing this money of easy production, conceived the project of making it the current coin of the province. It is true it had an intrinsic value among the Indians, who used it to ornament their robes and moccasons, but among the honest burghers it had no more intrinsic value than those rags which form the paper currency of modern days

This consideration, however, had no weight with William Kieft. He began by paying all the servants of the company, and all the debts of government, in strings of wampum. He sent emissaries to sweep the shores of Long Island, which was the Ophir of this modern Solomon, and abounded in shell-fish. These were transported in loads to New Amsterdam, coined into Indian money, and launched into circulation.

And now, for a time, affairs went on swimmingly; money became as plentiful as in the modern days of paper currency, and, to use the popular phrase, "a wonderful impulse was given to public prosperity." Yankee traders poured into the province, buying every thing they could lay their hands on, and paying the worthy Dutchmen their own price—in Indian money. If the latter, however, attempted to pay the Yankees in the same coin for their tinware and wooden bowls, the case was altered; nothing would do but Dutch guilders and such like "metallic currency." What was worse, the Yankees introduced an inferior kind of wampum made of oyster-shells, with which they deluged the province, carrying off in exchange all the silver and gold, the Dutch herrings, and Dutch cheeses: thus early did the knowing men of the east manifest their skill in bargaining the New Amsterdammers out of the oyster, and leaving them the shell.*

* In a manuscript record of the province, dated 1659, Library of the New York Historical Society, is the following mention of Indian money:

Seawant alias wampum. Beads manufactured from the *Quahang* or *Hill:* a shell-fish formerly abounding on our coasts, but lately of more rare occurrence, of two colors, black and white; the former twice the value of the latter. Six beads of the white and three of the black for an English penny. The seawant depreciates from time to time. The

It was a long time before William the Testy was sensible how completely his grand project of finance was turned against him by his eastern neighbors; nor would he probably have ever found it out, had not tidings been brought him that the Yankees [illegible]escent upon Long Island and had established a [illegible] at Oyster Bay, where they were coining up all [illegible]nks.

Now this was [illegible] attack upon the province in a double sense, fina[illegible]stronomical. Ever since the council dinner of [illegible]mer at the founding of New Amsterdam, at which [illegible]e oyster figured so conspicuously, this divine shell-fish has been held in a kind of superstitious reverence at the Manhattoes; as witness the temples erected to its cult in every street and lane and alley. In fact it is the standard luxury of the place, as is the terrapin at Philadelphia, the soft crab at Baltimore, or the canvas-back at Washington.

The seizure of Oyster Bay, therefore, was an outrage not merely on the pockets, but the larders of the New Amsterdammers; the whole community was aroused, and an oyster crusade was immediately set on foot against the Yankees. Every stout trencherman hastened to the standard; nay, some of the most corpulent Burgomasters and Schepens joined

New England people make use of it as a means of barter, not only to carry away the best cargoes which we send thither, but to accumulate a large quantity of beavers and other furs; by which the company is defrauded of her revenues, and the merchants disappointed in their returns with that speed with which they might wish to meet their payments: while their commissioners and the inhabitants remain stocked with seawant—a sort of currency of no value except among New Netherland savages, &c.

expedition as a corps de reserve, only to be called into on when the sacking commenced.

The conduct of the expedition was intrusted to a valiant chman, who for size and weight might have matched with Grand the Danish champion, slain by Guy of Warwick. was famous throughout the province for strength of arm skill at quarter-staff, and hence was named Stoffel Brinkoff; or rather, Brinkerhoofd; that is to say, Stoffel the d-breaker.

This sturdy commander, who was a man of few words but rous deeds, led his troops resolutely on through Nineveh, Babylon, and Jericho, and Patch-hog, and other Long Isltowns, without encountering any difficulty of note; though said that some of the burgomasters gave out at Hardmble Hill and Hungry Hollow, and that others lost heart turned back at Puss-panick. With the rest he made good march until he arrived in the neighborhood of Oyster Bay. Here he was encountered by a host of Yankee warriors, ded by Preserved Fish, and Habakkuk Nutter, and Return ng, and Zerubbabel Fisk, and Determined Cock! at the d of whose names Stoffel Brinkerhoff verily believed the le parliament of Praise-God Barebones had been let loose n him. He soon found, however, that they were merely "selectmen" of the settlement, armed with no weapon the tongue, and disposed only to meet him on the field of ment. Stoffel had but one mode of arguing; that was, the cudgel; but he used it with such effect that he routed antagonists, broke up the settlement, and would have n the inhabitants into the sea if they had not managed to pe across the Sound to the mainland by the Devil's step-

Manhattoes. A gra
cients, was prepared
entered New Amster
raganset pacer. Fiv
from the enemy, were
of oysters and clams,
tions" formed the spo
ter-shells were led cap

The procession wa
and negroes performing
bones and clam-shells,
trumpet from the ramp

A great banquet wa
clams and oysters taken
sent the shells privately
Indian money, with whic

It is moreover said t
practice among the ancie
with public statues, pass

CHAPTER VII.

GROWING DISCONTENTS OF NEW AMSTERDAM UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.

IT has been remarked by the observant writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, that under the administration of William Kieft the disposition of the inhabitants of New Amsterdam experienced an essential change, so that they became very meddlesome and factious. The unfortunate propensity of the little governor to experiment and innovation, and the frequent exacerbations of his temper, kept his council in a continual worry; and the council being to the people at large what yeast or leaven is to a batch, they threw the whole community in a ferment; and the people at large being to the city what the mind is to the body, the unhappy commotions they underwent operated most disastrously upon New Amsterdam —insomuch that, in certain of their paroxysms of consternation and perplexity, they begat several of the most crooked, distorted, and abominable streets, lanes, and alleys, with which this metropolis is disfigured.

The fact was, that about this time, the community, like Balaam's ass, began to grow more enlightened than its rider, and to show a disposition for what is called "self govern-

ment." This restive propensity was first evinced in certain popular meetings, in which the burghers of New Amsterdam met to talk and smoke over the complicated affairs of the province, gradually obfuscating themselves with politics and tobacco-smoke. Hither resorted those idlers and squires of low degree who hang loose on society and are blown about by every wind of doctrine. Cobblers abandoned their stalls to give lessons on political economy; blacksmiths suffered their fires to go out while they stirred up the fires of faction; and even tailors, though said to be the ninth parts of humanity, neglected their own measures to criticize the measures of government.

Strange! that the science of government, which seems to be so generally understood, should invariably be denied to the only one called upon to exercise it. Not one of the politicians in question, but, take his word for it, could have administered affairs ten times better than William the Testy.

Under the instructions of these political oracles the good people of New Amsterdam soon became exceedingly enlightened; and, as a matter of course, exceedingly discontented. They gradually found out the fearful error in which they had indulged, of thinking themselves the happiest people in creation; and were convinced that, all circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding, they were a very unhappy, deluded, and consequently ruined people!

We are naturally prone to discontent, and avaricious after imaginary causes of lamentation. Like lubberly monks we belabor our own shoulders, and take a vast satisfaction in the music of our own groans. Nor is this said by way of paradox; daily experience shows the truth of these observations.

It is almost impossible to elevate the spirits of a man groaning under ideal calamities; but nothing is easier than to render him wretched, though on the pinnacle of felicity; as it would be an Herculean task to hoist a man to the top of a steeple, though the merest child could topple him off thence.

I must not omit to mention that these popular meetings were generally held at some noted tavern; these public edifices possessing what in modern times are thought the true fountains of political inspiration. The ancient Greeks deliberated upon a matter when drunk, and reconsidered it when sober. Mob politicians in modern times dislike to have two minds upon a subject; so they both deliberate and act when drunk; by this means a world of delay is spared; and as it is universally allowed that a man when drunk sees double, it follows conclusively that he sees twice as well as his sober neighbors.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY AGAINST TOBACCO—OF THE PIPE PLOT, AND THE RISE OF FEUDS AND PARTIES.

WILHELMUS KIEFT, as has already been observed, was a great legislator on a small scale, and had a microscopic eye in public affairs. He had been greatly annoyed by the factious meeting of the good people of New Amsterdam, but, observing that on these occasions the pipe was ever in their mouth, he began to think that the pipe was at the bottom of the affair, and that there was some mysterious affinity between politics and tobacco smoke. Determined to strike at the root of the evil, he began, forthwith, to rail at tobacco, as a noxious, nauseous weed; filthy in all its uses; and as to smoking he denounced it as a heavy tax upon the public pocket; a vast consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, and a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people. Finally he issued an edict, prohibiting the smoking of tobacco throughout the New Netherlands. Ill-fated Kieft! Had he lived in the present age and attempted to check the unbounded license of the press, he could not have struck more sorely upon the sensibilities of the million. The pipe, in fact, was the great organ of reflection and deliberation of the New

Netherlander. It was his constant companion and solace—was he gay, he smoked; was he sad, he smoked; his pipe was never out of his mouth; it was a part of his physiognomy; without it his best friends would not know him. Take away his pipe? You might as well take away his nose!

The immediate effect of the edict of William the Testy was a popular commotion. A vast multitude armed with pipes and tobacco-boxes, and an immense supply of ammunition, sat themselves down before the governor's house, and fell to smoking with tremendous violence. The testy William issued forth like a wrathful spider, demanding the reason of this lawless fumigation. The sturdy rioters replied by rolling back in their seats, and puffing away with redoubled fury; raising such a murky cloud that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle.

A long negotiation ensued through the medium of Antony the Trumpeter. The governor was at first wrathful and unyielding, but was gradually smoked into terms. He concluded by permitting the smoking of tobacco, but he abolished the fair long pipes used in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity, and sobriety of deportment; these he condemned as incompatible with the despatch of business, in place whereof he substituted little captious short pipes, two inches in length, which, he observed, could be stuck in one corner of the mouth, or twisted in the hat-band; and would never be in the way. Thus ended this alarming insurrection, which was long known by the name of The Pipe Plot, and which, it has been somewhat quaintly observed, did end, like most plots and seditions, in mere smoke.

But mark, oh, reader! the deplorable evils which did

afterwards result. The smoke of these villanous little pipes, continually ascending in a cloud about the nose, penetrated into and befogged the cerebellum; dried up all the kindly moisture of the brain, and rendered the people who used them as vaporish and testy as the governor himself. Nay, what is worse, from being goodly, burly, sleek-conditioned men, they became, like our Dutch yeomanry who smoke short pipes, a lantern-jawed, smoke-dried, leathern-hided race.

Nor was this all. From this fatal schism in tobacco pipes we may date the rise of parties in the Nieuw Nederlands. The rich and self-important burghers who had made their fortunes, and could afford to be lazy, adhered to the ancient fashion, and formed a kind of aristocracy known as the *Long Pipes;* while the lower order, adopting the reform of William Kieft as more convenient in their handicraft employments, were branded with the plebeian name of *Short Pipes.*

A third party sprang up, headed by the descendants of Robert Chewit, the companion of the great Hudson. These discarded pipes altogether and took to chewing tobacco; hence they were called *Quids;* an appellation since given to those political mongrels, which sometimes spring up between two great parties, as a mule is produced between a horse and an ass.

And here I would note the great benefit of party distinctions in saving the people at large the trouble of thinking. Hesiod divides mankind into three classes, those who think for themselves, those who think as others think, and those who do not think at all. The second class comprises the great mass of society; for most people require a set creed and a file-leader. Hence the origin of party: which means a

arge body of people, some few of whom think, and all the est talk. The former take the lead and discipline the latter; prescribing what they must say; what they must approve; what they must hoot at; whom they must support; but, above all, whom they must hate; for no one can be a right good partisan, who is not a thorough-going hater.

The enlightened inhabitants of the Manhattoes, therefore, being divided into parties, were enabled to hate each other with great accuracy. And now the great business of politics went bravely on, the long pipes and short pipes assembling in separate beer-houses, and smoking at each other with implacable vehemence, to the great support of the state and profit of the tavern-keepers. Some, indeed, went so far as to bespatter their adversaries with those odoriferous little words which smell so strong in the Dutch language; believing, like true politicians, that they served their party, and glorified themselves in proportion as they bewrayed their neighbors. But, however they might differ among themselves, all parties agreed in abusing the governor; seeing that he was not a governor of their choice, but appointed by others to rule over them.

Unhappy William Kieft! exclaims the sage writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, doomed to contend with enemies too knowing to be entrapped, and to reign over a people too wise to be governed. All his foreign expeditions were baffled and set at naught by the all-pervading Yankees; all his home measures were canvassed and condemned by "numerous and respectable meetings" of pot-house politicians.

In the multitude of counsellors, we are told, there is safety; but the multitude of counsellors was a continual

source of perplexity to William Kieft. With a temper as hot as an old radish, and a mind subject to perpetual winds and tornadoes, he never failed to get into a passio every one who undertook to advise him. I have obs however, that your passiona little men, like small boat large sails, are easily upset r blown out of their cours was it with William the Te y, who was prone to be c away by the last piece of ad ce blown into his ear. Th sequence was, that, though a projector of the first clas by continually changing his rojects, he gave none a fair and by endeavoring to do every thing, he in sober tru nothing.

In the mean time, the sovereign people got into the s showed themselves, as usual, unmerciful riders; spurri the little governor with harangues and petitions, and th ing him with memorials and reproaches, in much the way as holyday apprentices manage an unlucky devil hack-horse—so that Wilhelmus Kieft was kept at a wor a gallop throughout the whole of his administration.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE FOLLY OF BEING HAPPY IN TIME OF PROSPERITY — OF TROUBLES TO THE SOUTH BROUGHT ON BY ANNEXATION — OF THE SECRET EXPEDITION OF JAN JANSEN ALPENDAM, AND HIS MAGNIFICENT REWARD.

IF we could but get a peep at the tally of dame Fortune, where like a vigilant landlady she chalks up the debtor and creditor accounts of thoughtless mortals, we should find that every good is checked off by an evil; and that however we may apparently revel scot-free for a season, the time will come when we must ruefully pay off the reckoning. Fortune in fact is a pestilent shrew, and withal an inexorable creditor; and though for a time she may be all smiles and curtsies and indulge us in long credits, yet sooner or later she brings up her arrears with a vengeance, and washes out her scores with our tears. "Since," says good old Boetius, "no man can retain her at his pleasure, what are her favors but sure prognostications of approaching trouble and calamity?"

This is the fundamental maxim of that sage school of philosophers the croakers, who esteem it true wisdom to doubt and despond when other men rejoice; well knowing that happiness is at best but transient; that the higher one is elevated on the see-saw balance of fortune, the lower must be his subsequent depression; that he who is on the uppermost

round of a ladder has most to suffer from a fall, while he who is at the bottom runs very little risk of breaking his neck by tumbling to the top.

Philosophical readers of this stamp must have doubtless indulged in dismal forebodings all through the tranquil reign of Walter the Doubter, and considered it what Dutch seamen call a weather-breeder. They will not be surprised, therefore, that the foul weather which gathered during his days, should now be rattling from all quarters on the head of William the Testy.

The origin of some of these troubles may be traced quite back to the discoveries and annexations of Hans Reinier Oothout the explorer and Wynant Ten Breeches the land measurer, made in the twilight days of Oloffe the Dreamer; by which the territories of the Nieuw Nederlands were carried far to the south, to Delaware river and parts beyond. The consequence was, many disputes and brawls with the Indians, which now and then reached the drowsy ears of Walter the Doubter and his council, like the muttering of distant thunder from behind the mountains, without, however, disturbing their repose. It was not till the time of William the Testy that the thunderbolt reached the Manhattoes. While the little governor was diligently protecting his eastern boundaries from the Yankees, word was brought him of the irruption of a vagrant colony of Swedes in the south, who had landed on the banks of the Delaware and displayed the banner of that redoubtable virago Queen Christina, and taken possession of the country in her name. These had been guided in their expedition by one Peter Minuits or Minnewits, a renegade Dutchman, formerly in the service of their

High Mightinesses; but who now declared himself governor of all the surrounding country, to which was given the name of the province of NEW SWEDEN.

It is an old saying that "a little pot is soon hot," which was the case with William the Testy. Being a little man he was soon in a passion, and once in a passion he soon boiled over. Summoning his council on the receipt of this news, he belabored the Swedes in the longest speech that had been heard in the colony since the wordy warfare of Ten Breeches and Tough Breeches. Having thus taken off the fire-edge of his valor, he resorted to his favorite measure of proclamation, and despatched a document of the kind, ordering the renegade Minnewits and his gang of Swedish vagabonds to leave the country immediately, under pain of the vengeance of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General, and of the potentates of the Manhattoes.

This strong measure was not a whit more effectual than its predecessors, which had been thundered against the Yankees; and William Kieft was preparing to follow it up with something still more formidable, when he received intelligence of other invaders on his southern frontier; who had taken possession of the banks of the Schuylkill, and built a fort there. They were represented as a gigantic, gunpowder race of men, exceedingly expert at boxing, biting, gouging, and other branches of the rough-and-tumble mode of warfare, which they had learned from their prototypes and cousins-german, the Virginians, to whom they have ever borne considerable resemblance. Like them, too, they were great roysters, much given to revel on hoe-cake and bacon, mint-julep and apple-toddy; whence their newly-formed colony had already acquired the

name of Merryland; which, with a slight modification, it retains to the present day.

In fact the Merrylanders and their cousins, the Virginians, were represented to William Kieft as offsets from the same original stock as his bitter enemies the Yanokie, or Yankee tribes of the east; having both come over to this country for the liberty of conscience; or, in other words, to live as they pleased: the Yankees taking to praying and money-making and converting quakers; and the Southerners to horse-racing and cock-fighting, and breeding negroes.

Against these new invaders Wilhelmus Kieft immediately despatched a naval armament of two sloops and thirty men, under Jan Jansen Alpendam, who was armed to the very teeth with one of the little governor's most powerful speeches, written in vigorous Low Dutch.

Admiral Alpendam arrived without accident in the Schuylkill, and came upon the enemy just as they were engaged in a great "barbecue," a kind of festivity or carouse much practised in Merryland. Opening upon them with the speech of William the Testy, he denounced them as a pack of lazy, canting, julep-tippling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, slave-trading, tavern-hunting, Sabbath-breaking, mulatto-breeding upstarts; and concluded by ordering them to evacuate the country immediately: to which they laconically replied in plain English, "they'd see him d——d first!"

Now this was a reply on which neither Jan Jansen Alpendam nor Wilhelmus Kieft had made any calculation. Finding himself, therefore, totally unprepared to answer so terrible a rebuff with suitable hostility, the admiral concluded his wisest course would be to return home and report progress. He

dingly steered his course back to New Amsterdam, where rived safe, having accomplished this hazardous enterprise all expense of treasure, and no loss of life. His saving y gained him the universal appellation of the Saviour of ountry ; and his services were suitably rewarded by a le monument, erected by subscription on the top of enbarrack-hill, where it immortalized his name for three years, when it fell to pieces and was burnt for firewood.

CHAPTER X.

TROUBLOUS TIMES ON THE HUDSON—HOW KILLIAN VAN RENSELLAER ERECTED A FEUDAL CASTLE, AND HOW HE INTRODUCED CLUB LAW INTO THE PROVINCE.

ABOUT this time the testy little governor of the New Netherlands appears to have had his hands full, and with one annoyance and the other to have been kept continually on the bounce. He was on the very point of following up the expedition of Jan Jansen Alpendam by some belligerent measures against the marauders of Merryland, when his attention was suddenly called away by belligerent troubles springing up in another quarter, the seeds of which had been sown in the tranquil days of Walter the Doubter.

The reader will recollect the deep doubt into which that most pacific governor was thrown on Killian Van Rensellaer's taking possession of Bearn Island by *wapen recht*. While the governor doubted and did nothing, the lordly Killian went on to complete his sturdy little castellum of Rensellaerstein, and to garrison it with a number of his tenants from the Helderberg, a mountain region famous for the hardest heads and hardest fists in the province. Nicholas Koorn, a faithful squire of the patroon, accustomed to strut at his heels, wear his cast-

off clothes, and imitate his lofty bearing, was established in this post as wacht-meester. His duty it was to keep an eye on the river, and oblige every vessel that passed, unless on the service of their High Mightinesses, to strike its flag, lower its peak, and pay toll to the lord of Rensellaerstein.

This assumption of sovereign authority within the territories of the Lords States General, however it might have been tolerated by Walter the Doubter, had been sharply contested by William the Testy on coming into office, and many written remonstrances had been addressed by him to Killian Van Rensellaer, to which the latter never deigned a reply. Thus, by degrees, a sore place, or, in Hibernian parlance, a *raw*, had been established in the irritable soul of the little governor, insomuch that he winced at the very name of Rensellaerstein.

Now it came to pass, that on a fine sunny day the Company's yacht the Half-Moon, having been on one of its stated visits to Fort Aurania, was quietly tiding it down the Hudson. The commander, Govert Lockerman, a veteran Dutch skipper of few words but great bottom, was seated on the high poop, quietly smoking his pipe under the shadow of the proud flag of Orange, when, on arriving abreast of Bearn Island, he was saluted by a stentorian voice from the shore, "Lower thy flag, and be d——d to thee!"

Govert Lockerman, without taking his pipe out of his mouth, turned up his eye from under his broad-brimmed hat to see who hailed him thus discourteously. There, on the ramparts of the fort, stood Nicholas Koorn, armed to the teeth, flourishing a brass-hilted sword, while a steeple-crowned hat and cock's tail-feather, formerly worn by Killian Van

Rensellaer himself, gave an inexpressible loftiness to his demeanor.

Govert Lockerman eyed the warrior from top to toe, but was not to be dismayed. Taking the pipe slowly out of his mouth, "To whom shou[illegible]r my flag?" demanded he. "To the high and mighty [illegible] Van Rensellaer, the lord of Rensellaerstein!" was the [illegible]

"I lower it to none b[illegible] Prince of Orange and my masters the Lords States Gen[illegible]." So saying, he resumed his pipe and smoked with a[illegible]f dogged determination.

Bang! went a gun from th[illegible] fortress; the ball cut both sail and rigging. Govert Lockerman said nothing, but smoked the more doggedly.

Bang! went another gun; the shot whistled close astern.

"Fire, and be d—d," cried Govert Lockerman, cramming a new charge of tobacco into his pipe, and smoking with still increasing vehemence.

Bang! went a third gun. The shot passed over his head, tearing a hole in the "princely flag of Orange."

This was the hardest trial of all for the pride and patience of Govert Lockerman. He maintained a stubborn, though swelling silence; but his smothered rage might be perceived by the short vehement puffs of smoke emitted from his pipe, by which he might be tracked for miles, as he slowly floated out of shot and out of sight of Bearn Island. In fact he never gave vent to his passion until he got fairly among the highlands of the Hudson; when he let fly whole volleys of Dutch oaths, which are said to linger to this very day among the echoes of the Dunderberg, and to give particular effect t the thunder-storms in that neighborhood.

It was the sudden apparition of Govert Lockerman at Dog's Misery, bearing in his hand the tattered flag of Orange, hat arrested the attention of William the Testy, just as he ras devising a new expedition against the marauders of Mer-yland. I will not pretend to describe the passion of the little ıan when he heard of the outrage of Rensellaerstein. Suffice ; to say, in the first transports of his fury, he turned Dog's fisery topsy-turvy ;' kicked every cur out of doors, and ırew the cats out of the window ; after which, his spleen be-ıg in some measure relieved, he went into a council of war ·ith Govert Lockerman, the skipper, assisted by Antony 'an Corlear, the Trumpeter.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE DIPLOMATIC MISSION OF ANTONY THE TRUMPETE
TRESS OF RENSELLAERSTEIN—AND HOW HE WAS PUZZ
ISTIC REPLY.

THE eyes of all New Amsterdam were now
what would be the end of this direful feud
liam the Testy and the patroon of Rensellaerwi
observing the consultations of the governor wit
and the trumpeter, predicted warlike measure
land. The wrath of William Kieft however, th
rise, was quick to evaporate. He was a perfe
in a blaze, snapping and crackling for a time, an
in smoke. Like many other valiant potent
thoughts were all for war, his sober second thou
macy.

Accordingly, Govert Lockerman was once m
up the river in the Company's yacht, the Goed
Antony the trumpeter as ambassador, to treat
gerent powers of Rensellaerstein. In the fulne
yacht arrived before Bearn Island, and Antony
mounting the poop, sounded a parley to the
little while the steeple-crowned hat of Nichol
wacht-meester, rose above the battlements, fol

iron visage, and ultimately his whole person, armed, as before, to the very teeth; while, one by one, a whole row of Helderbergers reared their round burly heads above the wall, and beside each pumpkin-head peered the end of a rusty musket. Nothing daunted by this formidable array, Antony Van Corlear drew forth and read with audible voice a missive from William the Testy, protesting against the usurpation of Bearn Island, and ordering the garrison to quit the premises, bag and baggage, on pain of the vengeance of the potentate of the Manhattoes.

In reply the wacht-meester applied the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose, and the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of the right, and spreading each hand like a fan made an aerial flourish with his fingers. Antony Van Corlear was sorely perplexed to understand this sign, which seemed to him something mysterious and masonic. Not liking to betray his ignorance, he again read with a loud voice the missive of William the Testy, and again Nicholas Koorn applied the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose, and the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of the right and repeated this kind of nasal weather-cock. Antony Van Corlear now persuaded himself that this was some short-hand sign or symbol, current in diplomacy; which though unintelligible to a new diplomat, like himself, would speak volumes to the experienced intellect of William the Testy; considering his embassy therefore at an end, he sounded his trumpet with great complacency and set sail on his return down the river, every now and then practising this mysterious sign of the wacht-meester, to keep it accurately in mind.

Arrived at New Amsterdam he made a faithful report of

his embassy to the governor, accompanied by a manual exhibition of the response of Nicholas Koorn. The governor was equally perplexed with his embassy. He was deeply versed in the mysteries of freemasonry; but they threw no light on the matter. He knew every variety of windmill and weather-cock, but was not a whit the wiser as to the aerial sign in question. He had even dabbled in Egyptian hieroglyphics and the mystic symbols of the obelisks, but none furnished a key to the reply of Nicholas Koorn. He called a meeting of his council. Antony Van Corlear stood forth in the midst, and putting the thumb of his right hand to his nose and the thumb of his left hand to the finger of the right, he gave a faithful fac-simile of the portentous sign. Having a nose of unusual dimensions, it was as if the reply had been put in capitals, but all in vain; the worthy burgomasters were equally perplexed with the governor. Each one put his thumb to the end of his nose, spread his fingers like a fan, imitated the motion of Antony Van Corlear, and then smoked in dubious silence. Several times was Antony obliged to stand forth like a fugleman and repeat the sign, and each time a circle of nasal weather-cocks might be seen in the council chamber.

Perplexed in the extreme, William the Testy sent for all the soothsayers, and fortune-tellers and wise men of the Manhattoes, but none could interpret the mysterious reply of Nicholas Koorn. The council broke up in sore perplexity. The matter got abroad, and Antony Van Corlear was stopped at every corner to repeat the signal to a knot of anxious newsmongers, each of whom departed with his thumb to his nose and his fingers in the air, to carry the story home

to his family. For several days, all business was neglected in New Amsterdam; nothing was talked of but the diplomatic mission of Antony the Trumpeter—nothing was to be seen but knots of politicians with their thumbs to their noses. In the meantime the fierce feud between William the Testy and Killian Van Rensellaer, which at first had menaced deadly warfare, gradually cooled off, like many other war questions, in the prolonged delays of diplomacy.

Still to this early affair of Rensellaerstein may be traced the remote origin of those windy wars in modern days which rage in the bowels of the Helderberg, and have well nigh shaken the great patroonship of the Van Rensellaers to its foundation; for we are told that the bully boys of the Helderberg, who served under Nicholas Koorn the wacht-meester, carried back to their mountains the hieroglyphic sign which had so sorely puzzled Antony Van Corlear and the sages of the Manhattoes; so that to the present day the thumb to the nose and the fingers in the air is apt to be the reply of the Helderbergers whenever called upon for any long arrears of rent.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTAINING THE RISE OF THE GREAT AMPHICTYONIC COUNCIL OF THE PILGRIMS, WITH THE DECLINE AND FINAL EXTINCTION OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.

IT was asserted by the wise men of ancient times, who had a nearer opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that at the gate of Jupiter's palace lay two huge tuns, one filled with blessings, the other with misfortunes; and it would verily seem as if the latter had been completely overturned and left to deluge the unlucky province of Nieuw Nederlands: for about this time, while harassed and annoyed from the south and the north, incessant forays were made by the border chivalry of Connecticut upon the pig-stys and hen-roosts of the Nederlanders. Every day or two some broad-bottomed express-rider, covered with mud and mire, would come floundering into the gate of New Amsterdam, freighted with some new tale of aggression from the frontier; whereupon Antony Van Corlear, seizing his trumpet, the only substitute for a newspaper in those primitive days, would sound the tidings from the ramparts with such doleful notes and disastrous cadence as to throw half the old women in the city into hysterics; all which tended greatly to increase his popularity; there being

ıg for which the public are more grateful than being fre-
ly treated to a panic; a secret well known to modern
s.

ut, oh ye powers! into what a paroxysm of passion did
ıew outrage of the Yankees throw the choleric little gov
! Letter after letter, protest after protest, bad Latin
ı English, and hideous Low Dutch, were incessantly ful
ed upon them, and the four-and-twenty letters of the
bet, which formed his standing army, were worn out by
ınt campaigning. All, however, was ineffectual; even
cent victory at Oyster Bay, which had shed such a gleam
ıshine between the clouds of his foul-weather reign, was
followed by a more fearful gathering up of those clouds,
ıdications of more portentous tempest; for the Yankee
on the banks of the Connecticut, finding on this memo-
occasion their incompetency to cope, in fair fight, with
urdy chivalry of the Manhattoes, had called to their aid
ə ten tribes of their brethren who inhabit the east coun-
/hich from them has derived the name of Yankee land.
all was promptly responded to. The consequence was
ıt confederacy of the tribes of Massachusetts, Connecti-
lew Plymouth and New Haven, under the title of the
ted Colonies of New England;" the pretended object of
ı was mutual defence against the savages; but the real
: the subjugation of the Nieuw Nederlands.

or, to let the reader into one of the great secrets of history,
ieuw Nederlands had long been regarded by the whole
ɐe race as the modern land of promise, and themselves as
ıosen and peculiar people destined, one day or other, by
or by *crook, to get possession* of it. In truth they are a

wonderful and all-prevalent people; of that class who only require an inch to gain an ell, or a halter to gain a horse. From the time they first gained a foothold on Plymouth Rock, they began to migrate, progressing and progressing from place to place, and land to land, making a little here and a little there, and controverting the old proverb, that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Hence they have facetiously received the nickname of THE PILGRIMS: that is to say, a people who are always seeking a better country than their own.

The tidings of this great Yankee league struck William Kieft with dismay, and for once in his life he forgot to bounce on receiving a disagreeable piece of intelligence. In fact, on turning over in his mind all that he had read at the Hague about leagues and combinations, he found that this was a counterpart of the Amphictyonic league, by which the states of Greece attained such power and supremacy; and the very idea made his heart quake for the safety of his empire at the Manhattoes.

The affairs of the confederacy were managed by an annual council of delegates held at Boston, which Kieft denominated the Delphos of this truly classic league. The very first meeting gave evidence of hostility to the Nieuw Nederlanders, who were charged, in their dealings with the Indians, with carrying on a traffic in "guns, powther and shott—a trade damnable and injurious to the colonists." It is true the Connecticut traders were fain to dabble a little in this damnable traffic; but then they always dealt in what were termed Yankee guns; ingeniously calculated to burst in the pagan hands which used them.

The rise of this potent confederacy was a death-blow to

glory of William the Testy, for from that day forward ever held up his head, but appeared quite crest-fallen. It rue, as the grand council augmented in power, and the ue, rolling onward, gathered about the red hills of New en, threatening to overwhelm the Nieuw Nederlands, he inued occasionally to fulminate proclamations and pro-, as a shrewd sea-captain fires his guns into a water-spout; alas! they had no more effect than so many blank car-ges.

Thus end the authenticated chronicles of the reign of Wil- the Testy; for henceforth, in the troubles, perplexities, confusion of the times, he seems to have been totally rlooked, and to have slipped for ever through the fingers ecrupulous history. It is a matter of deep concern that a obscurity should hang over his latter days; for he was ruth a mighty and great little man, and worthy of being rly renowned, seeing that he was the first potentate that oduced into this land the art of fighting by procla-ion, and defending a country by trumpeters and wind s.

It is true, that certain of the early provincial poets, of m there were great numbers in the Nieuw Nederlands, ng advantage of his mysterious exit, have fabled, that, Romulus, he was translated to the skies, and forms a fiery little star, somewhere on the left claw of the crab; e others, equally fanciful, declare that he had experienced e similar to that of the good king Arthur; who, we are red by ancient bards, was carried away to the delicious les of fairy land, where he still exists, in pristine worth vigor, and will one day or another return to restore the

gallantry, the honor, and the immaculate probity, which prevailed in the glorious days of the Round Table.*

All these, however, are but pleasing fantasies, the airy visions of those dreaming varlets, the poets, to which I would not have my judicious readers attach any credibility. Neither am I disposed to credit an ancient and rather apocryphal historian, who asserts that the ingenious Wilhelmus was annihilated by the blowing down of one of his wind-mills; nor a writer of later times, who affirms that he fell a victim to an experiment in natural history, having the misfortune to break his neck from a garret window of the stadthouse in attempting to catch swallows by sprinkling salt upon their tails. Still less do I put my faith in the tradition that he perished at sea in conveying home to Holland a treasure of golden ore, discovered somewhere among the haunted regions of the Catskill mountains.†

* The old Welsh bards believed that king Arthur was not dead, but carried awaie by the fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reigne in as great authority as ever.—HOLLINSHED.

The Britons suppose that he shall come yet and conquere all Britaigne, for certes, this is the prophicye of Merlyn—He say'd that his deth shall be doubteous; and said soth, for men thereof yet have doute and shullen for ever more—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede.—DR. LEEW, CHRON.

† Diedrich Knickerbocker, in his scrupulous search after truth, is sometimes too fastidious in regard to facts which border a little on the marvellous. The story of the golden ore rests on something better than mere tradition. The venerable Adrian Van der Donck, Doctor of Laws, in his description of the New Netherlands, asserts it from his own observation as an eye-witness. He was present, he says, in 1645, at a treaty between Governor Kieft and the Mohawk Indians, in which one of the latter, in painting himself for the ceremony, used a pigment, the weight and shining appearance of which excited the curiosity of the governor

The most probable account declares, that what with the
tant troubles on his frontiers, the incessant schemings
projects going on in his own pericranium, the memorials,
tions, remonstrances, and sage pieces of advice of respec-
e meetings of the sovereign people, and the refractory dis-
tion of his councillors, who were sure to differ from him

Mynheer Van der Donck. They obtained a lump and gave it to be
ed by a skillful doctor of medicine, Johannes de la Montagne, one
he councillors of the New Netherlands. It was put into a crucible,
yielded two pieces of gold worth about three guilders. All this,
inues Adrian Van der Donck, was kept secret. As soon as peace
made with the Mohawks, an officer and a few men were sent to the
ntain (in the region of the Kaatskill) under the guidance of an In-
, to search for the precious mineral. They brought back a bucket
of ore; which being submitted to the crucible, proved as productive
he first. William Kieft now thought the discovery certain. He
a confidential person, Arent Corsen, with a bag full of the mineral,
ew Haven, to take passage in an English ship for England, thence
proceed to Holland. The vessel sailed at Christmas, but never
hed her port. All on board perished.
In the year 1647, Wilhelmus Kieft himself embarked on board the
ess, taking with him specimens of the supposed mineral. The ship
never heard of more!
Some have supposed that the mineral in question was not gold, but
es; but we have the assertion of Adrian Van der Donck, an eye-
ess, and the experiment of Johannes de la Montagne, a learned
or of medicine, on the golden side of the question. Cornelius Van
hooven, also, at that time secretary of the New Netherlands, declared
olland that he had tested several specimens of the mineral, which
ed satisfactory.*
t would appear, however, that these golden treasures of the Kaats-
always brought ill luck; as is evidenced in the fate of Arent Corsen
Wilhelmus Kieft, and the wreck of the ships in which they attempted
vey the treasure across the ocean. The golden mines have never
been explored, but remain among the mysteries of the Kaatskill
ntains, and under the protection of the goblins which haunt them.

* See Van der Donck's Description of the New Netherlands. Collect. New Hist. Society, Vol. I., p. 161.

undergo a kind of anima
farthing rush-light: so t
him out, there was scarce

BOOK V.

CONTAINING THE FIRST PART OF THE REIGN OF PETER STUYVESANT, AND HIS TROUBLES WITH THE AMPHICTYONIC COUNCIL.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE DEATH OF A GREAT MAN IS SHOWN TO BE NO VERY INCONSOLABLE MATTER OF SORROW—AND HOW PETER STUYVESANT ACQUIRED A GREAT NAME FROM THE UNCOMMON STRENGTH OF HIS HEAD.

TO a profound philosopher like myself, who am apt to see clear through a subject, where the penetration of ordinary people extends but half way, there is no fact more simple and manifest than that the death of a great man is a matter of very little importance. Much as we may think of ourselves, and much as we may excite the empty plaudits of the million, it is certain that the greatest among us do actually fill but an exceeding small space in the world; and it is equally certain, that even that small space is quickly supplied when we leave it vacant. "Of what consequence is it," said Pliny, "that individuals appear, or make their exit? the world is a theatre whose scenes and actors are continually changing." Never did philosopher speak more correctly, and I only wonder that so wise a remark could have existed so many ages, and mankind not have laid it more to heart. Sage follows on in the

footsteps of sage; one hero just steps out of his triumphal car, to make way for the hero who comes after him; and of the proudest monarch, it is merely said that "he slept with his fathers, and his successor reigned in his stead."

The world, to tell the private truth, cares but little for their loss, and if left to itself would soon forget to grieve; and though a nation has often been figuratively drowned in tears on the death of a great man, yet it is ten to one if an individual tear has been shed on the occasion, excepting from the forlorn pen of some hungry author. It is the historian, the biographer, and the poet, who have the whole burden of grief to sustain; who—kind souls!—like undertakers in England, act the part of chief mourners—who inflate a nation with sighs it never heaved, and deluge it with tears it never dreamt of shedding. Thus, while the patriotic author is weeping and howling, in prose, in blank verse, and in rhyme, and collecting the drops of public sorrow into his volume, as into a lachrymal vase, it is more than probable his fellow citizens are eating and drinking, fiddling and dancing, as utterly ignorant of the bitter lamentations made in their name, as are those men of straw, John Doe and Richard Roe, of the plaintiffs for whom they are generously pleased to become sureties.

The most glorious hero that ever desolated nations might have mouldered into oblivion among the rubbish of his own monument, did not some historian take him into favor, and benevolently transmit his name to posterity—and much as the valiant William Kieft worried, and bustled, and turmoiled, while he had the destinies of a whole colony in his hand, I question seriously whether he will not be obliged to this authentic history for all his future celebrity.

His exit occasioned no convulsion in the city of New Amsterdam nor its vicinity: the earth trembled not, neither did stars shoot from their spheres—the heavens were not clouded in black, as poets would fain persuade us they have done on the death of a hero—the rocks (hard-hearted varlets!) melted not into tears, nor did the trees hang their heads in silent sorrow; and as to the sun, he lay a-bed the next day just as long, and showed as jolly a face when he rose, as ever did on the same day of the month in any year, either before or since. The good people of New Amsterdam, one and all, declared that he had been a very busy, active, bustling little governor; that he was "the father of his country"—that he was "the noblest work of God"—that "he was a man, take him for all in all, they ne'er should look upon his like again"—together with sundry other civil and affectionate speeches regularly said on the death of all great men; after which they smoked their pipes, thought no more about him, and Peter Stuyvesant succeeded to his station.

Peter Stuyvesant was the last, and, like the renowned Walter Van Twiller, the best of our ancient Dutch governors. Walter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Peter or Piet, as he was sociably called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever prone to familiarize names, having never been excelled by any successor. He was in fact the very man wanted by nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of her beloved province, had not the fates, those most potent and unrelenting of all ancient spinsters, destined them to inextricable confusion.

To say merely that he was a hero would be doing him great injustice—*he was in truth* a combination of heroes—for

he was of a sturdy, raw-boned make like Ajax Telamon, wi
a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given h
hide for (meaning his lion's hide,) when he undertook to ea
old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch de-
scribes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arms
but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came
of a barrel; and, like the self-same warrior, he possessed
sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an
pect, which was enoug ake the very b
his adversaries quake w ilsmay. All th
tial excellency of appear ressibly height
an accidental advantage, am surprised th
ther Homer nor Virgil ha y of their hero
was nothing less than a w hich was the
he had gained in bravely battles of his
but of which he was so p was often hear
clare he valued it more than er limbs put t
indeed so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gall
chased and relieved with silver devices, which caused
related in divers histories and legends that he wore
leg.*

Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was somew
ject to extempore bursts of passion, which were ra
pleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perce
was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrio
tor, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders
walking-staff.

Though I cannot find that he had read Plato, or A
or Hobbes, or Bacon, or Algernon Sydney, or Tom

* See the histories of Masters Josselyn and

did he sometimes manifest a shrewdness and sagacity in his measures, that one would hardly expect from a man who did not know Greek, and had never studied the ancients. True it is, and I confess it with sorrow, that he had an unreasonable aversion to experiments, and was fond of governing his province after the simplest manner: but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did the erudite Kieft, though he had all the philosophers, ancient and modern, to assist and perplex him. I must likewise own that he made but very few laws; but then again he took care that those few were rigidly and impartially enforced: and I do not know but justice on the whole was as well administered as if there had been volumes of sage acts and statutes yearly made, and daily neglected and forgotten.

He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fidgeting, like William the Testy; but a man, or rather a governor of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought nor accepted the advice of others; depending bravely upon his single head as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to carry him through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted nothing more to complete him as a statesman than to think always right; for no one can say but that he always acted as he thought. He was never a man to flinch when he found himself in a scrape; but to dash forward through thick and thin, trusting, by hook or by crook, to make all things straight in the end. In a word, he possessed, in an eminent degree, that great quality in a statesman, called perseverance by the polite, but nicknamed obstinacy by the vulgar. A wonderful salve

for official bl[illegible]ders; since he who perseveres in error with out flinching, gets the credit of boldness and consistency, while he who wavers in seeking to do what is right gets stigmatized as a trimmer. This much is certain; and it is a maxim well worthy the attent[illegible]tors, great and small, who stand shaking in the[illegible]te which way to steer, that a ruler who follows [illegible]ases himself; while he who seeks to satisfy the [illegible]ns of others runs great risk of pleasing nobody. [illegible]; too like putting down one's foot resolutely, when [illegible]d letting things take their course. The clock th[illegible]l points right twice in the four-and-twenty hours: w[illegible]rs may keep going continually and be continually going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous quality escape the discernment of the good people of Nieuw Nederlands; on the contrary, so much were they struck with the independent will and vigorous resolution displayed on all occasions by their new governor, that they universally called him Hard-Koppig Piet; or Peter the Headstrong—a great compliment to the strength of his understanding.

If, from all that I have said, thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art very dull at drawing conclusions.

This most excellent governor commenced his administration on the 29th of May, 1647; a remarkably stormy day, distinguished in all the almanacks of the time which have come down to us by the name of *Windy Friday*. As he

very jealous of his personal and official dignity, he was inaugurated into office with great ceremony; the goodly oaken chair of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller being carefully preserved for such occasions, in like manner as the chair and stone were reverentially preserved at Schone, in Scotland, for the coronation of the Caledonian monarchs.

I must not omit to mention that the tempestuous state of the elements, together with its being that unlucky day of the week termed "hanging day," did not fail to excite much grave speculation and divers very reasonable apprehensions among the more ancient and enlightened inhabitants; and several of the sager sex, who were reputed to be not a little skilled in the mystery of astrology and fortune-telling, did declare outright that they were omens of a disastrous administration—an event that came to be lamentably verified, and which proves, beyond dispute, the wisdom of attending to those preternatural intimations furnished by dreams and visions, the flying of birds, falling of stones, and cackling of geese, on which the sages and rulers of ancient times placed such reliance—or to those shooting of stars, eclipses of the moon, howlings of dogs, and flarings of candles, carefully noted and interpreted by the oracular sibyls of our day; who, in my humble opinion, are the legitimate inheritors and preservers of the ancient science of divination. This much is certain, that Governor Stuyvesant succeeded to the chair of state at a turbulent period; when foes thronged and threatened from without; when anarchy and stiff-necked opposition reigned rampant within; when the authority of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General, though supported by economy and

attack, and ready to yiel

CHAPTER II.

OWING HOW PETER THE HEADSTRONG BESTIRRED HIMSELF AMONG THE RATS AND COBWEBS ON ENTERING INTO OFFICE—HIS INTERVIEW WITH ANTONY THE TRUMPETER, AND HIS PERILOUS MEDDLING WITH THE CURRENCY.

THE very first movements of the great Peter, on taking the reins of government, displayed his magnanimity, though they occasioned not a little marvel and uneasiness among the people of the Manhattoes. Finding himself constantly interrupted by the opposition, and annoyed by the advice of his privy council, the members of which had acquired the unreasonable habit of thinking and speaking for themselves during the preceding reign, he determined at once to put a stop to such grievous abominations. Scarcely, therefore, had he entered upon his authority, than he turned out of office all the meddlesome spirits of the factious cabinet of William the Testy; in place of whom he chose unto himself counsellors from those fat, somniferous, respectable burghers who had flourished and slumbered under the easy reign of Walter the Doubter. All these he caused to be furnished with abundance of fair long pipes, and to be regaled with frequent coronation dinners, admonishing them to smoke, and eat, and sleep, for the good of the nation, while he took the burden of

government upon his own shoulders—an arrangement to which they all gave hearty acquiescence.

Nor did he stop here, but made a hideous rout among the inventions and expedients of his learned predecessor—rooting up his patent gallows, [illegible]iff vagabonds were suspended by the waistband—de[illegible] his flag-staffs and wind-mills, which, like mighty gi[illegible]ed the ramparts of New Amsterdam—pitching to [illegible]el whole batteries of quaker guns—and, in a word [illegible] topsy-turvy the whole philosophic, economic, and w[illegible] system of the immortal sage of Saardam.

The honest folk of New Amsterdam began to quake now for the fate of their matchless champion, Antony the Trumpeter, who had acquired prodigious favor in the eyes of the women, by means of his whiskers and his trumpet. Him did Peter the Headstrong cause to be brought into his presence, and eying him for a moment from head to foot, with a countenance that would have appalled any thing else than a sounder of brass—"Pr'ythee, who and what art thou?" said he. "Sire," replied the other, in no wise dismayed, "for my name, it is Antony Van Corlear—for my parentage, I am the son of my mother—for my profession, I am champion and garrison of this great city of New Amsterdam." "I doubt me much," said Peter Stuyvesant, "that thou art some scurvy costard-monger knave:—how didst thou acquire this paramount honor and dignity?" "Marry, sir," replied the other, "like many a great man before me, simply *by sounding my own trumpet.*" "Ay, is it so?" quoth the governor; "then let us have a relish of thy art." Whereupon the Antony put his instrument to his lips, and sounded a

h such a tremendous outset, such a delectable quaver, and h a triumphant cadence, that it was enough to make one's rt leap out of one's mouth only to be within a mile of it. e as a war-worn charger, grazing in peaceful plains, starts a strain of martial music, pricks up his ears, and snorts, and s, and kindles at the noise, so did the heroic Peter joy to r the clangor of the trumpet; for of him might truly be l, what was recorded of the renowned St. George of Eng- d, "there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced heart than to hear the pleasant sound of war, and see the diers brandish forth their steeled weapons." Casting his more kindly, therefore, upon the sturdy Van Corlear, and ling him to be a jovial varlet, shrewd in his discourse, yet great discretion and immeasurable wind, he straightway ceived a vast kindness for him, and discharging him from troublesome duty of garrisoning, defending, and alarming city, ever after retained him about his person, as his chief rite, confidential envoy, and trusty squire. Instead of dis- ing the city with disastrous notes, he was instructed to so as to delight the governor while at his repasts, as did minstrels of yore in the days of glorious chivalry—and on public occasions to rejoice the ears of the people with war- melody—thereby keeping alive a noble and martial it.

But the measure of the valiant Peter which produced the atest agitation in the community, was his laying his hand n the currency. He had old-fashioned notions in favor of d and silver, which he considered the true standards of lth and mediums of commerce, and one of his first edicts s, that *all duties to government* should be paid in those

precious metals, and that seawant, or wampum, should no longer be a legal tender.

Here was a blow at public prosperity! All those who speculated on the rise and fall of this fluctuating currency, found their calling at an end: those, too, who had hoarded Indian money by barrels full, found their capital shrunk in amount; but, above all, the Yankee traders, who were accustomed to flood the market with newly-coined oyster shells, and to abstract Dutch merchandise in exchange, were loud-mouthed in decrying this "tampering with the currency." It was clipping the wings of commerce; it was checking the development of public prosperity; trade would be at an end; goods would moulder on the shelves; grain would rot in the granaries; grass would grow in the market-place. In a word, no one who has not heard the outcries and howlings of a modern Tarshish, at any check upon "paper money," can have any idea of the clamor against Peter the Headstrong, for checking the circulation of oyster-shells.

In fact, trade did shrink into narrower channels; but then the stream was deep as it was broad; the honest Dutchmen sold less goods; but then they got the worth of them, either in silver and gold, or in codfish, tinware, apple-brandy, Weathersfield onions, wooden bowls, and other articles of Yankee barter. The ingenious people of the east, however, indemnified themselves another way for having to abandon the coinage of oyster shells, for about this time we are told that wooden nutmegs made their first appearance in New Amsterdam, to the great annoyance of the Dutch housewives.

NOTE.

From a manuscript record of the province ; Lib. N. Y. Hist. Society.—We have been unable to render your inhabitants wiser and prevent their being further imposed upon than to declare absolutely and peremptorily that henceforward seawant shall be bullion—not longer admissible in trade, without any value, as it is indeed. So that every one may be upon his guard to barter, no longer away his wares and merchandises for these bubbles—at least not to accept them at a higher rate or in a larger quantity than as they may want them in their trade with the savages.

In this way your English [Yankee] neighbors shall no longer be enabled to draw the best wares and merchandises from our country for nothing—the beavers and furs not excepted. This has indeed long since been insufferable, although it ought chiefly to be imputed to the imprudent penuriousness of our own merchants and inhabitants, who, it is to be hoped, shall through the abolition of this seawant become wiser and more prudent.

27th January, 1662.

Seawant falls into disrepute—duties to be paid in silver coin.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE YANKEE LEAGUE WAXED MORE AND MORE POTENT; AND HOW IT OUTWITTED THE GOOD PETER IN TREATY-MAKING.

NOW it came to pass, that while Peter Stuyvesant was busy regulating the internal affairs of his domain, the great Yankee league, which had caused such tribulation to William the Testy, continued to increase in extent and power. The grand Amphictyonic council of the league was held at Boston, where it spun a web, which threatened to link within it all the mighty principalities and powers of the east. The object proposed by this formidable combination was mutual protection and defence against their savage neighbors; but all the world knows the real aim was to form a grand crusade against the Nieuw Nederlands and to get possession of the city of the Manhattoes—as devout an object of enterprise and ambition to the Yankees as was ever the capture of Jerusalem to ancient crusaders.

In the very year following the inauguration of Governor Stuyvesant, a grand deputation departed from the city of Providence (famous for its dusty streets and beauteous women) in behalf of the plantation of Rhode Island, praying to be admitted into the league.

The following minute of this deputation appears in the ancient records of the council.*

"Mr. Will. Cottington and Captain Partridg of Rhoode Island presented this insewing request to the commissioners in wrighting—

"Our request and motion is in behalfe of Rhoode Iland, that wee the Ilanders of Roode-Iland may be rescauied into combination with all the united colonyes of New England in a firme and perpetual league of friendship and amity of ofence and defence, mutuall advice and succor upon all just occasions for our mutuall safety and wellfaire, etc.

"Will Cottington,
"Alicxsander Partridg."

There was certainly something in the very physiognomy of this document that might well inspire apprehension. The name of Alexander, however misspelt, has been warlike in every age, and though its fierceness is in some measure softened by being coupled with the gentle cognomen of Partridge, still, like the color of scarlet, it bears an exceeding great resemblance to the sound of a trumpet. From the style of the letter, moreover, and the soldierlike ignorance of orthography displayed by the noble captain Alicxsander Partridg in spelling his own name, we may picture to ourselves this mighty man of Rhodes, strong in arms, potent in the field, and as great a scholar as though he had been educated among that learned people of Thrace, who, Aristotle assures us, could not count beyond the number four.

The result of this great Yankee league was augmented

* Haz. Col. Stat. Pap.

audacity on the part of the moss-troopers of Connecticut—pushing their encroachments farther and farther into the territories of their High Mightinesses, so that even the inhabitants of New Amsterdam began to draw short breath and to find themselves exceedingly cram[ped] elbow-room.

Peter Stuyvesant was n[ot] to submit quietly to such intrusions; his first impu[lse] march at once to the frontier and kick these squatters out of the country; but, bethinking himself in time th[at] as now a governor and legislator, the policy of the s[tate] for once cooled the fire of the old soldier, and he determined to try his hand at negotiation. A correspondence accordingly ensued between him and the grand council of the league, and it was agreed that commissioners from either side should meet at Hartford, to settle boundaries, adjust grievances, and establish a "perpetual and happy peace."

The commissioners on the part of the Manhattoes were chosen, according to immemorial usage of that venerable metropolis, from among the "wisest and weightiest" men of the community; that is to say, men with the oldest heads and heaviest pockets. Among these sages the veteran navigator, Hans Reinier Oothout, who had made such extensive discoveries during the time of Oloffe the Dreamer, was looked up to as an oracle in all matters of the kind; and he was ready to produce the very spy-glass with which he first spied the mouth of the Connecticut River from his mast-head, and all the world knows the discovery of the mouth of a river gives prior right to all the lands drained by its waters.

It was with feelings of pride and exultation that the good people of the Manhattoes saw two of the richest and most

ponderous burghers departing on this embassy; men whose word on 'change was oracular, and in whose presence no poor man ventured to appear without taking off his hat: when it was seen, too, that the veteran Reinier Oothout accompanied them with his spy-glass under his arm, all the old men and old women predicted that men of such weight, with such evidence, would leave the Yankees no alternative but to pack up their tin kettles and wooden wares; put wife and children in a cart, and abandon all the lands of their High Mightinesses, on which they had squatted.

In truth, the commissioners sent to Hartford by the league, seemed in no wise calculated to compete with men of such capacity. They were two lean Yankee lawyers, litigious-looking varlets, and evidently men of no substance, since they had no rotundity in the belt, and there was no jingling of money in their pockets; it is true, they had longer heads than the Dutchmen; but if the heads of the latter were flat at top, they were broad at bottom, and what was wanting in height of forehead was made up by a double-chin.

The negotiation turned as usual upon the good old corner-stone of original discovery; according to the principle that he who first sees a new country, has an unquestionable right to it. This being admitted, the veteran Oothout, at a concerted signal, stepped forth in the assembly with the identical tarpauling spy-glass in his hand, with which he had discovered the mouth of the Connecticut, while the worthy Dutch commissioners lolled back in their chairs, secretly chuckling at the idea of having for once got the weather-gage of the Yankees; but what was their dismay when the latter produced a Nantucket whaler with a spy-glass, twice as long,

with which he discovered the whole coast, quite down to the Manhattoes; and so crooked that he had spied with it up the whole course of the Connecticut River. This principle pushed home, therefore, the Yankees had a right to the whole country bordering on the Sound; nay, the city of New Amsterdam was a mere Dutch squatting-place on their territories.

I forbear to dwell upon the confusion of the worthy Dutch commissioners at finding their main pillar of proof thus knocked from under them; neither will I pretend to describe the consternation of the wise men at the Manhattoes when they learned how their commissioner had been out-trumped by the Yankees, and how the latter pretended to claim to the very gates of New Amsterdam.

Long was the negotiation protracted, and long was the public mind kept in a state of anxiety. There are two modes of settling boundary questions when the claims of the opposite are irreconcilable. One is by an appeal to arms, in which case the weakest party is apt to lose its right, and get a broken head into the bargain; the other mode is by compromise, or mutual concession; that is to say, one party cedes half of its claims, and the other party half of its rights; he who grasps most gets most, and the whole is pronounced an equitable division, "perfectly honorable to both parties."

The latter mode was adopted in the present instance. The Yankees gave up claims to vast tracts of the Nieuw Nederlands which they had never seen, and all right to the land of Manna-hata and the city of New Amsterdam, to which they had no right at all; while the Dutch, in return, agreed that the Yankees should retain possession of the frontier places

where they had squatted, and of both sides of the Connecticut river.

When the news of this treaty arrived at New Amsterdam, the whole city was in an uproar of exultation. The old women rejoiced that there was to be no war, the old men that their cabbage-gardens were safe from invasion; while the political sages pronounced the treaty a great triumph over the Yankees, considering how much they had claimed, and how little they had been "fobbed off with."

And now my worthy reader is, doubtless, like the great and good Peter, congratulating himself with the idea, that his feelings will no longer be harassed by afflicting details of stolen horses, broken heads, impounded hogs, and all the other catalogue of heart-rending cruelties that disgraced these border wars. But if he should indulge in such expectations, it is a proof that he is but little versed in the paradoxical ways of cabinets; to convince him of which, I solicit his serious attention to my next chapter, wherein I will show that Peter Stuyvesant has already committed a great error in politics; and by effecting a peace, has materially hazarded the tranquillity of the province.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING DIVERS SPECULATIONS ON WAR AND NEGOTIATIONS—SHOWING THAT A TREATY OF PEACE IS A GREAT NATIONAL EVIL.

IT was the opinion of that poetical philosopher, Lucretius, that war was the original state of man, whom he described as being primitively a savage beast of prey, engaged in a constant state of hostility with his own species, and that this ferocious spirit was tamed and ameliorated by society. The same opinion has been advocated by Hobbes,* nor have there been wanting many other philosophers to admit and defend.

For my part, though prodigiously fond of these valuable speculations, so complimentary to human nature, yet, in this instance, I am inclined to take the proposition by halves, believing with Horace,† that though war may have been originally the favorite amusement and industrious employment of our progenitors, yet, like many other excellent habits, so far from being ameliorated, it has been cultivated and confirmed by refinement and civilization, and increases in exact propor-

* Hobbes's Leviathan. Part i. ch. 13.

† Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutuum ac turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus.
HOR. Sat. L. I. S. 3.

tion as we approach towards that state of perfection, which is the *ne plus ultra* of modern philosophy.

The first conflict between man and man was the mere exertion of physical force, unaided by auxiliary weapons—his arm was his buckler, his fist was his mace, and a broken head the catastrophe of his encounters. The battle of unassisted strength was succeeded by the more rugged one of stones and clubs, and war assumed a sanguinary aspect. As man advanced in refinement, as his faculties expanded, and as his sensibilities became more exquisite, he grew rapidly more ingenious and experienced in the art of murdering his fellow-beings. He invented a thousand devices to defend and to assault—the helmet, the cuirass, and the buckler, the sword, the dart, and the javelin, prepared him to elude the wound as well as to launch the blow. Still urging on, in the career of philanthropic invention, he enlarges and heightens his powers of defence and injury:—The Aries, the Scorpio, the Balista, and the Catapulta, give a horror and sublimity to war, and magnify its glory, by increasing its desolation. Still insatiable, though armed with machinery that seemed to reach the limits of destructive invention, and to yield a power of injury commensurate even with the desires of revenge—still deeper researches must be made in the diabolical arcana. With furious zeal he dives into the bowels of the earth; he toils midst poisonous minerals and deadly salts—the sublime discovery of gunpowder blazes upon the world—and finally the dreadful art of fighting by proclamation seems to endow the demon of war with ubiquity and omnipotence!

This, indeed, is grand!—this, indeed, marks the powers of mind, and bespeaks that divine endowment of reason, which

the leopard, and the tiger seek only with ... fangs to gratify their sanguinary fury; and e serpent darts the same venom, and uses the sam his sire before the flood. Man alone, blessed w tive mind, goes on from discovery to discov and multiplies his powers of destruction; arro mendous weapons of Deity itself, and tasks cre him in murdering his brother worm!

In proportion as the art of war has increase ment has the art of preserving peace advanced and as we have discovered, in this age of wond tions, that proclamation is the most formidable so have we discovered the no less ingenious taining peace by perpetual negotiations.

A treaty, or, to speak more correctly, therefore, according to the acceptation of ex men, learned in these matters, is no longer a commodate differences, to ascertain rights, an equitable exchange of kind offices; but a co ... which shall overreach

In fact, the only time when two nations can be said to be in a state of perfect amity is when a negotiation is open, and a treaty pending. Then, when there are no stipulations entered into, no bonds to restrain the will, no specific limits to awaken the captious jealousy of right implanted in our nature; when each party has some advantage to hope and expect from the other, then it is that the two nations are wonderfully gracious and friendly; their ministers professing the highest mutual regard, exchanging billets-doux, making fine speeches, and indulging in all those little diplomatic flirtations, coquetries, and fondlings, that do so marvellously tickle the good humor of the respective nations. Thus it may paradoxically be said, that there is never so good an understanding between two nations as when there is a little misunderstanding—and that so long as they are on no terms at all, they are on the best terms in the world!

I do not by any means pretend to claim the merit of having made the above discovery. It has, in fact, long been secretly acted upon by certain enlightened cabinets, and is, together with divers other notable theories, privately copied out of the common-place book of an illustrious gentleman, who has been member of congress, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of heads of departments. To this principle may be ascribed the wonderful ingenuity shown of late years in protracting and interrupting negotiations.—Hence the cunning measure of appointing as ambassador some political pettifog ger skilled in delays, sophisms, and misapprehensions, and dexterous in the art of baffling argument—or some blundering statesman, whose errors and misconstructions may be a plea for refusing to ratify his engagements. And hence, too,

that most notable expedient, so popular with our government, of sending out a brace of ambassadors; between whom, having each an individual will to consult, character to establish, and interest to promote, you may as well look for unanimity and concord as between two lovers with one mistress, two dogs with one bone, or two naked rogues with one pair of breeches. This disagreement, therefore, is continually breeding delays and impediments, in consequence of which the negotiation goes on swimmingly—inasmuch as there is no prospect of its ever coming to a close. Nothing is lost by these delays and obstacles but time; and in a negotiation, according to the theory I have exposed, all time lost is in reality so much time gained:—with what delightful paradoxes does modern political economy abound!

Now all that I have here advanced is so notoriously true, that I almost blush to take up the time of my readers with treating of matters which must many a time have stared them in the face. But the proposition to which I would most earnestly call their attention is this, that though a negotiation be the most harmonizing of all national transactions, yet a treaty of peace is a great political evil, and one of the most fruitful sources of war.

I have rarely seen an instance of any special contract between individuals that did not produce jealousies, bickerings, and often downright ruptures between them; nor did I ever know of a treaty between two nations that did not occasion continual misunderstandings. How many worthy country neighbors have I known, who, after living in peace and good-fellowship for years, have been thrown into a state of distrust, cavilling, and animosity, by some ill-starred agreement about

fences, runs of water, and stray cattle! And how many well-meaning nations, who would otherwise have remained in the most amicable disposition towards each other, have been brought to swords' points about the infringement or misconstruction of some treaty, which in an evil hour they had concluded, by way of making their amity more sure!

Treaties at best are but complied with so long as interest requires their fulfilment; consequently they are virtually binding on the weaker party only, or, in plain truth, they are not binding at all. No nation will wantonly go to war with another if it has nothing to gain thereby, and therefore needs no treaty to restrain it from violence; and if it have any thing to gain, I much question, from what I have witnessed of the righteous conduct of nations, whether any treaty could be made so strong that it could not thrust the sword through—nay, I would hold ten to one, the treaty itself would be the very source to which resort would be had to find a pretext for hostilities.

Thus, therefore, I conclude—that though it is the best of all policies for a nation to keep up a constant negotiation with its neighbors, yet it is the summit of folly for it ever to be beguiled into a treaty; for then comes on non-fulfilment and infraction, then remonstrance, then altercation, then retaliation, then recrimination, and finally open war. In a word, negotiation is like courtship, a time of sweet words, gallant speeches, soft looks, and endearing caresses—but the marriage ceremony is the signal for hostilities.

If my painstaking reader be not somewhat perplexed by the ratiocination of the foregoing passage, he will perceive, at a glance, that the Great Peter, in concluding a treaty with his

eastern neighbors, was guilty of lamentable error in policy. In fact, to this unlucky agreement may be traced a world of bickerings and heart-burnings, between the parties, about fancied or pretended infringements of treaty stipulations; in all which the Yankees were pro demnify themselves by a "dig into the sides" of the Ne therlands. But, in sooth, these border feuds, albeit e great annoyance to the good burghers of Manna-h so pitiful in their nature, that a grave historian like ho grudges the time spent in any thing less than the re s of states and fall of empires, would deem them unwor of being inscribed on his page. The reader is, therefore, to take it for granted, though I scorn to waste, in the detail, that time which my furrowed brow and trembling hand inform me is invaluable, that all the while the Great Peter was occupied in those tremendous and bloody contests which I shall shortly rehearse, there was a continued series of little, dirty, snivelling scourings, broils, and maraudings, kept up on the eastern frontiers by the moss-troopers of Connecticut. But, like that mirror of chivalry, the sage and valorous Don Quixote, I leave these petty contests for some future Sancho Panza of an historian, while I reserve my prowess and my pen for achievements of higher dignity; for at this moment I hear a direful and portentous note issuing from the bosom of the great council of the league, and resounding throughout the regions of the east, menacing the fame and fortunes of Peter Stuyvesant. I call, therefore, upon the reader to leave behind him all the paltry brawls of the Connecticut borders, and to press forward with me to the relief of our favorite hero, who, I foresee, will be wofully beset by the implacable Yankees in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HOW PETER STUYVESANT WAS GRIEVOUSLY BELIED BY THE GREAT COUNCIL OF THE LEAGUE; AND HOW HE SENT ANTONY THE TRUMPETER TO TAKE TO THE COUNCIL A PIECE OF HIS MIND.

THAT the reader may be aware of the peril at this moment menacing Peter Stuyvesant and his capital, I must remind him of the old charge advanced in the council of the league in the time of William the Testy, that the Nederlanders were carrying on a trade "damnable and injurious to the colonists," in furnishing the savages with "guns, powther and shott." This, as I then suggested, was a crafty device of the Yankee confederacy to have a snug cause of war *in petto*, in case any favorable opportunity should present of attempting the conquest of the New Nederlands: the great object of Yankee ambition.

Accordingly we now find, when every other ground of complaint had apparently been removed by treaty, this nefarious charge revived with tenfold virulence, and hurled like a thunderbolt at the very head of Peter Stuyvesant; happily his head, like that of the great bull of the Wabash, was proof against such missiles.

To be explicit, we are told that, in the year 1651, the great confederacy of the east accused the immaculate Peter, the

soul of honor and heart of steel, of secretly endeavoring, by gifts and promises, to instigate the Narroheganset, Mohaque, and Pequot Indians, to surprise and massacre the Yankee settlements. "For," as the grand council observed, "the Indians round about for divers hu d miles cercute seeme to have drunk deepe of an intoxicat ng cupp, att or from the Manhattoes against the En e have sought their good, both in bodily and spirituall respects."

This charge they pretended to s pport by the evidence of divers Indians, who were prol moved by that spirit of truth which is said to reside in bottle, and who swore to the fact as sturdily as though they had been so many Christian troopers.

Though descended from a family which suffered much injury from the losel Yankees of those times, my great grandfather having had a yoke of oxen and his best pacer stolen, and having received a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose in one of these border wars; and my grandfather, when a very little boy tending pigs, having been kidnapped and severely flogged by a long-sided Connecticut schoolmaster—yet I should have passed over all these wrongs with forgiveness and oblivion—I could even have suffered them to have broken Everet Ducking's head; to have kicked the doughty Jacobus Van Curlet and his ragged regiment out of doors; to have carried every hog into captivity, and depopulated every hen-roost on the face of the earth with perfect impunity—but this wanton attack upon one of the most gallant and irreproachable heroes of modern times, is too much even for me to digest; and has overset, with a single puff, the patience of the historian, and the forbearance of the Dutchman.

Oh, reader, it was false! I swear to thee, it was false!—If thou hast any respect to my word—if the undeviating character for veracity, which I have endeavored to maintain throughout this work, has its due weight upon thee, thou wilt not give thy faith to this tale of slander; for I pledge my honor and my immortal fame to thee, that the gallant Peter Stuyvesant was not only innocent of this foul conspiracy, but would have suffered his right arm or even his wooden leg to consume with slow and everlasting flames, rather than attempt to destroy his enemies in any other way than open, generous warfare—beshrew those caitiff scouts, that conspired to sully his honest name by such an imputation!

Peter Stuyvesant, though haply he may never have heard of a knight-errant, had as true a heart of chivalry as ever beat at the round table of King Arthur. In the honest bosom of this heroic Dutchman dwelt the seven noble virtues of knighthood, flourishing among his hardy qualities like wild flowers among rocks. He was, in truth, a hero of chivalry struck off by nature at a single heat, and though little care may have been taken to refine her workmanship, he stood forth a miracle of her skill. In all his dealings he was headstrong perhaps, but open and above board; if there was any thing in the whole world he most loathed and despised it was cunning and secret wile; "straight forward" was his motto, and he would at any time rather run his hard head against a stone wall than attempt to get round it.

Such was Peter Stuyvesant, and if my admiration of him has on this occasion transported my style beyond the sober gravity which becomes the philosophic recorder of historic events, I must plead as an apology, that though a little gray-

headed Dutchman, arrived almost at the down-hill of life, I still retain a lingering spark of that fire which kindles in the eye of youth when contemplating the virtues of ancient worthies. Blessed, thrice and nine times blessed be the good St. Nicholas, if I have indeed escaped that apathy which chills the sympathies of age and paralyzes every glow of enthusiasm.

The first measure of Peter Stuyvesant, on hearing of this slanderous charge, would have been worthy of a man who had studied for years in the chivalrous library of Don Quixote. Drawing his sword and laying it across the table, to put him in proper tune, he took pen in hand and indited a proud and lofty letter to the council of the league, reproaching them with giving ear to the slanders of heathen savages against a Christian, a soldier, and a cavalier; declaring that whoever charged him with the plot in question, lied in his throat; to prove which he offered to meet the president of the council or any of his compeers; or their champion, Captain Alexander Partridg, that mighty man of Rhodes, in single combat; wherein he trusted to vindicate his honor by the prowess of his arm.

This missive was intrusted to his trumpeter and squire, Antony Van Corlear, that man of emergencies, with orders to travel night and day, sparing neither whip nor spur, seeing that he carried the vindication of his patron's fame in his saddle-bags.

The loyal Antony accomplished his mission with great speed and considerable loss of leather. He delivered his missive with becoming ceremony, accompanying it with a flourish of defiance on his trumpet to the whole council, ending with a significant and nasal twang full in the face of Captain

Partridg, who nearly jumped out of his skin in an ecstasy of astonishment.

The grand council was composed of men too cool and practical to be put readily in a heat, or to indulge in knight-errantry; and above all to run a tilt with such a fiery hero as Peter the Headstrong. They knew the advantage, however, to have always a snug, justifiable cause of war in reserve with a neighbor, who had territories worth invading; so they devised a reply to Peter Stuyvesant, calculated to keep up the "raw" which they had established.

On receiving this answer, Antony Van Corlear remounted the Flanders mare which he always rode, and trotted merrily back to the Manhattoes, solacing himself by the way according to his wont—twanging his trumpet like a very devil, so that the sweet valleys and banks of the Connecticut resounded with the warlike melody—bringing all the folks to the windows as he passed through Hartford and Pyquag, and Middletown, and all the other border towns, ogling and winking at the women, and making aërial wind-mills from the end of his nose at their husbands—and stopping occasionally in the villages to eat pumpkin-pies, dance at country frolics, and bundle with the Yankee lasses—whom he rejoiced exceedingly with his soul-stirring instrument.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW PETER STUYVESANT DEMANDED A COURT OF HONOR—AND WHAT THE COURT OF HONOR DECIDED TO HIM.

THE reply of the grand council to Peter Stuyvesant was couched in the coolest and most diplomatic language. They assured him that "his confident denials of the barbarous plot alleged against him would weigh little against the testimony of divers sober and respectable Indians;" that "his guilt was proved to their perfect satisfaction," so that they must still require and seek due *satisfaction and security;* ending with—"so we rest, sir—Yours in ways of righteousness."

I forbear to say how the lion-hearted Peter roared and ramped at finding himself more and more entangled in the meshes thus artfully drawn round him by the knowing Yankees. Impatient, however, of suffering so gross an aspersion to rest upon his honest name, he sent a second messenger to the council, reiterating his denial of the treachery imputed to him, and offering to submit his conduct to the scrutiny of a court of honor. His offer was readily accepted; and now he looked forward with confidence to an august tribunal to be assembled at the Manhattoes formed of high-minded cavaliers, peradventure governors and commanders of the confederate

plantations, when the matter might be investigated by his peers, in a manner befitting his rank and dignity.

While he was awaiting the arrival of such high functionaries, behold, one sunshiny afternoon there rode into the great gate of the Manhattoes two lean, hungry-looking Yankees, mounted on Narraganset pacers, with saddle-bags under their bottoms, and green satchels under their arms, who looked marvellously like two pettifogging attorneys beating the hoof from one county court to another in quest of lawsuits: and, in sooth, though they may have passed under different names at the time, I have reason to suspect they were the identical varlets who had negotiated the worthy Dutch commissioners out of the Connecticut river.

It was a rule with these indefatigable missionaries never to let the grass grow under their feet. Scarce had they, therefore, alighted at the inn and deposited their saddle-bags, than they made their way to the residence of the governor. They found him, according to custom, smoking his afternoon pipe on the "stoop," or bench at the porch of his house, and announced themselves, at once, as commissioners sent by the grand council of the east to investigate the truth of certain charges advanced against him.

The good Peter took his pipe from his mouth, and gazed at them for a moment in mute astonishment. By way of expediting business, they were proceeding on the spot to put some preliminary questions; asking him, peradventure, whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty, considering him something in the light of a culprit at the bar; when they were brought to a pause by seeing him lay down his pipe and begin to fumble with his walking-staff. For a moment those pres-

ent would not have given half a crown for both the crowns of the commissioners; but Peter Stuyvesant repressed his mighty wrath and stayed his hand; he scanned the varlets from head to foot, satchels and all, with a look of ineffable scorn; then strode into the [illegible], slammed the door after him, and commanded that they should never again be admitted to his presence.

The knowing commissioners winked to each other, and made a certificate on the spot that the governor had refused to answer their interrogatories or to submit to their examination. They then proceeded to rummage about the city for two or three days, in quest of what they called evidence, perplexing Indians and old women with their cross-questioning until they had stuffed their satchels and saddle-bags with all kinds of apocryphal tales, rumors, and calumnies; with these they mounted their Narraganset pacers and travelled back to the grand council; neither did the proud-hearted Peter trouble himself to hinder their researches nor impede their departure; he was too mindful of their sacred character as envoys; but I warrant me had they played the same tricks with William the Testy, he would have had them tucked up by the waistband and treated to an aërial gambol on his patent gallows.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW "DRUM ECCLESIASTIC" WAS BEATEN THROUGHOUT CONNECTICUT FOR A CRUSADE AGAINST THE NEW NETHERLANDS, AND HOW PETER STUYVESANT TOOK MEASURES TO FORTIFY HIS CAPITAL.

THE grand council of the east held a solemn meeting on the return of their envoys. As no advocate appeared in behalf of Peter Stuyvesant every thing went against him. His haughty refusal to submit to the questioning of the commissioners was construed into a consciousness of guilt. The contents of the satchels and saddle-bags were poured forth before the council and appeared a mountain of evidence. A pale, bilious orator took the floor, and declaimed for hours and in belligerent terms. He was one of those furious zealots who blows the bellows of faction until the whole furnace of politics is red-hot with sparks and cinders. What was it to him if he should set the house on fire, so that he might boil his pot by the blaze. He was from the borders of Connecticut; his constituents lived by marauding their Dutch neighbors, and were the greatest poachers in Christendom, excepting the Scotch border nobles. His eloquence had its effect, and it was determined to set on foot an expedition against the Nieuw Nederlands.

It was necessary, however, to prepare the public mind for

this measure. Accordingly the arguments of the orator were echoed from the pulpit for several succeeding Sundays, and a crusade was preached up against Peter Stuyvesant and his devoted city.

This is the first we hear drum ecclesiastic" beating up for recruits in worl in our country. It has since been called into freque cunning politician often lurks under the clerical robe spiritual and things temporal are strangely jumbl , like drugs on an apothecary's shelf; and instea eful sermon, the simple seeker after righteousnes n a political pamphlet thrust down his throat, labelled with a pious text from Scripture.

And now nothing was talked of but an expedition against the Manhattoes. It pleased the populace, who had a vehement prejudice against the Dutch, considering them a vastly inferior race, who had sought the new world for the lucre of gain, not the liberty of conscience; who were mere heretics and infidels, inasmuch as they refused to believe in witches and sea-serpents, and had faith in the virtues of horse-shoes nailed to the door; ate pork without molasses; held pumpkins in contempt, and were in perpetual breach of the eleventh commandment of all true Yankees, "Thou shalt have codfish dinners on Saturdays."

No sooner did Peter Stuyvesant get wind of the storm that was brewing in the east than he set to work to prepare for it. He was not one of those economical rulers, who postpone the expense of fortifying until the enemy is at the door. There is nothing, he would say, that keeps off enemies and crows more than the smell of gunpowder. He proceeded,

therefore, with all diligence, to put the province and its metropolis in a posture of defence.

Among the remnants which remained from the days of William the Testy, were the militia laws; by which the inhabitants were obliged to turn out twice a year, with such military equipments as it pleased God; and were put under the command of tailors and man-milliners, who, though on ordinary occasions they might have been the meekest, most pippin-hearted little men in the world, were very devils at parade, when they had cocked hats on their heads and swords by their sides. Under the instructions of these periodical warriors, the peaceful burghers of the Manhattoes were schooled in iron war, and became so hardy in the process of time, that they could march through sun and rain, from one end of the town to the other, without flinching; and so intrepid and adroit, that they could face to the right, wheel to the left, and fire without winking or blinking.

Peter Stuyvesant, like all old soldiers who have seen service and smelt gunpowder, had no great respect for militia troops; however, he determined to give them a trial, and accordingly called for a general muster, inspection, and review. But, oh Mars and Bellona! what a turning out was here! Here came old Roelant Cuckaburt, with a short blunderbuss on his shoulder, and a long horseman's sword trailing by his side; and Barent Dirkson, with something that looked like a copper kettle turned upside down on his head, and a couple of old horse-pistols in his belt; and Dirk Volkertson, with a long duck fowling-piece without any ramrod; and a host more, armed higgledy-piggledy—with swords, hatchets, snickersnees, crowbars, broomsticks, and what not; the

officers distinguished from the rest by having their slouched hats cocked up with pins, and surmounted with cocktail feathers.

The sturdy Peter eyed this nondescript host with some such rueful aspect as a man would eye the devil, and determined to give his featherbed [illegible] seasoning. He accordingly put them through th[illegible] exercise over and over again; trudged them bac[illegible]nd forwards about the streets of New Amsterdam [illegible]ir short legs ached and their fat sides sweated ag[illegible]ually encamped them in the evening on the summ[illegible]vithout the city, to give them a taste of camp life, i[illegible]e next day to renew the toils and perils of the field. But so it came to pass that in the night there fell a great and heavy rain, and melted away the army, so that in the morning when Gaffer Phoebus shed his first beams upon the camp scarce a warrior remained except Peter Stuyvesant and his trumpeter Van Corlear.

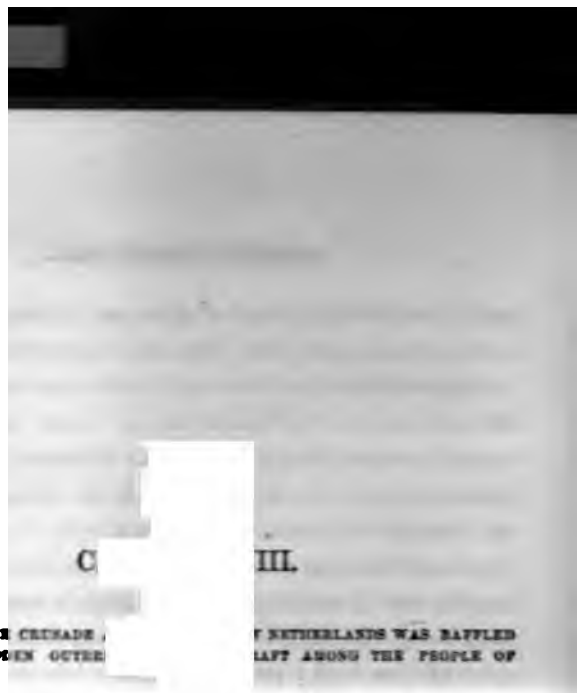
This awful desolation of a whole army would have appalled a commander of less nerve; but it served to confirm Peter's want of confidence in the militia system, which he thenceforward used to call, in joke—for he sometimes indulged in a joke—William the Testy's broken reed. He now took into his service a goodly number of burly, broad-shouldered, broad-bottomed Dutchmen; whom he paid in good silver and gold, and of whom he boasted that whether they could stand fire or not, they were at least water-proof.

He fortified the city, too, with pickets and palisadoes, extending across the island from river to river; and above all, cast up mud batteries or redoubts on the point of the island, where it divided the beautiful bosom of the bay.

These latter redoubts, in process of time, came to be pleas-

antly overrun by a carpet of glass and clover, and overshadowed by wide-spreading elms and sycamores; among the branches of which the birds would build their nests and rejoice the ear with their melodious notes. Under these trees, too, the old burghers would smoke their afternoon pipe; contemplating the golden sun as he sank in the west, an emblem of the tranquil end toward which they were declining. Here, too, would the young men and maidens of the town take their evening stroll, watching the silver moonbeams as they trembled along the calm bosom of the bay, or lit up the sail of some gliding bark; and peradventure interchanging the soft vows of honest affection; for to evening strolls in this favored spot were traced most of the marriages in New Amsterdam.

Such was the origin of that renowned promenade, THE BATTERY, which though ostensibly devoted to the stern purposes of war, has ever been consecrated to the sweet delights of peace. The scene of many a gambol in happy childhood—of many a tender assignation in riper years—of many a soothing walk in declining age—the healthful resort of the feeble invalid—the Sunday refreshment of the dusty tradesman—in fine, the ornament and delight of New York, and the pride of the lovely island of Manna-hata.



C[illegible] III.

HOW THE YANKEE CRUSADE [illegible] NETHERLANDS WAS BAFFLED BY THE SUDDEN OUTER[illegible] RAFT AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE EAST.

HAVING thus provided for the temporary security of New Amsterdam, and guarded it against any sudden surprise, the gallant Peter took a hearty pinch of snuff, and snapping his fingers, set the great council of Amphictyons and their champion, the redoubtable Alicxsander Partridg, at defiance. In the mean time the moss-troopers of Connecticut; the warriors of New Haven and Hartford, and Pyquag, otherwise called Weathersfield, famous for its onions and its witches—and of all the other border towns, were in a prodigious turmoil; furbishing up their rusty weapons; shouting aloud for war, and anticipating easy conquests, and glorious rummaging of the fat little Dutch villages.

In the midst of these warlike preparations, however, they received the chilling news that the colony of Massachusetts refused to back them in this righteous war. It seems that the gallant conduct of Peter Stuyvesant, the generous warmth of his vindication and the chivalrous spirit of his defiance, though lost upon the grand council of the league, had carried convic-

tion to the general court of Massachusetts, which nobly refused to believe him guilty of the villanous plot laid at his door.*

The defection of so important a colony paralyzed the councils of the league, some such dissension arose among its members as prevailed of yore in the camp of the brawling warriors of Greece, and in the end the crusade against the Manhattoes was abandoned.

It is said that the moss-troopers of Connecticut were sorely disappointed; but well for them that their belligerent cravings were not gratified: for by my faith, whatever might have been the ultimate result of a conflict with all the powers of the east, in the interim the stomachful heroes of Pyquag would have been choked with their own onions, and all the border towns of Connecticut would have had such a scouring from the lion-hearted Peter and his robustious myrmidons, that I warrant me they would not have had the stomach to squat on the land or invade the henroost of a Nederlander for a century to come.

But it was not merely the refusal of Massachusetts to join in their unholy crusade that confounded the councils of the league; for about this time broke out in the New England provinces the awful plague of witchcraft, which spread like pestilence through the land. Such a howling abomination could not be suffered to remain long unnoticed; it soon excited the fiery indignation of those guardians of the commonwealth, who whilom had evinced such active benevolence in the conversion of Quakers and Anabaptists. The grand council of the league publicly set their faces against the crime, and

* Hazard's State Papers.

bloody laws were enacted against all "solem conversing or compacting with the divil by way of conjuracion or the like."* Strict search too was made after witches, who were easily detected by devil's pinches; by being able to weep but three tears, and those out of the ; and by having a most suspicious predilection for bl and broomsticks! What is particularly worthy of a is, that this terrible art, which has baffled the stud searches of philosophers, astrologers, theurgists, and ges, was chiefly confined to the most ignorant, de ugly old women in the community, with scarce ns than the broomsticks they rode upon.

When once an alarm is sounded, the public, who dearly love to be in a panic, are always ready to keep it up. Raise but the cry of yellow fever, and immediately every headache, indigestion, and overflowing of the bile is pronounced the terrible epidemic; cry out mad dog, and every unlucky cur in the street is in jeopardy: so in the present instance, whoever was troubled with cholic or lumbago was sure to be bewitched —and woe to any unlucky old woman living in the neighborhood.

It is incredible the number of offences that were detected, "for every one of which," says the reverend Cotton Mather, in that excellent work, the History of New England, "we have such a sufficient evidence, that no reasonable man in this whole country ever did question them; *and it will be unreasonable to do it in any other.*"†

Indeed, that authentic and judicious historian John Josse-

* New Plymouth record.

† Mather's Hist. New Eng. B. 6, ch. 7.

lyn, Gent., furnishes us with unquestionable facts on this subject. "There are none," observes he, "that beg in this country, but there be witches too many—bottle-bellied witches and others, that produce many strange apparitions, if you will believe report, of a shallop at sea manned with women—and of a ship and great red horse standing by the main-mast; the ship being in a small cove to the eastward, vanished of a sudden," etc.

The number of delinquents, however, and their magical devices, were not more remarkable than their diabolical obstinacy. Though exhorted in the most solemn, persuasive, and affectionate manner, to confess themselves guilty, and be burnt for the good of religion, and the entertainment of the public; yet did they most pertinaciously persist in asserting their innocence. Such incredible obstinacy was in itself deserving of immediate punishment, and was sufficient proof, if proof were necessary, that they were in league with the devil, who is perverseness itself. But their judges were just and merciful, and were determined to punish none that were not convicted on the best of testimony; not that they needed any evidence to satisfy their own minds, for, like true and experienced judges, their minds were perfectly made up, and they were thoroughly satisfied of the guilt of the prisoners before they proceeded to try them: but still something was necessary to convince the community at large—to quiet those prying quidnuncs who should come after them—in short, the world must be satisfied. Oh, the world—the world!—all the world knows the world of trouble the world is eternally occasioning! The worthy judges, therefore, were driven to the necessity of sifting, detecting, and making evident as noon-

Finding, therefore, that neither exhortation, s
nor friendly entreaty had any avail on these har
ers, they resorted to the more urgent argument
and having thus absolutely wrung the truth fro
born lips, they condemned them to undergo the
unto the heinous crimes they had confessed. So
ried their perverseness so far as to expire unde
protesting their innocence to the last; but these
upon as thoroughly and absolutely possessed by
the pious bystanders only lamented that they h
little longer, to have perished in the flames.

In the city of Ephesus, we are told that th
expelled by stoning a ragged old beggar to
Apollonius pointed out as being the evil spirit
and who actually showed himself to be a demon
into a shagged dog. In like manner, and by mea
sagacious, a salutary check was given to this
The witches were all burnt, banished, or panic-
a little while there was not an ugly old woman

New England, abandoning the study of the occult sciences, turned their attention to the more profitable hocus pocus of trade, and soon became expert in the legerdemain art of turning a penny. Still, however, a tinge of the old leaven is discernible, even unto this day, in their characters—witches occasionally start up among them in different disguises, as physicians, civilians, and divines. The people at large show a keenness, a cleverness, and a profundity of wisdom, that savors strongly of witchcraft—and it has been remarked, that whenever any stones fall from the moon, the greater part of them is sure to tumble into New England!

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH RECORDS THE RISE AND RENOWN OF A MILITARY COMMANDER, SHOWING THAT A MAN, LIKE A BLADDER, MAY BE PUFFED UP TO GREATNESS BY MERE WIND; TOGETHER WITH THE CATASTROPHE OF A VETERAN AND HIS QUEUE.

WHEN treating of these tempestuous times the unknown writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript breaks out into an apostrophe in praise of the good St. Nicholas, to whose protecting care he ascribes the dissensions which broke out in the council of the league, and the direful witchcraft which filled all Yankee land as with Egyptian darkness.

A portentous gloom, says he, hung lowering over the fair valleys of the East: the pleasant banks of the Connecticut no longer echoed to the sounds of rustic gayety; grisly phantoms glided about each wild brook and silent glen; fearful apparitions were seen in the air; strange voices were heard in solitary places, and the border towns were so occupied in detecting and punishing losel witches, that, for a time, all talk of war was suspended, and New Amsterdam and its inhabitants seemed to be totally forgotten.

I must not conceal the fact that at one time there was some danger of this plague of witchcraft extending into the New Netherlands; and certain witches mounted on broomstick

› have been seen whisking in the air over some of villages near the borders; but the worthy Neder- ›k the precaution to nail horseshoes to their doors, well known are effectual barriers against all diabol- n of the kind. Many of those horseshoes may be s very day on ancient mansions and barns remain- he days of the patriarchs; nay, the custom is still ıong some of our legitimate Dutch yeomanry, who m their forefathers a desire to keep witches and ıt of the country.

›w the great Peter, having no immediate hostility to from the east, turned his face, with characteristic o his southern frontiers. The attentive reader will hat certain freebooting Swedes had become very .e in this quarter in the latter part of the reign of ıe Testy, setting at naught the proclamations of that ›otentate, and putting his admiral, the intrepid Jan ›endam, to a perfect nonplus. To check the incur- ese Swedes, Peter Stuyvesant now ordered a force ıtier, giving the command of it to General Jacobus .burgh, an officer who had risen to great importance reign of Wilhelmus Kieft. He had, if histories been second in command to the doughty Van Cur- ıe and his warriors were inhumanly kicked out of Hoop by the Yankees. In that memorable affair burgh is said to have received more kicks in a cer- .ble part, than any of his comrades, in consequence n the resignation of Van Curlet, he had been pro- is place, being considered a hero who had seen ser- ıffered in his country's cause.

class was General Van Poffenburgh, [illegible]
dame Nature, who will sometimes be partial, had g
brass enough for a dozen ordinary braziers. All thi
contrived to pass off upon William the Testy, for gen
and the little governor would sit for hours, and list
gunpowder stories of exploits, which left those of Ti
White, Don Belianis of Greece, or St. George and th
quite in the background. Having been promoted by
Kieft to the command of his whole disposable forces
importance to his station by the grandiloquence of
tins, always styling himself Commander-in-chief of t
of the New Netherlands; though in sober truth, the
were nothing more than a handful of hen-stealing, bo
ing ragamuffins.

In person he was not very tall, but exceeding
neither did his bulk proceed from his being fat, b
being blown up by a prodigious conviction of his c
tance, until he resembled one of those bags of win
Eolus, in an incredible fit of generosity, to that vag
[illegible] His windy endowments had long

rior, I will bestow a word upon the dress of this redoubtable commander. It comported with his character, being so crossed and slashed, and embroidered with lace and tinsel, that he seemed to have as much brass without, as nature had stored away within. He was swathed too, in a crimson sash, of the size and texture of a fishing-net; doubtless to keep his swelling heart from bursting through his ribs. His face glowed with furnace heat from between a huge pair of well-powdered whiskers; and his valorous soul seemed ready to bounce out of a pair of large, glassy, blinking eyes, projecting like those of a lobster.

I swear to thee, worthy reader, if history and tradition belie not this warrior, I would give all the money in my pocket to have seen him accoutred cap-a-pie—booted to the middle—sashed to the chin—collared to the ears—whiskered to the teeth—crowned with an overshadowing cocked hat, and girded with a leathern belt ten inches broad, from which trailed a falchion, of a length that I dare not mention. Thus equipped, he strutted about, as bitter-looking a man of war as the far-famed More, of More-hall, when he sallied forth to slay the dragon of Wantley. For what says the ballad?

"Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he looked and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig.
He frighted all—cats, dogs and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog."*

* Ballad of Dragon of Wantley.

I must confess this general, with all his outward valor and ventosity, was not exactly an officer to Peter Stuyvesant's taste, but he stood foremost in the army list of William the Testy, and it is probable the good Peter, who was conscientious in his dealings with all n had his military notions of precedence, thought it b give him a chance of proving his right to his dignit

To this copper capt ore, was confided the command of the troops desti tect the southern frontier; and scarce had he depar tation than bulletins began to arrive from him, descr undaunted march through savage deserts, over insurmountable mountains, across impassable rivers, and through impenetrable forests, conquering vast tracts of uninhabited country, and encountering more perils than did Xenophon in his far-famed retreat with his ten thousand Grecians.

Peter Stuyvesant read all these grandiloquent despatches with a dubious screwing of the mouth and shaking of the head; but Antony Van Corlear repeated these contents in the streets and market-places with an appropriate flourish upon his trumpet, and the windy victories of the general resounded through the streets of New Amsterdam.

On arriving at the southern frontier, Van Poffenburgh proceeded to erect a fortress, or strong-hold, on the South or Delaware river. At first he bethought him to call it Fort Stuyvesant, in honor of the governor, a lowly kind of homage prevalent in our country among speculators, military commanders, and office-seekers of all kinds, by which our maps come to be studded with the names of political patrons and temporary great men; in the present instance, Van Poffen-

burgh carried his homage to the most lowly degree, giving his fortress the name of Fort Casimir, in honor, it is said, of a favorite pair of brimstone trunk breeches of his excellency.

As this fort will be found to give rise to important events, it may be worth while to notice that it was afterwards called Nieuw Amstel, and was the germ of the present flourishing town of New Castle, or, more properly speaking, No Castle, there being nothing of the kind on the premises.

His fortress being finished, it would have done any man's heart good to behold the swelling dignity with which the general would stride in and out a dozen times a day, surveying it in front and in rear; on this side and on that; how he would strut backwards and forwards, in full regimentals, on the top of the ramparts; like a vain-glorious cock-pigeon, swelling and vaporing on the top of a dove-cote.

There is a kind of valorous spleen which, like wind, is apt to grow unruly in the stomachs of newly-made soldiers, compelling them to box-lobby brawls and broken-headed quarrels, unless there can be found some more harmless way to give it vent. It is recorded in the delectable romance of Pierce Forest, that a young knight, being dubbed by King Alexander, did incontinently gallop into an adjacent forest and belabor the trees with such might and main, that he not merely eased off the sudden effervescence of his valor, but convinced the whole court that he was the most potent and courageous cavalier on the face of the earth. In like manner the commander of Fort Casimir, when he found his martial spirit waxing too hot within him, would sally forth into the fields and lay about him most lustily with his sabre; decapitating cabbages by

platoons; hewing down lofty sunflowers, which he termed gigantic Swedes, and if, perchance, he espied a colony of big-bellied pumpkins quietly basking in the sun, "ah! caitiff Yankees!" would he roar, "have I caught ye at last?" So saying, with one sweep of his s would cleave the unhappy vegetables from their chins ir waistbands; by which warlike havoc, his choler l me sort allayed, he would return into the fortress l conviction that he was a very miracle of military

He was a disciplina the first order. Woe to any unlucky soldier who did old up his head and turn out his toes when on parade; or, who did not salute the general in proper style as he passed. Having one day, in his bible researches, encountered the history of Absalom and his melancholy end, the general bethought him that, in a country abounding with forests, his soldiers were in constant risk of a like catastrophe; he therefore, in an evil hour, issued orders for cropping the hair of both officers and men throughout the garrison.

Now so it happened, that among his officers was a sturdy veteran named Kelderneester; who had cherished, through a long life, a mop of hair not a little resembling the shag of a Newfoundland dog, terminating in a queue like the handle of a frying-pan, and queued so tightly to his head that his eyes and mouth generally stood ajar, and his eyebrows were drawn up to the top of his forehead. It may naturally be supposed that the possessor of so goodly an appendage would resist with abhorrence an order condemning it to the shears. On hearing the general orders, he discharged a tempest of veteran, soldier-like oaths, and dunder and blixums—swore he

would break any man's head who attempted to meddle with his tail—queued it stiffer than ever, and whisked it about the garrison as fiercely as the tail of a crocodile.

The eelskin queue of old Keldermeester became instantly an affair of the utmost importance. The commander-in-chief was too enlightened an officer not to perceive that the discipline of the garrison, the subordination and good order of the armies of the Nieuw Nederlands, the consequent safety of the whole province, and ultimately the dignity and prosperity of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General, imperiously demanded the docking of that stubborn queue. He decreed, therefore, that old Keldermeester should be publicly shorn of his glories in presence of the whole garrison—the old man as resolutely stood on the defensive—whereupon he was arrested, and tried by a court-martial for mutiny, desertion, and all the other list of offences noticed in the articles of war, ending with a "videlicet, in wearing an eelskin queue, three feet long, contrary to orders." Then came on arraignments, and trials, and pleadings; and the whole garrison was in a ferment about this unfortunate queue. As it is well known that the commander of a frontier post has the power of acting pretty much after his own will, there is little doubt but that the veteran would have been hanged or shot at least, had he not luckily fallen ill of a fever, through mere chagrin, and mortification—and deserted from all earthly command, with his beloved locks unviolated. His obstinacy remained unshaken to the very last moment, when he directed that he should be carried to his grave with his eelskin queue sticking out of a hole in his coffin.

This magnanimous affair obtained the general great credit

as a disciplinarian; but it is hinted that he was ever afterwards subject to bad dreams and fearful visitations in the night; when the griz[illegible]pectrum of old Keldermeester would stand sentinel by his [illegible]as a pump, his enormous queue strutting out like tn[illegible]

BOOK VI.

CONTAINING THE SECOND PART OF THE REIGN OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG, AND HIS GALLANT ACHIEVEMENTS ON THE DELAWARE.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH IS EXHIBITED A WARLIKE PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT PETER—OF THE WINDY CONTEST OF GENERAL VAN POFFENBURGH AND GENERAL PRINTZ, AND OF THE MOSQUITO WAR ON THE DELAWARE.

HITHERTO, most venerable and courteous reader, have I shown thee the administration of the valorous Stuyvesant, under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather the grim tranquillity of awful expectation; but now the war drum rumbles from afar, the brazen trumpet brays its thrilling note, and the rude crash of hostile arms speaks fearful prophecies of coming troubles. The gallant warrior starts from soft repose; from golden visions, and voluptuous ease; where in the dulcet, "piping time of peace," he sought sweet solace after all his toils. No more in beauty's siren lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows; no more entwines with flowers his shining sword, nor through the livelong lazy summer's day chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals. To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute; doffs from

his brawny back the robe of peace, and clothes his
limbs in panoply of steel. O'er his dark brow,
the myrtle waved, where wanton roses breathed ene
he rears the beaming casque and nodding plume;
bright shield, and shakes the ponderous lance;
with eager pride his fiery steed, and burns for deeds
chivalry!

But soft, worthy reader! I would not have you in
any *preux chevalier*, thus hideously begirt with iron
the city of New Amsterdam. This is but a lofty
tic mode, in which we heroic writers always t
thereby to give it a noble and imposing aspect; equ
warriors with bucklers, helms, and lances, and
outlandish and obsolete weapons, the like of which
they had never seen or heard of; in the same ma
cunning statuary arrays a modern general or an
the accoutrements of a Cæsar or an Alexander.
truth then of all this oratorical flourish is this—th
iant Peter Stuyvesant all of a sudden found it n
scour his rusty blade, which too long had rusted
bard, and prepare himself to undergo those hard
war, in which his mighty soul so much delighted.

Methinks I at this moment behold him in my i
—or rather, I behold his goodly portrait, which sti
in the family mansion of the Stuyvesants—arraye
terrors of a true Dutch general. His regimen
German blue, gorgeously decorated with a goodl
large brass buttons, reaching from his waistband
the voluminous skirts turned up at the corners and
gallantly behind, so as to display the seat of a

brimstone-colored trunk-breeches—a graceful style
valent among the warriors of our day, and which is
rmity to the custom of ancient heroes, who scorned
d themselves in rear. His face rendered exceeding
and warlike by a pair of black mustachios; his hair
; out on each side in stiffly-pomatumed ear-locks, and
ng in a rat-tail queue below his waist; a shining stock
leather supporting his chin, and a little but fierce
at, stuck with a gallant and fiery air over his left eye.
s the chivalric port of Peter the Headstrong; and
) made a sudden halt, planted himself firmly on his
)porter, with his wooden leg inlaid with silver a little
ce, in order to strengthen his position, his right hand
a gold-headed cane, his left resting upon the pummel
word, his head dressing spiritedly to the right, with a
palling and hard-favored frown upon his brow—he
d altogether one of the most commanding, bitter-look-
soldier-like figures that ever strutted upon canvas.—
we now to inquire the cause of this warlike prepara-

e preceding chapter we have spoken of the founding
Casimir, and of the merciless warfare waged by its
der upon cabbages, sunflowers and pumpkins, for
better occasion to flesh his sword. Now it came to
, higher up the Delaware, at hi[illegible] strong-hold of Tinne-
ided one Jan Printz, who styled himself Governor
Sweden. If history belie not this redoubtable Swede,
rival worthy of the windy and inflated commander of
imir, for master David Pieterzen de Vrie, in his ex-
ook of voyages, describes him as "weighing upwards

of four hundred pounds," a huge feeder and bowser in proportion, taking three potations pottle-deep at every meal. He had a garrison after his own heart at Tinnekonk, guzzling, deep-drinking swashbucklers who made the wild woods ring with their carousals.

No sooner did this r commander hear of the erection of Fort Casimir, sent a message to Van Poffenburgh, warning him and, as being within the bounds of his jurisdiction.

To this General Van gh replied that the land belonged to their High Mightinesses, having been regularly purchased of the natives, as discoverers from the Manhattoes, as witness the breeches of their land measurer Ten Broeck.

To this the governor rejoined that the land had previously been sold by the Indians to the Swedes, and consequently was under the petticoat government of her Swedish majesty, Christina; and woe be to any mortal that wore breeches who should dare to meddle even with the hem of her sacred garment.

I forbear to dilate upon the war of words which was kept up for some time by these windy commanders; Van Poffenburgh, however, had served under William the Testy, and was a veteran in this kind of warfare. Governor Printz, finding he was not to be dislodged by these long shots, now determined upon coming to closer quarters. Accordingly, he descended the river in great force and fume, and erected a rival fortress just one Swedish mile below Fort Casimir, to which he gave the name of Helsenburg.

And now commenced a tremendous rivalry between these

two doughty commanders; striving to outstrut and outswell each other like a couple of belligerent turkeycocks. There was a contest who should run up the tallest flag-staff and display the broadest flag; all day long there was a furious rolling of drums and twanging of trumpets in either fortress, and, whichever had the wind in its favor, would keep up a continual firing of cannon, to taunt its antagonist with the smell of gunpowder.

On all these points of windy warfare the antagonists were well matched; but so it happened that the Swedish fortress being lower down the river, all the Dutch vessels bound to Fort Casimir with supplies, had to pass it. Governor Printz at once took advantage of this circumstance, and compelled them to lower their flags as they passed under the guns of his battery.

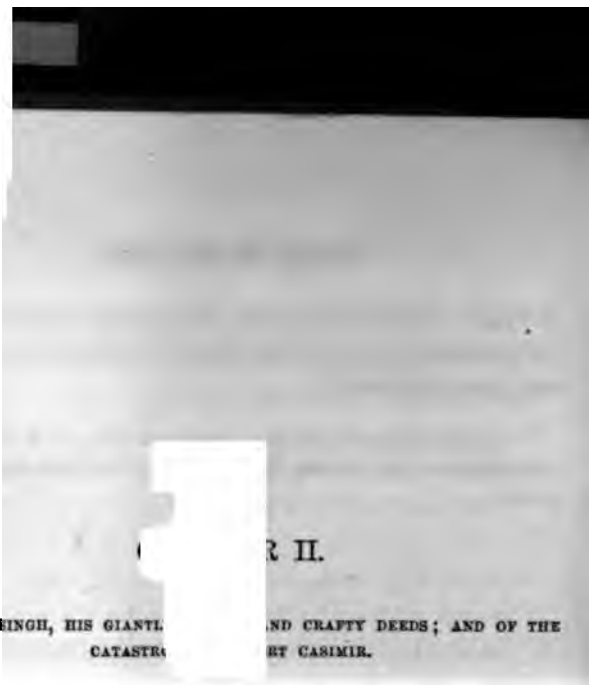
This was a deadly wound to the Dutch pride of General Van Poffenburgh, and sorely would he swell when from the ramparts of Fort Casimir he beheld the flag of their High Mightinesses struck to the rival fortress. To heighten his vexation, Governor Printz, who, as has been shown, was a huge trencherman, took the liberty of having the first rummage of every Dutch merchant-ship, and securing to himself and his guzzling garrison all the little round Dutch cheeses, all the Dutch herrings, the gingerbread, the sweatmeats, the curious stone jugs of gin, and all the other Dutch luxuries, on their way for the solace of Fort Casimir. It is possible he may have paid to the Dutch skippers the full value of their commodities, but what consolation was this to Jacobus Van Poffenburgh and his garrison, who thus found their favorite supplies cut off, and diverted into the larders of the hostile

camp? For some time this war of the cupboard was carried on to the great festivity and jollification of the Swedes, while the warriors of Fort Casimir found their hearts, or rather their stomachs, daily failing them. At length the summer heats and summer showers s id now, lo and behold, a great miracle was wrough elief of the Nederlands, not a little resembling on agues of Egypt; for it came to pass that a great c nosquitos arose out of the marshy borders of th settled upon the fortress of Helsenburg, being, doubt cted by the scent of the fresh blood of these Swedish gormandizers. Nay, it is said that the body of Jan Printz alone, which was as big and as full of blood as that of a prize ox, was sufficient to attract the mosquitos from every part of the country. For some time the garrison endeavored to hold out, but it was all in vain; the mosquitos penetrated into every chink and crevice, and gave them no rest day nor night; and as to Governor Jan Printz, he moved about as in a cloud, with mosquito music in his ears, and mosquito stings to the very end of his nose. Finally the garrison was fairly driven out of the fortress, and obliged to retreat to Tinnekonk; nay, it is said that the mosquitos followed Jan Printz even thither, and absolutely drove him out of the country; certain it is, he embarked for Sweden shortly afterwards, and Jan Claudius Risingh was sent to govern New Sweden in his stead.

Such was the famous mosquito war on the Delaware, of which General Van Poffenburgh would fain have been the hero; but the devout people of the Nieuw Nederlands always ascribed the discomfiture of the Swedes to the miraculous intervention of St. Nicholas. As to the fortress of Helsenburg,

it fell to ruin, but the story of its strange destruction was perpetuated by the Swedish name of Myggen-borg, that is to say, Mosquito Castle.*

* Acrelius' History N. Sweden. For some notice of this miraculous discomfiture of the Swedes, See N. Y. His. Col., new series, vol. 1, p. 412.



CHAPTER II.

OF JAN RISINGH, HIS GIANTL[illegible]ND CRAFTY DEEDS; AND OF THE CATASTR[illegible]RT CASIMIR.

JAN CLAUDIUS RISINGH, who succeeded to the command of New Sweden, looms largely in ancient records as a gigantic Swede, who, had he not been rather knock-kneed and splay-footed, might have served for the model of a Samson or a Hercules. He was no less rapacious than mighty, and, withal, as crafty as he was rapacious, so that there is very little doubt that, had he lived some four or five centuries since, he would have figured as one of those wicked giants, who took a cruel pleasure in pocketing beautiful princesses and distressed damsels, when gadding about the world, and locking them up in enchanted castles, without a toilet, a change of linen, or any other convenience.—In consequence of which enormities they fell under the high displeasure of chivalry, and all true, loyal, and gallant knights were instructed to attack and slay outright any miscreant they might happen to find above six feet high; which is doubtless one reason why the race of large men is nearly extinct, and the generations of latter ages are so exceedingly small.

Governor Risingh, notwithstanding his giantly condition,

was, as I have hinted, a man of craft. He was not a man to ruffle the vanity of General Van Poffenburgh, or to rub his self-conceit against the grain. On the contrary, as he sailed up the Delaware, he paused before Fort Casimir, displayed his flag and fired a royal salute before dropping anchor. The salute would doubtless have been returned, had not the guns been dismounted; as it was, a veteran sentinel, who had been napping at his post, and had suffered his match to go out, returned the compliment by discharging his musket with the spark of a pipe borrowed from a comrade. Governor Risingh accepted this as a courteous reply, and treated the fortress to a second salute; well knowing its commander was apt to be marvellously delighted with these little ceremonials, considering them so many acts of homage paid to his greatness. He then prepared to land with a military retinue of thirty men, a prodigious pageant in the wilderness.

And now took place a terrible rummage and racket in Fort Casimir, to receive such a visitor in proper style, and to make an imposing appearance. The main guard was turned out as soon as possible, equipped to the best advantage in the few suits of regimentals, which had to do duty by turns with the whole garrison. One tall, lank fellow appeared in a little man's coat, with the buttons between his shoulders; the skirts scarce covering his bottom; his hands hanging like spades out of the sleeves; and the coat linked in front by worsted loops made out of a pair of red garters. Another had a cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and decorated with a bunch of cock's tails; a third had a pair of rusty gaiters hanging about his heels—while a fourth, a little duck-legged fellow, was equipped in a pair of the general's cast-off breeches, which he

held up with one hand while he grasped his firelock with the other. The rest were accoutred in similar style, except three ragamuffins without shirts, and with but a pair and a half of breeches between them, wherefore they were sent to the black hole, to keep them out of sight, that they might not disgrace the fortress.

His men being thus gallantly arrayed—those who lacked muskets shouldering spades and pickaxes, and every man being ordered to tuck in his shirt-tail and pull up his brogues—General Van Poffenburgh first took a sturdy draught of foaming ale, which, like the magnanimous More of More-hall,* was his invariable practice on all great occasions; this done, he put himself at their head, and issued forth from his castle, like a mighty giant, just refreshed with wine. But when the two heroes met, then began a scene of warlike parade that beggars all description. The shrewd Risingh, who had grown gray much before his time, in consequence of his craftiness, saw at one glance the ruling passion of the great Van Poffenburgh, and humored him in all his valorous fantasies.

Their detachments were accordingly drawn up in front of each other; they carried arms and they presented arms; they gave the standing salute and the passing salute; they rolled their drums, they flourished their fifes, and they waved their colors; they faced to the left, and they faced to the right, and they faced to the right about; they wheeled forward, and they wheeled backward, and they wheeled into *echellon*; they

* "———— as soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua vitæ."
Dragon of Wantley.

marched and they countermarched, by grand divisions, by single divisions, and by subdivisions; by platoons, by sections, and by files; in quick time, in slow time, and in no time at all; for, having gone through all the evolutions of two great armies, including the eighteen manœuvres of Dundas; having exhausted all they could recollect or imagine of military tactics, including sundry strange and irregular evolutions, the like of which were never seen before nor since, excepting among certain of our newly-raised militia, the two commanders and their respective troops came at length to a dead halt, completely exhausted by the toils of war. Never did two valiant trained captains, or two buskined theatric heroes, in the returned tragedies of Pizarro, Tom Thumb, or any other heroical old fighting tragedy, marshal their gallows-looking, duck-legged, heavy-heeled myrmidons with more glory and self-admiration.

These military compliments being finished, General Van Effenburgh escorted his illustrious visitor, with great ceremony, into the fort; attended him throughout the fortifications; showed him the horn-works, crown-works, half-moons, and various other outworks, or rather the places were they ought to be erected, and where they might be erected if he pleased; plainly demonstrating that it was a place of "great capability," and though at present but a little redoubt, yet to it was evidently a formidable fortress, in embryo. This survey over, he next had the whole garrison put under arms, exercised, and reviewed; and concluded by ordering the three shewell birds to be hauled out of the black hole, brought up the halberds, and soundly flogged, for the amusement of his visitor, and to convince him that he was a great disciplinarian.

The cunning Risingh, while he pretended to be struck dumb outright with the puissance of the great Van Poffenburgh, took silent note of the incompetency of his garrison, of which he gave a wink to his trusty followers, who tipped each other the wink, and most obstreperously—in their sleeves.

The inspection, bragging being concluded, the party adjourned to dinner, for among his other great qualities, the general was notably addicted to huge carousals, and in one afternoon would leave more dead men on the field than he ever did in the whole course of his military career. Many bulletins of these bloodless victories do still remain on record; and the whole province was once thrown in amaze by the return of one of his campaigns; wherein it was stated, that though, like Captain Bobadil, he had only twenty men to back him, yet in the short space of six months he had conquered and utterly annihilated sixty oxen, ninety hogs, one hundred sheep, ten thousand cabbages, one thousand bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty kilderkins of small beer, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pipes, seventy-eight pounds of sugar-plums, and forty bars of iron, besides sundry small meats, game, poultry, and garden-stuff:—an achievement unparalleled since the days of Pantagruel and his all-devouring army, and which showed that it was only necessary to let Van Poffenburgh and his garrison loose in an enemy's country, and in a little while they would breed a famine, and starve all the inhabitants.

No sooner, therefore, had the general received intimation of the visit of Governor Risingh, than he ordered a great dinner to be prepared; and privately sent out a detachment of

his most experienced veterans, to rob all the hen-roosts in the neighborhood, and lay the pigsties under contribution;—a service which they discharged with such zeal and promptitude, that the garrison table groaned under the weight of their spoils.

I wish, with all my heart, my readers could see the valiant Van Poffenburgh, as he presided at the head of the banquet; it was a sight worth beholding:—there he sat, in his greatest glory, surrounded by his soldiers, like that famous wine-bibber, Alexander, whose thirsty virtues he did most ably imitate—telling astonishing stories of his hair-breadth adventures and heroic exploits; at which, though all his auditors knew them to be incontinent lies and outrageous gasconadoes, yet did they cast up their eyes in admiration, and utter many interjections of astonishment. Nor could the general pronounce any thing that bore the remotest resemblance to a joke, but the stout Risingh would strike his brawny fist upon the table till every glass rattled again, throw himself back in the chair, utter gigantic peals of laughter, and swear most horribly it was the best joke he ever heard in his life.—Thus all was rout and revelry and hideous carousal within Fort Casimir, and so lustily did Van Poffenburgh ply the bottle, that in less than four short hours he made himself and his whole garrison, who all sedulously emulated the deeds of their chieftain, dead drunk, with singing songs, quaffing bumpers, and drinking patriotic toasts, none of which but was as long as a Welsh pedigree or a plea in chancery.

No sooner did things come to this pass, than Risingh and his Swedes, who had cunningly kept themselves sober, rose on their entertainers, tied them neck and heels, and took for-

mal possession of the fort, and all its dependencies, in the name of Queen Christina of Sweden; administering at the same time an oath of allegiance to all the Dutch soldiers who could be made sober enough to swallow it. Risingh then put the fortification in order, appointed his discreet and vigilant friend Suen Schûte, otherwise called Skytte, a tall, wind-dried, water-drinking Swede, to the command, and departed, bearing with him this truly amiable garrison and its puissant commander; who, when brought to himself by a sound drubbing, bore no little resemblance to a "deboshed fish," or bloated sea-monster, caught upon dry land.

The transportation of the garrison was done to prevent the transmission of intelligence to New Amsterdam; for much as the cunning Risingh exulted in his stratagem, yet did he dread the vengeance of the sturdy Peter Stuyvesant; whose name spread as much terror in the neighborhood as did whilom that of the unconquerable Scanderbeg among his scurvy enemies the Turks.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING HOW PROFOUND SECRETS ARE OFTEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT; WITH THE PROCEEDINGS OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG WHEN HE HEARD OF THE MISFORTUNES OF GENERAL VAN POFFENBURGH.

WHOEVER first described common fame, or rumor, as belonging to the sager sex, was a very owl for shrewdness. She has in truth certain feminine qualities to an astonishing degree; particularly that benevolent anxiety to take care of the affairs of others, which keeps her continually hunting after secrets, and gadding about proclaiming them. Whatever is done openly and in the face of the world, she takes but transient notice of; but whenever a transaction is done in a corner, and attempted to be shrouded in mystery, then her goddess-ship is at her wits' end to find it out, and takes a most mischievous and lady-like pleasure in publishing it to the world.

It is this truly feminine propensity which induces her continually to be prying into the cabinets of princes, listening at the key-holes of senate-chambers, and peering through chinks and crannies, when our worthy congress are sitting with closed doors, deliberating between a dozen excellent modes of ruining the nation. It is this which makes her so baneful to all wary statesmen and intriguing commanders—such a

stumbling-block to private negotiations and secret expeditions; betraying them by means and instruments which never would have been thought of by any but a female head.

Thus it was in the case of the affair of Fort Casimir. No doubt the cunning Risingh that, by securing the garrison, he should for a lo vent the history of its fate from reaching the ea llant Stuyvesant; but his exploit was blown to the en he least expected; and by one of the last be l ever have suspected of enlisting as trumpeter outhed deity.

This was one Dirk Schu lker), a kind of hanger-on to the garrison, who seemed to belong to nobody, and in a manner to be self-outlawed. He was one of those vagabond cosmopolites who shark about the world, as if they had no right or business in it, and who infest the skirts of society like poachers and interlopers. Every garrison and country village has one or more scape-goats of this kind, whose life is a kind of enigma, whose existence is without motive, who comes from the Lord knows where, who lives the Lord knows how, and who seems created for no other earthly purpose but to keep up the ancient and honorable order of idleness. This vagrant philosopher was supposed to have some Indian blood in his veins, which was manifested by a certain Indian complexion and cast of countenance; but more especially by his propensities and habits. He was a tall, lank fellow, swift of foot, and long-winded. He was generally equipped in a half Indian dress, with belt, leggings, and moccasons. His hair hung in straight gallows-locks about his ears, and added not a little to his sharking demeanor. It is an old remark, that persons of Indian mixture are half civilized, half savage, and

half devil—a third half being provided for their particular convenience. It is for similar reasons, and probably with equal truth, that the backwoodsmen of Kentucky are styled half man, half horse, and half alligator, by the settlers on the Mississippi, and held accordingly in great respect and abhorrence.

The above character may have presented itself to the garrison as applicable to Dirk Schuiler, whom they familiarly dubbed Gallows Dirk. Certain it is, he acknowledged allegiance to no one—was an utter enemy to work, holding it in no manner of estimation—but lounging about the fort, depending upon chance for a subsistence, getting drunk whenever he could get liquor, and stealing whatever he could lay his hands on. Every day or two he was sure to get a sound rib-roasting for some of his misdemeanors; which, however, as it broke no bones, he made very light of, and scrupled not to repeat the offence whenever another opportunity presented. Sometimes, in consequence of some flagrant villany, he would abscond from the garrison, and be absent for a month at a time; skulking about the woods and swamps, with a long fowling-piece on his shoulder, lying in ambush for game—or squatting himself down on the edge of a pond catching fish for hours together, and bearing no little resemblance to that notable bird of the crane family, ycleped the Mudpoke. When he thought his crimes had been forgotten or forgiven, he would sneak back to the fort with a bundle of skins, or a load of poultry, which, perchance, he had stolen, and would exchange them for liquor, with which having well soaked his carcass, he would lie in the sun and enjoy all the luxurious indolence of that swinish philosopher Diogenes. He was the terror of all the farm-yards in the country, into which he made

fearful inroads; and sometimes he would make his sudden appearance in the garrison at day-break, with the whole neighborhood at his heels; like the scoundrel thief of a fox, detected in his maraudings and hunted to his hole. Such was this Dirk Schuiler; and from t lifference he showed to the world and its concerns, is truly Indian stoicism and taciturnity, no one wou e dreamt that he would have been the publisher of the y of Risingh.

When the carousal w vhich proved so fatal to the brave Poffenburgh and l garrison, Dirk skulked about from room to room, kind of privileged vagrant, or useless hound, whom nobody noticed. But though a fellow of few words, yet, like your taciturn people, his eyes and ears were always open, and in the course of his prowlings he overheard the whole plot of the Swedes. Dirk immediately settled in his own mind how he should turn the matter to his own advantage. He played the perfect jack-of-both-sides—that is to say, he made a prize of every thing that came in his reach, robbed both parties, stuck the copper-bound cocked hat of the puissant Van Poffenburgh on his head, whipped a huge pair of Risingh's jack-boots under his arms, and took to his heels, just before the catastrophe and confusion at the garrison.

Finding himself completely dislodged from his haunt in this quarter, he directed his flight towards his native place, New Amsterdam, whence he had formerly been obliged to abscond precipitately, in consequence of misfortune in business—that is to say, having been detected in the act of sheep-stealing. After wandering many days in the woods, toiling through swamps, fording brooks, swimming various rivers,

and encountering a world of hardships that would have killed any other being but an Indian, a backwoodsman, or the devil, he at length arrived, half-famished, and lank as a starved weasel, at Communipaw, where he stole a canoe, and paddled over to New Amsterdam. Immediately on landing, he repaired to Governor Stuyvesant, and in more words than he had ever spoken before in the whole course of his life, gave an account of the disastrous affair.

On receiving these direful tidings, the valiant Peter started from his seat—dashed the pipe he was smoking against the back of the chimney—thrust a prodigious quid of tobacco into his left cheek—pulled up his galligaskins, and strode up and down the room, humming, as was customary with him when in a passion, a hideous northwest ditty. But, as I have before shown, he was not a man to vent his spleen in idle vaporing. His first measure, after the paroxysm of wrath had subsided, was to stump up-stairs to a huge wooden chest, which served as his armory, from whence he drew forth that identical suit of regimentals described in the preceding chapter. In these portentous habiliments he arrayed himself, like Achilles in the armor of Vulcan, maintaining all the while an appalling silence, knitting his brows, and drawing his breath through his clenched teeth. Being hastily equipped, he strode down into the parlor and jerked down his trusty sword from over the fireplace, where it was usually suspended; but before he girded it on his thigh, he drew it from its scabbard, and as his eye coursed along the rusty blade, a grim smile stole over his iron visage—it was the first smile that had visited his countenance for five long weeks; but every one who beheld it prophesied that there would soon be warm work in the province!

Thus armed at all points, with grisly war depicted in each feature, his very cocked hat assuming an air of uncommon defiance, he instantly put himself upon the alert, and despatched Antony Van Corlear hither and thither, this way and that way, through all the m and crooked lanes of the city, summoning by sou pet his trusty peers to assemble in instant coun ne, by way of expediting matters, according to of people in a hurry, he kept in continual bust m chair to chair, popping his head out of every stumping up and down stairs with his wooden leg risk and incessant motion, that, as we are informed by an authentic historian of the times, the continual clatter bore no small resemblance to the music of a cooper hooping a flour-barrel.

A summons so peremptory, and from a man of the governor's mettle, was not to be trifled with: the sages forthwith repaired to the council-chamber, seated themselves with the utmost tranquillity, and lighting their long pipes, gazed with unruffled composure on his excellency and his regimentals; being, as all counsellors should be, not easily flustered, nor taken by surprise. The governor, looking around for a moment with a lofty and soldier-like air, and resting one hand on the pommel of his sword, and flinging the other forth in a free and spirited manner, addressed them in a short but soul-stirring harangue.

I am extremely sorry that I have not the advantages of Livy, Thucydides, Plutarch, and others of my predecessors, who were furnished, as I am told, with the speeches of all their heroes, taken down in short hand by the most accurate stenographers of the time; whereby they were enabled won-

derfully to enrich their histories, and delight their readers with sublime strains of eloquence. Not having such important auxiliaries, I cannot possibly pronounce what was the tenor of Governor Stuyvesant's speech. I am bold, however, to say, from the tenor of his character, that he did not wrap his rugged subject in silks and ermines, and other sickly trickeries of phrase; but spoke forth like a man of nerve and vigor, who scorned to shrink in words from those dangers which he stood ready to encounter in very deed. This much is certain, that he concluded by announcing his determination to lead on his troops in person, and rout these costard-monger Swedes from their usurped quarters at Fort Casimir. To this hardy resolution, such of his council as were awake gave their usual signal of concurrence; and as to the rest, who had fallen asleep about the middle of the harangue (their "usual custom in the afternoon"), they made not the least objection.

And now was seen in the fair city of New Amsterdam a prodigious bustle and preparation for iron war. Recruiting parties marched hither and thither, calling lustily upon all the scrubs, the runagates, and tatterdemalions of the Manhattoes and its vicinity, who had any ambition of sixpence a day, and immortal fame into the bargain, to enlist in the cause of glory: —for I would have you note that your warlike heroes who trudge in the rear of conquerors are generally of that illustrious class of gentlemen, who are equal candidates for the army or the bridewell—the halberds or the whipping-post—for whom Dame Fortune has cast an even die, whether they shall make their exit by the sword or the halter—and whose deaths shall, at all events, be a lofty example to their countrymen.

But, notwithstanding all this martial rout and invitation,

great Peter, whose noble [illegible]
sweet revenge, determined to wait no longer
sistance of these oily citizens, but to must
men of the Hudson, who, brought up among
and savage beasts, like our yeomen of Kent
nothing so much as desperate adventures an
tions through the wilderness. Thus resolvi
trusty squire Antony Van Corlear to have hi
pared and duly victualled; which being per
ed public service at the great church of S
true and pious governor; and then leaving
with his council to have the chivalry of the
shalled out and appointed against his return,
recruiting voyage up the waters of the Hu

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING PETER STUYVESANT'S VOYAGE UP THE HUDSON, AND THE WONDERS AND DELIGHTS OF THAT RENOWNED RIVER.

NOW did the soft breezes of the south steal sweetly over the face of nature, tempering the panting heats of summer into genial and prolific warmth; when that miracle of hardihood and chivalric virtue, the dauntless Peter Stuyvesant, spread his canvas to the wind, and departed from the fair island of Manna-hata. The galley in which he embarked was sumptuously adorned with pendants and streamers of gorgeous dyes, which fluttered gayly in the wind, or drooped their ends into the bosom of the stream. The bow and poop of this majestic vessel were gallantly bedight, after the rarest Dutch fashion, with figures of little pursy Cupids with periwigs on their heads, and bearing in their hands garlands of flowers, the like of which are not to be found in any book of botany; being the matchless flowers which flourished in the golden age, and exist no longer, unless it be in the imaginations of ingenious carvers of wood and discolorers of canvas.

Thus rarely decorated, in style befitting the puissant potentate of the Manhattoes, did the galley of Peter Stuyvesant launch forth upon the bosom of the lordly Hudson, which, as

it rolled its broad waves to the ocean, seemed to pause for a while and swell with pride, as if conscious of the illustrious burthen it sustained.

But trust me, gentlefolk, far other was the scene presented to the contemplation of the om that which may be witnessed at this degenerate ildness and savage majesty reigned on the bord mighty river—the hand of cultivation had not as ow the dark forest, and tamed the features of tl nor had the frequent sail of commerce broken in upon ound and awful solitude of ages. Here and there might be seen a rude wigwam perched among the cliffs of the mountains with its curling column of smoke mounting in the transparent atmosphere—but so loftily situated that the whoopings of the savage children, gambolling on the margin of the dizzy heights, fell almost as faintly on the ear as do the notes of the lark, when lost in the azure vault of heaven. Now and then, from the beetling brow of some precipice, the wild deer would look timidly down upon the splendid pageant as it passed below; and then, tossing his antlers in the air, would bound away into the thickest of the forest.

Through such scenes did the stately vessel of Peter Stuyvesant pass. Now did they skirt the bases of the rocky heights of Jersey, which spring up like everlasting walls, reaching from the waves unto the heavens, and were fashioned, if tradition may be believed, in times long past, by the mighty spirit Manetho, to protect his favorite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. Now did they career it gayly across the vast expanse of Tappan Bay, whose wide-extended shores present a variety of delectable scenery—here the

bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees, advancing into the bay—there the long woodland slope, sweeping up from the shore in rich luxuriance, and terminating in the upland precipice—while at a distance a long waving line of rocky heights threw their gigantic shades across the water. Now would they pass where some modest little interval, opening among these stupendous scenes, yet retreating as it were for protection into the embraces of the neighboring mountains, displayed a rural paradise, fraught with sweet and pastoral beauties; the velvet-tufted lawn—the bushy copse—the tinkling rivulet, stealing through the fresh and vivid verdure—on whose banks was situated some little Indian village, or, peradventure, the rude cabin of some solitary hunter.

The different periods of the revolving day seemed each, with cunning magic, to diffuse a different charm over the scene. Now would the jovial sun break gloriously from the east, blazing from the summits of the hills, and sparkling the landscape with a thousand dewy gems; while along the borders of the river were seen the heavy masses of mist, which, like midnight caitiffs disturbed at his approach, made a sluggish retreat, rolling in sullen reluctance up the mountains. At such times all was brightness, and life, and gayety—the atmosphere was of an indescribable pureness and transparency—the birds broke forth in wanton madrigals, and the freshening breezes wafted the vessel merrily on her course. But when the sun sunk amid a flood of glory in the west, mantling the heavens and the earth with a thousand gorgeous dyes—then all was calm, and silent, and magnificent. The late swelling sail hung lifelessly against the mast—the seaman, with folded arms, leaned against the shrouds, lost in that in-

voluntary musing which the sober grandeur of natu
mands in the rudest of her children. The vast boso
Hudson was like an unruffled mirror, reflecting the
splendor of the heavens, excepting that now and the
canoe would steal across its surface, filled with pain
ages, whose gay feathers glared brightly, as perchan
gering ray of the setting sun gleamed upon them
western mountains.

But when the hour of twilight spread its majest
around, then did the face of nature assume a thousand
charms, which to the worthy heart that seeks enjoy
the glorious works of its Maker are inexpressibly cap
The mellow dubious light that prevailed just served
with illusive colors the softened features of the scene
deceived but delighted eye sought vainly to discer
broad masses of shade, the separating line between
and water; or to distinguish the fading objects that
sinking into chaos. Now did the busy fancy sup
feebleness of vision, producing with industrious craft
creation of her own. Under her plastic wand the
rocks frowned upon the watery waste, in the semb
lofty towers, and high embattled castles—trees assu
direful forms of mighty giants, and the inaccessible
of the mountains seemed peopled with a thousand
beings.

Now broke forth from the shores the notes of an i
able variety of insects, which filled the air with a str
not inharmonious concert—while ever and anon w
the melancholy plaint of the Whip-poor-will, who, pe
some lone tree, wearied the ear of night with his

nings. The mind, soothed into a hallowed melancholy, ened with pensive stillness to catch and distinguish each nd that vaguely echoed from the shore—now and then tled perchance by the whoop of some straggling savage, by the dreary howl of a wolf, stealing forth upon his night- rowlings.

Thus happily did they pursue their course, until they en- d upon those awful defiles denominated THE HIGHLANDS, re it would seem that the gigantic Titans had erst waged r impious war with heaven, piling up cliffs on cliffs, and ing vast masses of rock in wild confusion. But in sooth r different is the history of these cloud-capt mountains.— e in ancient days, before the Hudson poured its waters the lakes, formed one vast prison, within whose rocky ı the omnipotent Manetho confined the rebellious spirits epined at his control. Here, bound in adamantine or jammed in rifted pines, or crushed by ponderous hey groaned for many an age.—At length the conquer- lson, in its career towards the ocean, burst open their ouse, rolling its tide triumphantly through the stupen- s.

owever, do many of them lurk about their old abodes, it is, according to venerable legends, that cause the ich resound throughout these awful solitudes; nothing but their angry clamors when any noise profoundness of their repose.—For when the ele- gitated by tempest, when the winds are up and the , then horrible is the yelling and howling of these its, making the mountains to rebellow with their r; for at such times it is said that they think the

great Manetho is returning once more to plunge them in gloomy caverns, and renew their intolerable captivity.

But all these fair and glorious scenes were lost upon the gallant Stuyvesant; naught occupied his mind but thoughts of iron war, and proud anticipations of hardy deeds of arms. Neither did his honest crew trouble their heads with any romantic speculations of the kind. The pilot at the helm quietly smoked his pipe, thinking of nothing either past, present, or to come—those of his comrades who were not industriously smoking under the hatches were listening with open mouths to Antony Van Corlear; who, seated on the windlass, was relating to them the marvellous history of those myriads of fireflies, that sparkled like gems and spangles upon the dusky robe of night. These, according to tradition, were originally a race of pestilent sempiternous beldames, who peopled these parts long before the memory of man; being of that abominated race emphatically called *brimstones;* and who, for their innumerable sins against the children of men, and to furnish an awful warning to the beauteous sex, were doomed to infest the earth in the shape of these threatening and terrible little bugs; enduring the internal torments of that fire, which they formerly carried in their hearts and breathed forth in their words; but now are sentenced to bear about forever—in their tails!

And now I am going to tell a fact, which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe; but if they do, they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history—for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be known then that the nose of Antony the Trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a moun-

tain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Antony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below.—Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all its splendor from behind a high bluff of the highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! This huge monster being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone—and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people.*

When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Antony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighborhood—and it has continued to be called Antony's Nose ever since that time.

But hold: whither am I wandering? By the mass, if I attempt to accompany the good Peter Stuyvesant on this

* The learned Hans Megapolensis, treating of the country about Albany, in a letter which was written sometime after the settlement, says: "There is in the river great plenty of sturgeon, which we Christians do not make use of, but the Indians eat them greedily."

voyage, I shall never make an end; for never was there a voyage so fraught with marvellous incidents, nor a river so abounding with transcendent beauties, worthy of being severally recorded. Even now I have it on the point of my pen to relate how his crew [illegible] horribly frightened, on going on shore above the [illegible], by a gang of merry roistering devils, frisking [illegible] on a flat rock, which projected into the river [illegible] is called the *Duyvel's Dans-Kamer* to this very [illegible] no! Diedrich Knickerbocker—it becomes thee no[illegible] us in thy historic wayfaring.

Recollect that while dwelling with the fond garrulity of age over these fairy scenes, endeared to thee by the recollections of thy youth, and the charms of a thousand legendary tales, which beguiled the simple ear of thy childhood; recollect that thou art trifling with those fleeting moments which should be devoted to loftier themes.—Is not Time—relentless Time! shaking, with palsied hand, his almost exhausted hour-glass before thee?—hasten then to pursue thy weary task, lest the last sands be run ere thou hast finished thy history of the Manhattoes.

Let us, then, commit the dauntless Peter, his brave galley, and his loyal crew, to the protection of the blessed St. Nicholas; who, I have no doubt, will prosper him in his voyage, while we await his return at the great city of New Amsterdam.

CHAPTER V.

DESCRIBING THE POWERFUL ARMY THAT ASSEMBLED AT THE CITY OF NEW AMSTERDAM—TOGETHER WITH THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN PETER THE HEADSTRONG AND GENERAL VON POFFENBURGH, AND PETER'S SENTIMENTS TOUCHING UNFORTUNATE GREAT MEN.

WHILE thus the enterprising Peter was coasting, with flowing sail, up the shores of the lordly Hudson, and arousing all the phlegmatic little Dutch settlements upon its borders, a great and puissant concourse of warriors was assembling at the city of New Amsterdam. And here that invaluable fragment of antiquity, the Stuyvesant manuscript, is more than commonly particular; by which means I am enabled to record the illustrious host that encamped itself in the public square in front of the fort, at present denominated the Bowling Green.

In the centre, then, was pitched the tent of the men of battle of the Manhattoes, who being the inmates of the metropolis, composed the lifeguards of the governor. These were commanded by the valiant Stoffel Brinkerhoof, who whilom had acquired such immortal fame at Oyster Bay—they displayed as a standard a beaver *rampant* on a field of orange; being the arms of the province, and denoting the

persevering industry and the amphibious origin of the Nederlanders.*

On their right hand might be seen the vassals of that renowned Mynheer, Michael Paw,† who lorded it over the fair regions of ancient Pavo e lands away south even unto the Navesink moun was moreover patroon of Gibbet Island. His stanc orne by his trusty squire, Cornelius Van Vorst; c a huge oyster *recumbent* upon a sea-green field; i morial bearings of his favorite metropolis, Comm He brought to the camp a stout force of warriors, armed, being each clad in ten pair of linsey-woolsey breeches, and overshadowed by broad-brimmed beavers, with short pipes twisted in their hatbands. These were the men who vegetated in the mud along the shores of Pavonia; being of the race of genuine copper heads, and were fabled to have sprung from oysters.

At a little distance was encamped the tribe of warriors who came from the neighborhood of Hell-gate. These were commanded by the Suy Dams, and the Van Dams, incontinent hard swearers, as their names betoken—they were terri-

* This was likewise the great seal of the New Netherlands, as may still be seen in ancient records.

† Besides what is related in the Stuyvesant MS. I have found mention made of this illustrious patroon in another manuscript, which says: "De Heer (or the squire) Michael Paw, a Dutch subject, about 10th Aug. 1630, by deed purchased Staten Island. N. B. The same Michael Paw had what the Dutch call a colonie at Pavonia, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, and his overseer in 1636 was named Corns. Van Vorst—a person of the same name in 1769, owned Pawles Hook, and a large farm at Pavonia, and is a lineal descendant from Van Vorst."

‡ So called from the Navesink tribe of Indians that inhabited these parts—at present they are erroneously denominated the Neversink, or Neversunk mountains.

ble looking fellows, clad in broad-skirted gaberdines, of that curious colored cloth called thunder and lightning—and bore as a standard three Devil's darning-needles, *volant*, in a flame-colored field.

Hard by was the tent of the men of battle from the marshy borders of the Waale-Boght* and the country thereabouts—these were of a sour aspect, by reason that they lived on crabs, which abound in these parts. They were the first institutors of that honorable order of knighthood, called *Fly-market shirks*, and if tradition speak true, did likewise introduce the far-famed step in dancing, called "double trouble." They were commanded by the fearless Jacobus Varra Vanger, and had, moreover, a jolly band of Breuckelen† ferry-men, who performed a brave concerto on conch shells.

But I refrain from pursuing this minute description, which goes on to describe the warriors of Bloemen-dael, and Weehawk, and Hoboken, and sundry other places, well known in history and song—for now do the notes of martial music alarm the people of New Amsterdam, sounding afar from beyond the walls of the city. But this alarm was in a little while relieved, for lo, from the midst of a vast cloud of dust, they recognized the brimstone-colored breeches and splendid silver leg of Peter Stuyvesant, glaring in the sunbeams; and beheld him approaching at the head of a formidable army, which he had mustered along the banks of the Hudson. And here the excellent but anonymous writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript breaks out into a brave and glorious description of the

* Since corrupted into the *Wallabout*; the bay where the Navy Yard is situated.

† Now spelt Brooklyn.

forces, as they defiled through the principal gate of the city, that stood by the head of Wall-street.

First of all came the Van Bummels, who inhabit the pleasant borders of the Bronx: these were short fat men, wearing exceeding large trunk-breeches, and were renowned for feats of the trencher—they were the first inventors of suppawn, or mush and milk.—Close in their rear marched the Van Vlotens, of Kaatskill, horrible quaffers of new cider, and arrant braggarts in their liquor.—After them came the Van Pelts of Groodt Esopus, dexterous horsemen, mounted upon goodly switch-tailed steeds of the Esopus breed—these were mighty hunters of minks and muskrats, whence came the word *Peltry*.—Then the Van Nests of Kinderhoeck, valiant robbers of bird's nests, as their name denotes; to these, if report may be believed, are we indebted for the invention of slap-jacks, or buckwheat cakes.—Then the Van Higginbottoms, of Wapping's creek; these came armed with ferules and birchen rods, being a race of schoolmasters, who first discovered the marvellous sympathy between the seat of honor and the seat of intellect—and that the shortest way to get knowledge into the head was to hammer it into the bottom.—Then the Van Grolls, of Antony's Nose, who carried their liquor in fair round little pottles, by reason they could not bouse it out of their canteens, having such rare long noses.—Then the Gardeniers, of Hudson and thereabouts, distinguished by many triumphant feats, such as robbing watermelon patches, smoking rabbits out of their holes, and the like, and by being great lovers of roasted pigs' tails; these were the ancestors of the renowned congressman of that name.—Then the Van Hoesens, of Sing-Sing, great choristers and players upon the jewsharp; these

marched two and two, singing the great song of St. Nicholas.—Then the Couenhovens, of Sleepy Hollow; these gave birth to a jolly race of publicans, who first discovered the magic artifice of conjuring a quart of wine into a pint bottle.—Then came Van Kortlandts, who lived on the wild banks of the Croton, and were great killers of wild ducks, being much spoken of for their skill in shooting with the long bow.—Then the clan Bunschotens, of Nyack and Kakiat, who were the first that did ever kick with the left foot; they were gallant bush-whackers and hunters of raccoons by moonlight.—Then the clan Winkles, of Haerlem, potent suckers of eggs, and noted for running of horses, and running up of scores at taverns; they were the first that ever winked with both eyes at once.—Lastly came the KNICKERBOCKERS, of the great town of Scaghkoke, where the folk lay stones upon the houses in windy weather, lest they should be blown away. These derive their name, as some say, from *Knicker*, to shake, and *Beker*, a goblet, indicating thereby that they were sturdy toss-pots of yore; but, in truth, it was derived from *Knicker*, to nod, and *Boeken*, books; plainly meaning that they were great nodders or dozers over books—from them did descend the writer of this history.

Such was the legion of sturdy bush-beaters that poured in at the grand gate of New Amsterdam; the Stuyvesant manuscript indeed speaks of many more, whose names I omit to mention, seeing that it behooves me to hasten to matters of greater moment. Nothing could surpass the joy and martial pride of the lion-hearted Peter as he reviewed this mighty host of warriors, and he determined no longer to defer the gratification of his much-wished-for revenge, upon the scoundrel Swedes at Fort Casimir.

But before I hasten to record those unmatchable events which will be found in the sequel of this faithful history, let me pause to notice the fate of Jacobus Van Poffenburgh, the discomfited commander-in-chief of the armies of the New Netherlands. Such is th uncharitableness of human nature, that scarcely di s become public of his deplorable discomfiture asimir, than a thousand scurvy rumors were set w Amsterdam, wherein it was insinuated, that he dity a treacherous understanding with the Swedish ander; that he had long been in the practice of pri communicating with the Swedes; together with divers hints about "secret service money."—To all which deadly charges I do not give a jot more credit than I think they deserve.

Certain it is, that the general vindicated his character by the most vehement oaths and protestations, and put every man out of the ranks of honor who dared to doubt his integrity. Moreover, on returning to New Amsterdam, he paraded up and down the streets with a crew of hard-swearers at his heels—sturdy bottle companions, whom he gorged and fattened, and who were ready to bolster him through all the courts of justice—heroes of his own kindney, fierce-whiskered, broad-shouldered, colbrand-looking swaggerers—not one of whom but looked as though he could eat up an ox, and pick his teeth with the horns. These lifeguard men quarrelled all his quarrels, were ready to fight all his battles, and scowled at every man that turned up his nose at the general, as though they would devour him alive. Their conversation was interspersed with oaths like minute-guns, and every bombastic rhodomontade was rounded off by a thundering

execration, like a patriotic toast honored with a discharge of artillery.

All these valorous vaporings had a considerable effect in convincing certain profound sages, who began to think the general a hero, of unmatchable loftiness and magnanimity of soul; particularly as he was continually protesting *on the honor of a soldier*—a marvellously high-sounding asseveration. Nay, one of the members of the council went so far as to propose they should immortalize him by an imperishable statue of plaster of Paris.

But the vigilant Peter the Headstrong was not thus to be deceived. Sending privately for the commander-in-chief of all the armies, and having heard all his story, garnished with the customary pious oaths, protestations, and ejaculations—"Harkee, comrade," cried he, "though by your own account you are the most brave, upright, and honorable man in the whole province, yet do you lie under the misfortune of being damnably traduced, and immeasurably despised. Now, though it is certainly hard to punish a man for his misfortunes, and though it is very possible you are totally innocent of the crimes laid to your charge; yet as heaven, doubtless for some wise purpose, sees fit at present to withhold all proofs of your innocence, far be it from me to counteract its sovereign will. Besides, I cannot consent to venture my armies with a commander whom they despise, nor to trust the welfare of my people to a champion whom they distrust. Retire, therefore, my friend, from the irksome toils and cares of public life, with this comforting reflection—that if guilty, you are but enjoying your just reward—and if innocent, you are not the first great and good man who has most wrongfully been

slandered and maltreated in this wicked world—doubtless to be better treated in a better world, where there shall be neither error, calumny, nor persecution. In the mean time let me never see your face again, for I have a horrible antipathy to the countenances of unfortu t men like yourself."

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR DISCOURSES VERY INGENUOUSLY OF HIMSELF—AFTER WHICH IS TO BE FOUND MUCH INTERESTING HISTORY ABOUT PETER THE HEADSTRONG AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

AS my readers and myself are about entering on as many perils as ever a confederacy of meddlesome knights-errant wilfully ran their heads into, it is meet that, like those hardy adventurers, we should join hands, bury all differences, and swear to stand by one another, in weal or woe, to the end of the enterprise. My readers must doubtless perceive how completely I have altered my tone and deportment since we first set out together. I warrant they then thought me a crabbed, cynical, impertinent little son of a Dutchman; for I scarcely gave them a evil word, nor so much as touched my beaver, when I had occasion to address them. But as we jogged along together on the high road of my history, I gradually began to relax, to grow more courteous, and occasionally to enter into familiar discourse, until at length I came to conceive a most social, companionable kind of regard for them. This is just my way—I am always a little cold and reserved at first, particularly to people whom I neither know nor care for, and am only to be completely won by long intimacy.

Besides, why should I have been sociable to the crowd of how-d'ye-do acquaintances that flocked around me at my first appearance? Many were merely attracted by a new face; and having stared me full in the title-page, walked off without saying a word; while o d yawningly through the preface, and, having gratifi short-lived curiosity, soon dropped off one by one. e especially to try their mettle, I had recourse to nt, similar to one which we are told was used rless flower of chivalry, King Arthur; who, befo ted any knight to his intimacy, first required that he show himself superior to danger or hardships, by encountering unheard-of mishaps, slaying some dozen giants, vanquishing wicked enchanters, not to say a word of dwarfs, hippogriffs and fiery dragons. On a similar principle did I cunningly lead my readers, at the first sally, into two or three knotty chapters, where they were most wofully belabored and buffeted by a host of pagan philosophers and infidel writers. Though naturally a very grave man, yet could I scarcely refrain from smiling outright at seeing the utter confusion and dismay of my valiant cavaliers. Some dropped down dead (asleep) on the field; others threw down my book in the middle of the first chapter, took to their heels, and never ceased scampering until they had fairly run it out of sight; when they stopped to take breath, to tell their friends what troubles they had undergone, and to warn all others from venturing on so thankless an expedition. Every page thinned my ranks more and more; and of the vast multitude that first set out, but a comparatively few made shift to survive, in exceedingly battered condition, through the five introductory chapters.

What, then! would you have had me take such sunshine, faint-hearted recreants to my bosom at our first acquaintance? No—no; I reserved my friendship for those who deserved it, for those who undauntedly bore me company, in despite of difficulties, dangers and fatigues. And now, as to those who adhere to me at present, I take them affectionately by the hand.—Worthy and thrice-beloved readers! brave and well-tried comrades! who have faithfully followed my footsteps through all my wanderings—I salute you from my heart—I pledge myself to stand by you to the last; and to conduct you (so Heaven speed this trusty weapon which I now hold between my fingers) triumphantly to the end of this our stupendous undertaking.

But, hark! while we are thus talking, the city of New Amsterdam is in a bustle. The host of warriors encamped in the Bowling Green are striking their tents; the brazen trumpet of Antony Van Corlear makes the welkin to resound with portentous clangor—the drums beat—the standards of the Manhattoes, of Hell-gate, and of Michael Paw, wave proudly in the air. And now behold where the mariners are busily employed hoisting the sails of yon topsail schooner, and those clump-built sloops, which are to waft the army of the Nederlanders to gather immortal honors on the Delaware!

The entire population of the city, man, woman, and child, turned out to behold the chivalry of New Amsterdam, as it paraded the streets previous to embarkation. Many a handkerchief was waved out of the windows; many a fair nose was blown in melodious sorrow on the mournful occasion. The grief of the fair dames and beauteous damsels of Granada could not have been more vociferous on the banishment of the

gallant tribe of Abencerrages, than was that of the kind-hearted fair ones of New Amsterdam on the departure of their intrepid warriors. Every lovesick maiden fondly crammed the pockets of her hero with gingerbread and doughnuts—many a copper ring [illegible] anged, and crooked sixpence broken, in pledge of [illegible] onstancy—and there remain extant to this day s [illegible] rses written on that occasion, sufficiently crabbed [illegible] prehensible to confound the whole universe.

But it was a moving s [illegible] the buxom lasses, how they hung about the doughty [illegible] ny Van Corlear—for he was a jolly, rosy-faced, lusty bachelor, fond of his joke, and withal a desperate rogue among the women. Fain would they have kept him to comfort them while the army was away; for besides what I have said of him, it is no more than justice to add, that he was a kind-hearted soul, noted for his benevolent attentions in comforting disconsolate wives during the absence of their husbands—and this made him to be very much regarded by the honest burghers of the city. But nothing could keep the valiant Antony from following the heels of the old governor, whom he loved as he did his very soul—so embracing all the young vrouws, and giving every one of them that had good teeth and rosy lips a dozen hearty smacks, he departed loaded with their kind wishes.

Nor was the departure of the gallant Peter among the least causes of public distress. Though the old governor was by no means indulgent to the follies and waywardness of his subjects, yet somehow or other he had become strangely popular among the people. There is something so captivating in personal bravery, that, with the common mass of mankind,

it takes the lead of most other merits. The simple folk of New Amsterdam looked upon Peter Stuyvesant as a prodigy of valor. His wooden leg, that trophy of his martial encounters, was regarded with reverence and admiration. Every old burgher had a budget of miraculous stories to tell about the exploits of Hardkoppig Piet, wherewith he regaled his children of a long winter night; and on which he dwelt with as much delight and exaggeration, as do our honest country yeomen on the hardy adventures of old General Putnam (or, as he is familiarly termed, *Old Put*) during our glorious revolution. Not an individual but verily believed the old governor was a match for Beelzebub himself; and there was even a story told, with great mystery, and under the rose, of his having shot the devil with a silver bullet one dark stormy night, as he was sailing in a canoe through Hell-gate—but this I do not record as being an absolute fact. Perish the man who would let fall a drop to discolor the pure stream of history!

Certain it is, not an old woman in New Amsterdam but considered Peter Stuyvesant as a tower of strength, and rested satisfied that the public welfare was secure, so long as he was in the city. It is not surprising, then, that they looked upon his departure as a sore affliction. With heavy hearts they draggled at the heels of his troop, as they marched down to the river side to embark. The governor from the stern of his schooner gave a short but truly patriarchal address to his citizens, wherein he recommended them to comport like loyal and peaceable subjects—to go to church regularly on Sundays, and to mind their business all the week besides. That the women should be dutiful and affectionate to their husbands—

looking after nobody's concerns but their own; eschewing all gossipings, and morning gaddings—and carrying short tongues and long petticoats. That the men should abstain from intermeddling in public concerns, intrusting the cares of government to the officers appo[illegible]pport them—staying at home, like good citizens, a[illegible]ney for themselves, and getting children for the be[illegible]heir country. That the burgomasters should lool[illegible]the public interest—not oppressing the poor nor ir[illegible] rich—not tasking their ingenuity to devise new la[illegible]ithfully enforcing those which were already made—r[illegible]nding their attention to prevent evil than to punish it; ever recollecting that civil magistrates should consider themselves more as guardians of public morals than rat-catchers employed to entrap public delinquents. Finally, he exhorted them, one and all, high and low, rich and poor, to conduct themselves *as well as they could*, assuring them that if they faithfully and conscientiously complied with this golden rule, there was no danger but that they would all conduct themselves well enough. This done, he gave them a paternal benediction; the sturdy Antony sounded a most loving farewell with his trumpet, the jolly crews put up a shout of triumph, and the invincible armada swept off proudly down the bay.

The good people of New Amsterdam crowded down to the Battery—that blest resort, from whence so many a tender prayer has been wafted, so many a fair hand waved, so many a tearful look been cast by lovesick damsel, after the lessening bark, bearing her adventurous swain to distant climes!—Here the populace watched with straining eyes the gallant squadron, as it slowly floated down the bay, and when the

intervening land at the Narrows shut it from their sight, gradually dispersed with silent tongues and downcast countenances.

A heavy gloom hung over the late bustling city—the honest burghers smoked their pipes in profound thoughtfulness, casting many a wistful look to the weathercock on the church of St. Nicholas; and all the old women, having no longer the presence of Peter Stuyvesant to hearten them, gathered their children home, and barricaded the doors and windows every evening at sundown.

In the meanwhile the armada of the sturdy Peter proceeded prosperously on its voyage, and after encountering about as many storms, and water-spouts, and whales, and other horrors and phenomena, as generally befall adventurous landsmen in perilous voyages of the kind; and after undergoing a severe scouring from that deplorable and unpitied malady called sea-sickness, the whole squadron arrived safely in the Delaware.

Without so much as dropping anchor and giving his wearied ships time to breathe, after laboring so long on the ocean, the intrepid Peter pursued his course up the Delaware, and made a sudden appearance before Fort Casimir. Having summoned the astonished garrison by a terrific blast from the trumpet of the long-winded Van Corlear, he demanded, in a tone of thunder, an instant surrender of the fort. To this demand, Suen Skytte, the wind-dried commandant, replied in a shrill, whiffling voice, which, by reason of his extreme spareness, sounded like the wind whistling through a broken bellows—"That he had no very strong reason for refusing, except that the demand was particularly disagreeable, as he had been ordered to maintain his post to the last extremity." He re-

quested time, therefore, to consult with Governor Risingh, and proposed a truce for that purpose.

The choleric Peter, indignant at having his rightful fort so treacherously taken from him, and thus pertinaciously withheld, refused the propos[illegible] and swore by the pipe of St. Nicholas, which, lik[illegible]d fire, was never extinguished, that unless the fort [illegible]endered in ten minutes, he would incontinently sto[illegible]ks, make all the garrison run the gauntlet, and spli[illegible]undrel of a commander like a pickled shad. To [illegible]enace the greater effect, he drew forth his trusty [illegible] shook it at them with such a fierce and vigorous motion, that doubtless, if it had not been exceeding rusty, it would have lightened terror into the eyes and hearts of the enemy. He then ordered his men to bring a broadside to bear upon the fort, consisting of two swivels, three muskets, a long duck fowling-piece, and two brace of horse-pistols.

In the mean time the sturdy Van Corlear marshalled all the forces, and commenced his warlike operations. Distending his cheeks like a very Boreas, he kept up a most horrific twanging of his trumpet—the lusty choristers of Sing-Sing broke forth into a hideous song of battle—the warriors of Breuckelen and the Wallabout blew a potent and astonishing blast on their conch shells, altogether forming as outrageous a concerto as though five thousand French fiddlers were displaying their skill in a modern overture.

Whether the formidable front of war thus suddenly presented smote the garison with sore dismay—or whether the concluding terms of the summons, which mentioned that he should surrender "at discretion," were mistaken by Suen

Skytte, who, though a Swede, was a very considerate, easy-tempered man—as a compliment to his discretion, I will not take upon me to say; certain it is he found it impossible to resist so courteous a demand. Accordingly, in the very nick of time, just as the cabin-boy had gone after a coal of fire, to discharge the swivel, a chamade was beat on the rampart by the only drum in the garrison, to the no small satisfaction of both parties; who, notwithstanding their great stomach for fighting, had full as good an inclination to eat a quiet dinner as to exchange black eyes and bloody noses.

Thus did this impregnable fortress once more return to the domination of their High Mightinesses; Skytte and his garrison of twenty men were allowed to march out with the honors of war, and the victorious Peter, who was as generous as brave, permitted them to keep possession of all their arms and ammunition—the same on inspection being found totally unfit for service, having long rusted in the magazine of the fortress, even before it was wrested by the Swedes from the windy Van Poffenburgh. But I must not omit to mention that the governor was so well pleased with the service of his faithful squire Van Corlear, in the reduction of this great fortress, that he made him on the spot lord of a goodly domain in the vicinity of New Amsterdam—which goes by the name of Corlear's Hook unto this very day.

The unexampled liberality of Peter Stuyvesant towards the Swedes, occasioned great surprise in the city of New Amsterdam—nay, certain factious individuals, who had been enlightened by political meetings in the days of William the Testy, but who had not dared to indulge their meddlesome habits under the eye of their present ruler, now, emboldened

by his absence, gave vent to their censures in the street. Murmurs were heard in the very council-chamber of New Amsterdam; and there is no knowing whether they might not have broken out into downright speeches and invectives, had not Peter Stuyvesan sent home his walking-staff, to be laid as a mace of the council-chamber, in the midst of his coun like wise men, took the hint, and for ever after h e.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING THE GREAT ADVANTAGE THAT THE AUTHOR HAS OVER HIS READER IN TIME OF BATTLE—TOGETHER WITH DIVERS PORTENTOUS MOVEMENTS; WHICH BETOKEN THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

LIKE as a mighty alderman, when at a corporation feast the first spoonful of turtle-soup salutes his palate, feels his appetite but tenfold quickened, and redoubles his vigorous attacks upon the tureen; while his projecting eyes roll greedily round, devouring every thing at table—so did the mettlesome Peter Stuyvesant feel that hunger for martial glory, which raged within his bowels, inflamed by the capture of Fort Casimir, and nothing could allay it but the conquest of all New Sweden. No sooner, therefore, had he secured his conquest, than he stumped resolutely on, flushed with success, to gather fresh laurels at Fort Christina.*

This was the grand Swedish post, established on a small river (or, as it is improperly termed, creek) of the same name; and here that crafty governor Jan Risingh lay grimly drawn up, like a gray-bearded spider in the citadel of his web.

But before we hurry into the direful scenes which must attend the meeting of two such potent chieftains, it is advi-

* At present a flourishing town, called Christiana, or Christeen, about thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, on the post-road to Baltimore.

sable to pause for a moment, and hold a kind of warlike council. Battles should not be rushed into precipitately by the historian and his readers, any more than by the general and his soldiers. The great commanders of antiquity never engaged the enemy without preparing the minds of their followers by animating them; spiriting them up to heroic deeds assuring them of the protection of the gods, and inspiring them with a contempt for the prowess of their leaders. So the historian should attract the attention and enlist the passions of his readers, setting them all on fire with the importance of his subject, and should put himself at their head, flourish his pen, and lead them on to the thickest of the fight.

An illustrious example of this rule may be seen in that mirror of historians, the immortal Thucydides. Having arrived at the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war, one of his commentators observes that "he sounds the charge in all the disposition and spirit of Homer. He catalogues the allies on both sides. He awakens our expectations, and fast engages our attention. All mankind are concerned in the important point now going to be decided. Endeavors are made to disclose futurity. Heaven itself is interested in the dispute. The earth totters, and nature seems to labor with the great event. This is his solemn, sublime manner of setting out. Thus he magnifies a war between two, as Rapin styles them, petty states; and thus artfully he supports a little subject by treating it in a great and noble method."

In like manner, having conducted my readers into the very teeth of peril—having followed the adventurous Peter and his band into foreign regions—surrounded by foes, and

stunned by the horrid din of arms—at this important moment, while darkness and doubt hang o'er each coming chapter, I hold it meet to harangue them, and prepare them for the events that are to follow.

And here I would premise one great advantage which, as historian, I posses over my reader; and this it is, that though I cannot save the life of my favorite hero, nor absolutely contradict the event of a battle (both which liberties, though often taken by the French writers of the present reign, I hold to be utterly unworthy of a scrupulous historian), yet I can now and then make him bestow on his enemy a sturdy back-stroke sufficient to fell a giant; though, in honest truth, he may never have done any thing of the kind—or I can drive his antagonist clear round and round the field, as did Homer make that fine fellow Hector scamper like a poltroon round the walls of Troy; for which, if ever they have encountered one another in the Elysian fields, I'll warrant the prince of poets has had to make the most humble apology.

I am aware that many conscientious readers will be ready to cry out "foul play!" whenever I render a little assistance to my hero—but I consider it one of those privileges exercised by historians of all ages—and one which has never been disputed. An historian is, in fact, as it were, bound in honor to stand by his hero—the fame of the latter is intrusted to his hands, and it is his duty to do the best by it he can. Never was there a general, an admiral, or any other commander, who, in giving account of any battle he had fought, did not sorely belabor the enemy; and I have no doubt that, had my heroes written the history of their own achievements, they would have dealt much harder blows than any that I shall re-

count. Standing forth, therefore, as the guardian of their fame, it behooves me to do them the same justice they would have done themselves; and if I happen to be a little hard upon the Swedes, I give free leave to any of their descendants, who may write a sto[illegible] of Delaware, to take fair rètaliation, and belabo[illegible]sant as hard as they please.

Therefore stand [illegible]eads and bloody noses!—My pen hath long it[illegible]e—siege after siege have I carried on without [illegible]dshed; but now I have at length got a chance, a[illegible] Heaven and St. Nicholas, that, let the chronicles[illegible]es say what they please, neither Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Polybius, nor any other historian, did ever record a fiercer fight than that in which my valiant chieftains are now about to engage.

And you, oh most excellent readers, whom, for your faithful adherence, I could cherish in the warmest corner of my heart—be not uneasy—trust the fate of our favorite Stuyvesant with me—for by the rood, come what may, I'll stick by Hardkoppig Piet to the last. I'll make him drive about these losels vile, as did the renowned Launcelot of the Lake a herd of recreant Cornish knights—and if he does fall, let me never draw my pen to fight another battle in behalf of a brave man, if I don't make these lubberly Swedes pay for it.

No sooner had Peter Stuyvesant arrived at Fort Christina than he proceeded without delay to intrench himself, and immediately on running his first parallel, dispatched Antony Van Corlear to summon the fortress to surrender. Van Corlear was received with all due formality, hoodwinked at the portal, and conducted through a pestiferous smell of salt fish and onions to the citadel, a substantial hut built of pine logs.

His eyes were here uncovered, and he found himself in the august presence of Governor Risingh. This chieftain, as I have before noted, was a very giantly man; and was clad in a coarse blue coat, strapped round the waist with a leathern belt, which caused the enormous skirts and pockets to set off with a very warlike sweep. His ponderous legs were cased in a pair of foxy-colored jackboots, and he was straddling in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, before a bit of broken looking-glass, shaving himself with a villanously dull razor. This afflicting operation caused him to make a series of horrible grimaces, which heightened exceedingly the grisly terrors of his visage. On Antony Van Corlear's being announced, the grim commander paused for a moment, in the midst of one of his most hard-favored contortions, and after eyeing him askance over the shoulder, with a kind of snarling grin on his countenance, resumed his labors at the glass.

This iron harvest being reaped, he turned once more to the trumpeter, and demanded the purport of his errand. Antony Van Corlear delivered in a few words, being a kind of short-hand speaker, a long message from his excellency, recounting the whole history of the province, with a recapitulation of grievances, and enumeration of claims, and concluding with a peremptory demand of instant surrender; which done, he turned aside, took his nose between his thumb and fingers, and blew a tremendous blast, not unlike the flourish of a trumpet of defiance—which it had doubtless learned from a long and intimate neighborhood with that melodious instrument.

Governor Risingh heard him through, trumpet and all, but with infinite impatience; leaning at times, as was his usual custom, on the pommel of his sword, and at times twirling a huge

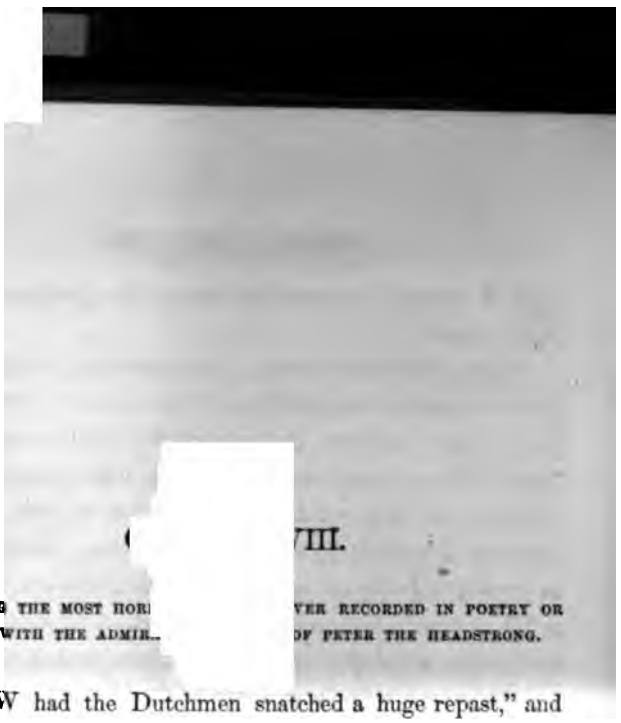
steel watch-chain, or snapping his fingers. Van Corlear having finished, he bluntly replied, that Peter Stuyvesant and his summons might go to the d——l, whither he hoped to send him and his crew of ragamuffins before supper-time. Then unsheathing his brass and throwing away the scabbard—"'Fore gad," but I will not sheathe thee again until I make a the smoke-dried leathern hide of this runagate Then having flung a fierce defiance in the teeth of ry by the lips of his messenger, the latter was r o the portal, with all the ceremonious civility due u peter, squire, and ambassador of so great a commander; and being again unblinded, was courteously dismissed with a tweak of the nose, to assist him in recollecting his message.

No sooner did the gallant Peter receive this insolent reply than he let fly a tremendous volley of red-hot execrations, which would infallibly have battered down the fortifications, and blown up the powder magazine about the ears of the fiery Swede, had not the ramparts been remarkably strong, and the magazine bomb-proof. Perceiving that the works withstood this terrific blast, and that it was utterly impossible (as it really was in those unphilosophic days) to carry on a war with words, he ordered his merry men all to prepare for an immediate assault. But here a strange murmur broke out among his troops, beginning with the tribe of the Van Bummels, those valiant trenchermen of the Bronx, and spreading from man to man, accompanied with certain mutinous looks and discontented murmurs. For once in his life, and only for once, did the great Peter turn pale, for he verily thought his warriors were going to falter in this hour of perilous trial, and

thus to tarnish for ever the fame of the province of New Netherlands.

But soon did he discover, to his great joy, that in his suspicion he deeply wronged his most undaunted army; for the cause of this agitation and uneasiness simply was, that the hour of dinner was at hand, and it would have almost broken the hearts of these regular Dutch warriors to have broken in upon the invariable routine of their habits. Besides, it was an established rule among our ancestors always to fight upon a full stomach; and to this may be doubtless attributed the circumstance that they came to be so renowned in arms.

And now are the hearty men of the Manhattoes, and their no less hearty comrades, all lustily engaged under the trees, buffeting stoutly with the contents of their wallets, and taking such affectionate embraces of their canteens and pottles, as though they verily believed they were to be the last. And as I foresee we shall have hot work in a page or two, I advise my readers to do the same, for which purpose I will bring this chapter to a close; giving them my word of honor, that no advantage shall be taken of this armistice to surprise, or in any wise molest, the honest Nederlanders, while at their vigorous repast.



(VIII.

CONTAINING THE MOST HOR… …VER RECORDED IN POETRY OR PROSE; WITH THE ADMIR… …OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG.

"NOW had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast," and finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—Expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray; like a round-bellied alderman, watching the combat of two chivalrous flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavoring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their inkhorns—the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose-quills, or because they could not get any thing to eat. Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to see itself outdone—while even Posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field.

The immortal deities, who whilom had seen service at the

"affair" of Troy—now mounted their feather-bed clouds, and sailed over the plain, or mingled among the combatants in different disguises, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter sent off his thunderbolt to a noted coppersmith, to have it furbished up for the direful occasion. Venus vowed by her chastity to patronize the Swedes, and in semblance of a bleareyed trull paraded the battlements of Fort Christina, accompanied by Diana, as a sergeant's widow, of cracked reputation. The noted bully, Mars, stuck two horse-pistols into his belt, shouldered a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered at their elbow, as a drunken corporal—while Apollo trudged in their rear, as a bandy-legged fifer, playing most villanously out of tune.

On the other side, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes over night, in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beauties on a baggage wagon—Minerva, as a brawny gin-suttler, tucked up her skirts, brandished her fists, and swore most heroically, in exceeding bad Dutch (having but lately studied the language,) by way of keeping up the spirits of the soldiers,; while Vulcan halted as a club-footed blacksmith, lately promoted to be a captain of militia. All was silent awe, or bustling preparation: war reared his horrid front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful crest of bristling bayonets.

And now the mightychieftains marshalled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks—incrusted with stockades, and intrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His valiant soldiery lined the breastwork in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased, and his hair pomatum-

ed back, and queued so stiffly, that he grinned above the ramparts like a grisly death's head.

There came on the intrepid Peter—his brows knit, his teeth set, his fists clenched, almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the [illegible]ged within his bosom. His faithful squire Van C[illegible]ged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorg[illegible]cked with red and yellow ribbons, the remembr[illegible]air mistresses at the Manhattoes. Then came v[illegible] the sturdy chivalry of the Hudson. There were [illegible]ycks, and the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks—the [illegible]sses, the Van Tassels, the Van Grolls; the Van Hœsens, the Van Giesons, and the Van Blarcoms—the Van Warts, the Van Winkles, the Van Dams; the Van Pelts, the Van Rippers, and the Van Brunts. There were the Van Hornes, the Van Hooks, the Van Bunschotens; the Van Gelders, the Van Arsdales, and the Van Bummels; the Vander Belts, the Vander Hoofs, the Vander Voorts, the Vander Lyns, the Vander Pools, and the Vander Spiegles—then came the Hoffmans, the Hooghlands, the Hoppers, the Cloppers, the Ryckmans, the Dyckmans, the Hogebooms, the Rosebooms, the Oothouts, the Quackenbosses, the Roerbacks, the Garrebrantzes, the Bensons, the Brouwers, the Waldrons, the Onderdonks, the Varra Vangers, the Schermerhorns, the Stoutenburghs, the Brinkerhoffs, the Bontecous, the Knickerbockers, the Hockstrassers, the Ten Breecheses and the Tough Breecheses, with a host more of worthies, whose names are too crabbed to be written, or if they could be written, it would be impossible for man to utter—all fortified with a mighty dinner, and to use the words of a great Dutch poet,

"Brimful of wrath and cabbage."

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the midst of his career, and mounting on a stump, addressed his troops in eloquent Low Dutch, exhorting them to fight like *duyvels*, and assuring them that if they conquered, they should get plenty of booty—if they fell, they should be allowed the satisfaction, while dying, of reflecting that it was in the service of their country—and after they were dead, of seeing their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and handed down, in company with all the other great men of the year, for the admiration of posterity.—Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a governor (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment), that if he caught any mother's son of them looking pale, or playing craven, he would curry his hide till he made him run out of it like a snake in spring time.—Then lugging out his trusty sabre, he brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to sound a charge, and shouting the words "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed forwards. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them into their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning Risingh not to fire until they could distinguish the whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence on the covert-way, until the eager Dutchmen had ascended the glacis. Then did they pour into them such a tremendous volley, that the very hills quaked around, and were terrified even unto an incontinence of water, insomuch that certain springs burst forth from their sides, which continue to run unto the present day. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten the dust beneath that dreadful fire,

the protecting Minerva kindly taken care that the should, one and all, observe their usual custom of their eyes and turning away their heads at the mo-
of discharge.

The Swedes followed up their fire by leaping the counter-, and falling tooth and nail upon the foe with furious out-. And now might be seen prodigies of valor, unmatched history or song. Here wa- the sturdy Stoffel Brinkerhoff brandishing his quarter-staff, Blanderon his oak tree (for he scorned to carr- apon), and drum- ming a horrific tune upon t- of the Swedish sol- diery. There were the Va- osted at a distance, like the Locrian archers o- ing it most potently with the long-bow, for v- so justly renowned. On a rising knoll were g- iant men of Sing-Sing, assisting marvellously i- chanting the great song of St. Nicholas; but as to t- eniers of Hudson, they were absent on a marauding party, laying waste the neighbor- ing watermelon patches.

In a different part of the field were the Van Grolls of Anthony's Nose, struggling to get to the thickest of the fight, but horribly perplexed in a defile between two hills, by reason of the length of their noses. So also the Van Bunschotens of Nyack and Kakiat, so renowned for kicking with the left foot, were brought to a stand for want of wind, in consequence of the hearty dinner they had eaten, and would have been put to utter rout but for the arrival of a gallant corps of voltigeurs composed of the Hoppers, who advanced nimbly to their assistance on one foot. Nor must I omit to mention the valiant achievements of Antony Van Corlear, who, for a good quar-

of an hour, waged stubborn fight with a little pursy Swedish drummer; whose hide he drummed most magnificently, and whom he would infallibly have annihilated on the spot, but that he had come into the battle with no other weapon but his trumpet.

But now the combat thickened.—On came the mighty Jacobus Varra Vanger and the fighting men of the Wallabout; after them thundered the Van Pelts of Esopus, together with the Van Rippers and the Van Brunts, bearing down all before them—then the Suy Dams, and the Van Dams, pressing forward with many a blustering oath, at the head of the warriors of Hell-gate, clad in their thunder and lightning gaberdines; and lastly, the standard-bearers and body-guard of Peter Stuyvesant, bearing the great beaver of the Manhattoes.

And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missives. Bang! went the guns —whack! went the broad-swords—thump! went the cudgels —crash! went the musket-stocks — blows — kicks — cuffs— scratches—black eyes and bloody noses swelling the horrors of the scene! Thick thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, head over heels, rough and tumble!—Dunder and blixum! swore the Dutchmen—splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes—Storm the works! shouted Hardkoppig Peter—Fire the mine! roared stout Risingh— Tanta-rar-ra-ra! twanged the trumpet of Antony Van Corlear —until all voice and sound became unintelligible—grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph mingling in one

hideous clamor. The earth shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke—trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight—rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits—and even Christina creek turned from its course, and ran up a hill in breathless terror!

Long hung the c ful, for though a heavy shower of rain, sent by ompelling Jove," in some measure cooled their a a bucket of water thrown on a group of fighting m l they but pause for a moment, to return with t the charge. Just at this juncture a vast and dense c moke was seen slowly rolling toward the scene of battle. The combatants paused for a moment, gazing in mute astonishment, until the wind, dispelling the murky cloud, revealed the flaunting banner of Michael Paw, the Patroon of Communipaw. That valiant chieftain came fearlessly on at the head of a phalanx of oyster-fed Pavonians and a corps de reserve of the Van Arsdales and Van Bummels, who had remained behind to digest the enormous dinner they had eaten. These now trudged manfully forward, smoking their pipes with outrageous vigor, so as to raise the awful cloud that has been mentioned; but marching exceedingly slow, being short of leg, and of great rotundity in the belt.

And now the deities who watched over the fortunes of the Nederlanders having unthinkingly left the field, and stepped into a neighboring tavern to refresh themselves with a pot of beer, a direful catastrophe had well-nigh ensued. Scarce had the myrmidons of Michael Paw attained the front of battle, when the Swedes, instructed by the cunning Risingh, levelled a shower of blows full at their tobacco-pipes. Astounded at

this assault, and dismayed at the havoc of their pipes, these ponderous warriors gave way, and like a drove of frightened elephants broke through the ranks of their own army. The little Hoppers were borne down in the surge: the sacred banner emblazoned with the gigantic oyster of Communipaw was trampled in the dirt: on blundered and thundered the heavy-sterned fugitives, the Swedes pressing on their rear and applying their feet *a parte poste* of the Van Arsdales and the Van Bummels with a vigor that prodigiously accelerated their movements—nor did the renowned Michael Paw himself fail to receive divers grievous and dishonorable visitations of shoe leather.

But what, oh Muse! was the rage of Peter Stuyvesant, when from afar he saw his army giving way! In the transports of his wrath he sent forth a roar, enough to shake the very hills. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage at the sound; or rather, they rallied at the voice of their leader, of whom they stood more in awe than of all the Swedes in Christendom. Without waiting for their aid, the daring Peter dashed sword in hand into the thickest of the foe. Then might be seen achievements worthy of the days of the giants. Wherever he went, the enemy shrank before him; the Swedes fled to right and left, or were driven, like dogs, into their own ditch; but, as he pushed forward singly with headlong courage, the foe closed behind and hung upon his rear. One aimed a blow full at his heart; but the protecting power which watches over the great and good turned aside the hostile blade and directed it to a side-pocket, where reposed an enormous iron tobacco-box, endowed, like the shield of Achilles, with supernatural powers, doubtless from bearing

the portrait of the blessed St. Nicholas. Peter Stuyvesant turned like an angry bear upon the foe, and seizing him as he fled, by an immeasurable queue, "Ah, whoreson caterpillar," roared he, "here's what shall make worms' meat of thee!" So saying, he whirled his [illegible] dealt a blow that would have decapitated the v[illegible] the pitying steel struck short and shaved the q[illegible]rom his crown. At this moment an arquebusie[illegible] piece from a neighboring mound, with deadly ai[illegible]tchful Minerva, who had just stopped to tie up h[illegible]ng the peril of her favorite hero, sent old Boreas v[illegible]llows, who, as the match descended to the pan, gave a blast that blew the priming from the touch-hole.

Thus waged the fight, when the stout Risingh, surveying the field from the top of a little ravelin, perceived his troops banged, beaten, and kicked by the invincible Peter. Drawing his falchion and uttering a thousand anathemas, he strode down to the scene of combat with some such thundering strides as Jupiter is said by Hesiod to have taken, when he strode down the spheres to hurl his thunderbolts at the Titans.

When the rival heroes came face to face, each made a prodigious start in the style of a veteran stage champion. Then did they regard each other for a moment with the bitter aspect of two furious ram-cats on the point of a clapper-clawing. Then did they throw themselves into one attitude, then into another, striking their swords on the ground, first on the right side, then on the left—at last at it they went, with incredible ferocity. Words cannot tell the prodigies of strength and valor displayed in this direful encounter—an encounter com-

d to which the far-famed battles of Ajax with Hector, of

Æneas with Turnus, Orlando with Rodomont, Guy of Warwick with Colbrand the Dane, or of that renowned Welsh knight, Sir Owen of the Mountains with the giant Guylon, were all gentle sports and holiday recreations. At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a blow, enough to cleave his adversary to the very chine; but Risingh, nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly, that glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen in which he carried his liquor; thence pursuing its trenchant course, it severed off a deep coat pocket, stored with bread and cheese—which provant rolling among the armies, occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course. The biting steel clove through the stubborn ram beaver, and would have cracked the crown of any one not endowed with supernatural hardness of head; but the brittle weapon shivered in pieces on the skull of Hardkoppig Piet, shedding a thousand sparks, like beams of glory, round his grizzly visage.

The good Peter reeled with the blow, and turning up his eyes beheld a thousand suns, besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmament—at length, missing his footing, by reason of his wooden leg, down he came on his seat of honor with a crash which shook the surrounding hills, and might have wrecked his frame, had he not been received into a cushion softer than velvet, which Providence or Minerva, or St. Nicholas, or some cow, had benevolently prepared for his reception.

The furious Risingh, in despite of the maxim, che by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," haste take advantage of the hero's fall; but, as he stooped t a fatal blow, Peter Stuyvesant dealt him a thwack ov sconce with his wooden leg, which set a chime of bell ing triple bob majors in his cerebellum. The bewi Swede staggered with the blow, and the wary Peter a pocket pistol, which lay hard by, discharged it full head of the reeling Risingh. Let not my reader mista was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and but a little sturdy stone pottle charged to the muzzle double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowi tony Van Corlear carried about him by way of reple his valor; and which had dropped from his wallet dur furious encounter with the drummer. The hideous v sang through the air, and true to its course as was th ment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully Ajax, tered the head of the gigantic Swede with matchless vi

This heaven-directed blow decided the battle. Th derous pericranium of General Jan Risingh sank up breast; his knees tottered under him; a deathlike seized upon his frame, and he tumbled to the earth wi violence, that old Pluto started with affright, lest he have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

His fall was the signal of defeat and victory—the gave way—the Dutch pressed forward; the former their heels, the latter hotly pursued.—Some entere them, pell-mell, through the sally-port—others storm bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain. Th little while the fortress of Fort Christina, which like

Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side. Victory, in the likeness of a gigantic ox-fly, sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyvesant, and it was declared, by all the writers whom he hired to write the history of his expedition, that on this memorable day he gained a sufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes in Christendom.

CHAPTER IX

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR AND THE READER, WHILE REPOSING AFTER THE BATTLE, FALL INTO A VERY GRAVE DISCOURSE—AFTER WHICH IS RECORDED THE CONDUCT OF PETER STUYVESANT AFTER HIS VICTORY.

THANKS to St. Nicholas, we have safely finished this tremendous battle: let us sit down, my worthy reader, and cool ourselves, for I am in a prodigious sweat and agitation—truly this fighting of battles is hot work! and if your great commanders did but know what trouble they give their historians, they would not have the conscience to achieve so many horrible victories. But methinks I hear my reader complain, that throughout this boasted battle there is not the least slaughter, nor a single individual maimed, if we except the unhappy Swede, who was shorn of his queue by the trenchant blade of Peter Stuyvesant; all which, he observes, is a great outrage on probability, and highly injurious to the interest of the narration.

This is certainly an objection of no little moment, but it arises entirely from the obscurity enveloping the remote periods of time about which I have undertaken to write. Thus, though doubtless, from the importance of the object, and the prowess of the parties concerned, there must have been terrible carnage, and prodigies of valor displayed before the walls of

Christina, yet, notwithstanding. that I have consulted every history, manuscript, and tradition, touching this memorable though long-forgotten battle, I cannot find mention made of a single man killed or wounded in the whole affair.

This is, without doubt, owing to the extreme modesty of our forefathers, who, unlike their descendants, were never prone to vaunt of their achievements; but it is a virtue which places their historian in a most embarrassing predicament; for, having promised my readers a hideous and unparalleled battle, and having worked them up into a warlike and bloodthirsty state of mind; to put them off without any havoc and slaughter would have been as bitter a disappointment as to summon a multitude of good people to attend an execution, and then cruelly balk them by a reprieve.

Had the fates only allowed me some half a score of dead men, I had been content; for I would have made them such heroes as abounded in the olden time, but whose race is now unfortunately extinct; any one of whom, if we may believe those authentic writers, the poets, could drive great armies, like sheep, before him, and conquer and desolate whole cities by his single arm.

But seeing that I had not a single life at my disposal, all that was left me was to make the most I could of my battle, by means of kicks, and cuffs, and bruises, and such like ignoble wounds. And here I cannot but compare my dilemma, in some sort, to that of the divine Milton, who, having arrayed with sublime preparation his immortal hosts against each other, is sadly put to it how to manage them, and how he shall make the end of his battle answer to the beginning; inasmuch as, being mere spirits, he cannot deal a mortal blow,

nor even give a flesh wound to any of his combatants. For my part, the greatest difficulty I found was, when I had once put my warriors in a passion, and let them loose into the midst of the enemy, to keep them from doing mischief. Many a time had I to restrain Peter from cleaving a gigantic Swede to the very , or spitting half a dozen little fellows on his swo many sparrows. And when I had set some hundr sives flying in the air, I did not dare to suffer one reach the ground, lest it should have put an end to ky Dutchman.

The reader cannot co mortifying it is to a writer thus in a manner to have his hands tied, and how many tempting opportunities I had to wink at, where I might have made as fine a death-blow as any recorded in history or song.

From my own experience I begin to doubt most potently of the authenticity of many of Homer's stories. I verily believe, that when he had once launched one of his favorite heroes among a crowd of the enemy, he cut down many an honest fellow, without any authority for so doing, excepting that he presented a fair mark—and that often a poor fellow was sent to grim Pluto's domains, merely because he had a name that would give a sounding turn to a period. But I disclaim all such unprincipled liberties—let me but have truth and the law on my side, and no man would fight harder than myself—but since the various records I consulted did not warrant it, I had too much conscience to kill a single soldier. By St. Nicholas, but it would have been a pretty piece of business! My enemies, the critics, who I foresee will be ready enough to lay any crime they can discover at my door, might have charged me with murder outright—and I should have

esteemed myself lucky to escape with no harsher verdict than manslaughter!

And now, gentle reader, that we are tranquilly sitting down here, smoking our pipes, permit me to indulge in a melancholy reflection which at this moment passes across my mind. How vain, how fleeting, how uncertain are all those gaudy bubbles after which we are panting and toiling in this world of fair delusions! The wealth which the miser has amassed with so many weary days, so many sleepless nights, a spendthrift here may squander away in joyless prodigality; —the noblest monuments which pride has ever reared to perpetuate a name, the hand of time will shortly tumble into ruins—and even the brightest laurels, gained by feats of arms, may wither, and be forever blighted by the chilling neglect of mankind. "How many illustrious heroes," says the good Boëtius, "who were once the pride and glory of the age, hath the silence of historians buried in eternal oblivion!" And this it was that induced the Spartans, when they went to battle, solemnly to sacrifice to the Muses, supplicating that their achievements might be worthily recorded. Had not Homer tuned his lofty lyre, observes the elegant Cicero, the valor of Achilles had remained unsung. And such, too, after all the toils and perils he had braved, after all the gallant actions he had achieved, such too had nearly been the fate of the chivalric Peter Stuyvesant, but that I fortunately stepped in and engraved his name on the indelible tablet of history, just as the caitiff Time was silently brushing it away forever!

The more I reflect, the more I am astonished at the important character of the historian. He is the sovereign censor to decide upon the renown or infamy of his fellow men. He

is the patron of kings and conquerors, on whom it depends whether they shall live in after ages, or be forgotten as were their ancestors before them. The tyrant may oppress while the object of his tyranny exists; but the historian possesses superior might, for his pow even beyond the grave. The shades of departed s otten heroes anxiously bend down from above, es, watching each move- ment of his pen, whether s by their names with neglect, or inscribe ther hless pages of renown. Even the drop of ink wh abling on his pen, which he may either dash upon the waste in idle scrawlings —that very drop, which to him is not worth the twentieth part of a farthing, may be of incalculable value to some departed worthy—may elevate half a score, in one moment, to immortality, who would have given worlds, had they possessed them, to insure the glorious meed.

Let not my readers imagine, however, that I am indulging in vainglorious boastings, or am anxious to blazon forth the importance of my tribe. On the contrary, I shrink when I reflect on the awful responsibility we historians assume—I shudder to think what direful commotions and calamities we occasion in the world—I swear to thee, honest reader, as I am a man, I weep at the very idea! Why, let me ask, are so many illustrious men daily tearing themselves away from the embraces of their families—slighting the smiles of beauty—despising the allurements of fortune, and exposing themselves to the miseries of war?—Why are kings desolating empires, and depopulating whole countries? In short, what induces all great men of all ages and countries, to commit so many victories and misdeeds, and inflict so many miseries upon man-

kind and upon themselves, but the mere hope that some historian will kindly take them into notice, and admit them into a corner of his volume? For, in short, the mighty object of all their toils, their hardships, and privations, is nothing but *immortal fame.* And what is immortal fame?——why, half a page of dirty paper!——alas! alas! how humiliating the idea —that the renown of so great a man as Peter Stuyvesant should depend upon the pen of so little a man as Diedrich Knickerbocker!

And now, having refreshed ourselves after the fatigues and perils of the field, it behooves us to return once more to the scene of conflict, and inquire what were the results of this renowned conquest. The fortress of Christina being the fair metropolis, and in a manner the key to New Sweden, its capture was speedily followed by the entire subjugation of the province. This was not a little promoted by the gallant and courteous deportment of the chivalric Peter. Though a man terrible in battle, yet in the hour of victory was he endued with a spirit generous, merciful, and humane. He vaunted not over his enemies, nor did he make defeat more galling by unmanly insults; for like that mirror of knightly virtue, the renowned Paladin Orlando, he was more anxious to do great actions than to talk of them after they were done. He put no man to death; ordered no houses to be burnt down; permitted no ravages to be perpetrated on the property of the vanquished; and even gave one of his bravest officers a severe admonishment with his walking staff, for having been detected in the act of sacking a hen-roost.

He moreover issued a proclamation, inviting the inhabitants to submit to the authority of their High Mightinesses;

but declaring, with unexampled clemency, that whoever refused should be lodged at the public expense in a goodly castle provided for the purpose, and have an armed retinue to wait on them in the bargain. In consequence of these beneficent terms, about thirty Swedes stepped manfully forward and took the oath of allegiance; in reward for which they were graciously permitted to remain on the banks of the Delaware, where their descendants reside at this very day. I am told, however, by divers observant travellers, that they have never been able to get over the chap-fallen looks of their ancestors; but that they still do strangely transmit from father to son manifest marks of the sound drubbing given them by the sturdy Amsterdammers.

The whole country of New Sweden, having thus yielded to the arms of the triumphant Peter, was reduced to a colony called South River, and placed under the superintendence of a lieutenant-governor; subject to the control of the supreme government of New Amsterdam. This great dignitary was called Mynheer William Beekman, or rather *Beck*-man, who derived his surname, as did Ovidious Naso of yore, from the lordly dimensions of his nose, which projected from the centre of his countenance, like the beak of a parrot. He was the great progenitor of the tribe of the Beekmans, one of the most ancient and honorable families of the province; the members of which do gratefully commemorate the origin of their dignity; not as your noble families in England would do, by having a glowing proboscis emblazoned in their escutcheon; but by one and all wearing a right goodly nose, stuck in the very middle of their faces.

Thus was this perilous enterprise gloriously terminated,

with the loss of only two men,—Wolfert Van Horne, a tall spare man, who was knocked overboard by the boom of a sloop in a flaw of wind; and fat Brom Van Bummel, who was suddenly carried off by an indigestion; both, however, were immortalized, as having bravely fallen in the service of their country. True it is, Peter Stuyvesant had one of his limbs terribly fractured in the act of storming the fortress; but as it was fortunately his wooden leg, the wound was promptly and effectually healed.

And now nothing remains to this branch of my history but to mention that this immaculate hero, and his victorious army, returned joyously to the Manhattoes; where they made a solemn and triumphant entry, bearing with them the conquered Risingh, and the remnant of his battered crew, who had refused allegiance; for it appears that the gigantic Swede had only fallen into a swoon, at the end of the battle, from which he was speedily restored by a wholesome tweak of the nose.

These captive heroes were lodged, according to the promise of the governor, at the public expense, in a fair and spacious castle; being the prison of state, of which Stoffel Brinkerhoff, the immortal conqueror of Oyster Bay, was appointed governor; and which has ever since remained in the possession of his descendants.*

It was a pleasant and goodly sight to witness the joy of the people of New Amsterdam, at beholding their warriors once more return from this war in the wilderness. The old women thronged round Antony Van Corlear, who gave the

* This castle, though very much altered and modernized, is still in being, and stands at the corner of Pearl-street, facing Coentie's slip.

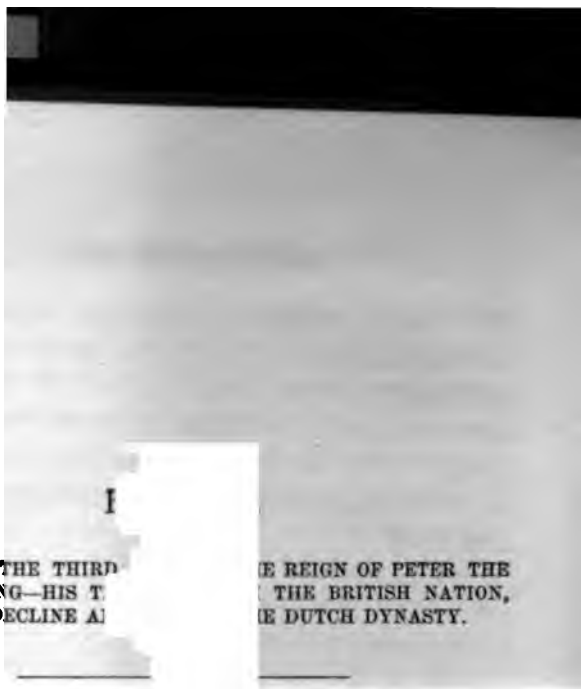
effected by his own [illegible]

The schoolmasters throughout the town their little urchins, who followed in droves with paper caps on their heads, and sticks thus taking the first lesson in the art of sturdy rabble, they thronged at the heels of wherever he went, waving their greasy hat shouting "Hardkoppig Piet forever!"

It was indeed a day of roaring rout and dinner was prepared at the Stadthouse in querors, where were assembled in one glorio great and little luminaries of New Amster the lordly Schout and his obsequious deput ters with their officious schepens at their altern officers at the elbows of the schepen to the lowest hanger-on of police: every ta his side, to finish his pipe, drink off his heel his flights of immortal dulness. In short- a city feast all the world over, and has bee

[illegible] the dinner went off mu

—for so hugely delighted were the honest burghers with his achievements, that they unanimously honored him with the name of *Pieter de Groodt*, that is to say Peter the Great; or, as it was translated into English by the people of New Amsterdam, for the benefit of their New England visitors, *Piet de pig*—an appellation which he maintained even unto the day of his death.



BOOK VII.

CONTAINING THE THIRD [illegible]E REIGN OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG—HIS T[illegible] THE BRITISH NATION, AND THE DECLINE A[illegible]E DUTCH DYNASTY.

CHAPTER I.

HOW PETER STUYVESANT RELIEVED THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE FROM THE BURTHEN OF TAKING CARE OF THE NATION; WITH SUNDRY PARTICULARS OF HIS CONDUCT IN TIME OF PEACE, AND OF THE RISE OF A GREAT DUTCH ARISTOCRACY.

THE history of the reign of Peter Stuyvesant furnishes an edifying picture of the cares and vexations inseparable from sovereignty, and a solemn warning to all who are ambitious of attaining the seat of honor. Though returning in triumph and crowned with victory, his exultation was checked on observing the abuses which had sprung up in New Amsterdam during his short absence. His walking-staff, which he had sent home to act as vicegerent, had, it is true, kept his council-chamber in order; the counsellors eyeing it with awe, as it lay in grim repose upon the table, and smoking their pipes in silence; but its control extended not out of doors.

The populace unfortunately had had too much their own way under the slack though fitful reign of William the Testy; and

though upon the accession of Peter Stuyvesant they had felt, with the instinctive perception which mobs as well as cattle possess, that the reins of government had passed into stronger hands, yet could they not help fretting and chafing and champing upon the bit, in restive silence.

Scarcely, therefore, had he departed on his expedition against the Swedes, than the old factions of William Kieft's reign had again thrust their heads above water. Pot-house meetings were again held to "discuss the state of the nation," where cobblers, tinkers, and tailors, the self-dubbed "friends of the people," once more felt themselves inspired with the gift of legislation, and undertook to lecture on every movement of government.

Now, as Peter Stuyvesant had a singular inclination to govern the province by his individual will, his first move, on his return, was to put a stop to this gratuitous legislation. Accordingly, one evening, when an inspired cobbler was holding forth to an assemblage of the kind, the intrepid Peter suddenly made his appearance, with his ominous walking-staff in his hand, and a countenance sufficient to petrify a mill-stone. The whole meeting was thrown into confusion—the orator stood aghast, with open mouth and trembling knees, while "horror! tyranny! liberty! rights! taxes! death! destruction!" and a host of other patriotic phrases were bolted forth before he had time to close his lips. Peter took no notice of the skulking throng, but strode up to the brawling bully-ruffian, and pulling out a huge silver watch, which might have served in times of yore as a town-clock, and which is still retained by his descendants as a family curiosity, requested the orator to mend it, and set it going. The orator humbly confessed it

was utterly out of his power, as he was unacquainted with the nature of its construction. "Nay, but," said Peter, "try your ingenuity, man: you see all the springs and wheels, and how easily the clumsiest hand may stop it, and pull it to pieces; and why should it not be [illegible] to regulate as to stop it?" The orator declared [illegible] was wholly different —that he was a poor cobbl[illegible] never meddled with a watch in his life—that there [illegible] killed in the art, whose business it was to attend to [illegible]ers; but for his part, he should only mar the w[illegible] and put the whole in confusion. "Why, harkee, [illegible] mine," cried Peter, —turning suddenly upon him, with a countenance that almost petrified the patcher of shoes into a perfect lapstone—"dost thou pretend to meddle with the movements of government —to regulate, and correct, and patch, and cobble a complicated machine, the principles of which are above thy comprehension, and its simplest operations too subtle for thy understanding, when thou canst not correct a trifling error in a common piece of mechanism, the whole mystery of which is open to thy inspection?—Hence with thee to the leather and stone, which are emblems of thy head; cobble thy shoes, and confine thyself to the vocation for which Heaven has fitted thee. But," elevating his voice until it made the welkin ring, "if ever I catch thee, or any of thy tribe, meddling again with affairs of government, by St. Nicholas, but I'll have every mother's bastard of ye flay'd alive, and your hides stretched for drum-heads, that ye may thenceforth make a noise to some purpose!"

This threat, and the tremendous voice in which it was uttered, caused the whole multitude to quake with fear. The hair of the orator rose on his head like his own swines'

bristles, and not a knight of the thimble present but his heart died within him, and he felt as though he could have verily escaped through the eye of a needle. The assembly dispersed in silent consternation; the pseudo statesmen, who had hitherto undertaken to regulate public affairs, were now fain to stay at home, hold their tongues, and take care of their families; and party feuds died away to such a degree, that many thriving keepers of taverns and dram-shops were utterly ruined for want of business. But though this measure produced the desired effect in putting an extinguisher on the new lights just brightening up: yet did it tend to injure the popularity of the Great Peter with the thinking part of the community: that is to say, that part which thinks for others instead of for themselves; or, in other words, who attend to every body's business but their own. These accused the old governor of being highly aristocratical, and in truth there seems to have been some ground for such an accusation; for he carried himself with a lofty soldier-like air, and was somewhat particular in dress, appearing, when not in uniform, in rich apparel of the antique flaundrish cut, and was especially noted for having his sound leg (which was a very comely one) always arrayed in a red stocking and high-heeled shoe.

Justice he often dispensed in the primitive patriarchal way, seated on the "stoep" before his door, under the shade of a great button-wood tree; but all visits of form and state were received with something of court ceremony in the best parlor; where Antony the Trumpeter officiated as high chamberlain. On public occasions he appeared with great pomp of equipage, and always rode to church in a yellow wagon with flaming red wheels.

These symptoms of state and ceremony, as we have hinted, were much cavilled at by the thinking (and talking) part of the community. They had been accustomed to find easy access to their former governors, and in particular had lived on terms of extreme intimacy with Testy, and they accused Peter Stuyvesant of ass uch dignity and reserve, and of wrapping himself Others, however, have pretended to discover in rewd policy on the part of the old governor. of the first importance, say they, that a countr governed by wise men: but then it is almost equall t that the people should think them wise; for this belief alone can produce willing subordination. To keep up, however, this desirable confidence in rulers, the people should be allowed to see as little of them as possible. It is the mystery which envelopes great men, that gives them half their greatness. There is a kind of superstitious reverence for office which leads us to exaggerate the merits of the occupant; and to suppose that he must be wiser than common men. He, however, who gains access to cabinets, soon finds out by what foolishness the world is governed. He finds that there is quackery in legislation as in every thing else; that rulers have their whims and errors as well as other men, and are not so wonderfully superior as he had imagined, since even he may occasionally confute them in argument. Thus awe subsides into confidence, confidence inspires familiarity, and familiarity produces contempt. Such was the case, say they, with William the Testy. By making himself too easy of access, he enabled every scrub-politician to measure wits with him, and to find out the true dimensions not only of his person but of his mind: and thus it was that,

by being familiarly scanned, he was discovered to be a very little man. Peter Stuyvesant on the contrary, say they, by conducting himself with dignity and loftiness, was looked up to with great reverence. As he never gave his reasons for any thing he did, the public gave him credit for very profound ones; every movement, however intrinsically unimportant, was a matter of speculation; and his very red stockings excited some respect, as being different from the stockings of other men.

Another charge against Peter Stuyvesant was that he had a great leaning in favor of the patricians: and indeed in his time rose many of those mighty Dutch families which have taken such vigorous root, and branched out so luxuriantly in our State. Some, to be sure, were of earlier date, such as the Van Kortlandts, the Van Zandts, the Ten Broecks, the Harden Broecks, and others of Pavonian renown, who gloried in the title of "Discoverers," from having been engaged in the nautical expedition from Communipaw, in which they so heroically braved the terrors of Hell-gate and Buttermilk-channel, and discovered a site for New Amsterdam.

Others claimed to themselves the appellation of Conquerors, from their gallant achievements in New Sweden and their victory over the Yankees at Oyster Bay. Such was that list of warlike worthies heretofore enumerated, beginning with the Van Wycks, the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks, and extending to the Rutgers, the Bensons, the Brinkerhoffs, and the Schermerhorns; a roll equal to the Doomsday Book of William the Conqueror, and establishing the heroic origin of many an ancient aristocratical Dutch family. These, after all, are the only legitimate nobility and lords of the soil;

these are the real "beavers of the Manhattoes;" and much does it grieve me in modern days to see them elbowed aside by foreign invaders, and more especially by those ingenious people, "the Sons of the Pilgrims;" who out-bargain them in the market, out-speculate them on the exchange, out-top them in fortune, and run up mushroom palaces so high, that the tallest Dutch family mansion has not wind enough left for its weather-cock.

In the proud days of Peter Stuyvesant, however, the good old Dutch aristocracy loomed out in all its grandeur. The burly burgher, in round-crowned flaundrish hat with brim of vast circumference; in portly gabardine and bulbous multiplicity of breeches, sat on his "stoep" and smoked his pipe in lordly silence, nor did it ever enter his brain that the active, restless Yankee, whom he saw through his half-shut eyes worrying about in dog-day heat, ever intent on the main chance, was one day to usurp control over these goodly Dutch domains. Already, however, the races regarded each other with disparaging eyes. The Yankees sneeringly spoke of the round-crowned burghers of the Manhattoes as the "Copperheads;" while the latter, glorying in their own nether rotundity, and observing the slack galligaskins of their rivals, flapping like an empty sail against the mast, retorted upon them with the opprobrious appellation of "Platter-breeches."

CHAPTER II.

HOW PETER STUYVESANT LABORED TO CIVILIZE THE COMMUNITY—HOW HE WAS A GREAT PROMOTER OF HOLYDAYS—HOW HE INSTITUTED KISSING ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY—HOW HE DISTRIBUTED FIDDLES THROUGHOUT THE NEW NETHERLANDS—HOW HE VENTURED TO REFORM THE LADIES' PETTICOATS, AND HOW HE CAUGHT A TARTAR.

FROM what I have recounted in the foregoing chapter I would not have it imagined that the great Peter was a tyrannical potentate, ruling with a rod of iron. On the contrary, where the dignity of office permitted he abounded in generosity and condescension. If he refused the brawling multitude the right of misrule, he at least endeavored to rule them in righteousness. To spread abundance in the land, he obliged the bakers to give thirteen loaves to the dozen—a golden rule which remains a monument of his beneficence. So far from indulging in unreasonable austerity, he delighted to see the poor and the laboring man rejoice; and for this purpose he was a great promoter of holydays. Under his reign there was a great cracking of eggs at Paas or Easter; Whitsuntide or Pinxter also flourished in all its bloom; and never were stockings better filled on the eve of the blessed St. Nicholas.

New-year's day, however, was his favorite festival, and

was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. On that genial day the fountains of hospitality were broken up, and the whole community was deluged with cherry-brandy, true Hollands, and mulled cider; every house was a temple of the jolly god; and many a provident vagabond got drunk out of pure economy, taking in liquor enough gratis to serve him half a year afterwards.

The great assemblage, however, was at the governor's house, whither repaired all the burghers of New Amsterdam with their wives and daughters, pranked out in their best attire. On this occasion the good Peter was devoutly observant of the pious Dutch rite of kissing the women-kind for a happy new-year; and it is traditional that Antony the Trumpeter, who acted as gentleman usher, took toll of all who were young and handsome, as they passed through the antechamber. This venerable custom, thus happily introduced, was followed with such zeal by high and low, that on new-year's day, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly be-kissed community in all Christendom. Another great measure of Peter Stuyvesant for public improvement was the distribution of fiddles throughout the land. These were placed in the hands of veteran negroes, who were despatched as missionaries to every part of the province. This measure, it is said, was first suggested by Antony the Trumpeter; and the effect was marvellous. Instead of those "indignation meetings" set on foot in the time of William the Testy, where men met together to rail at public abuses, groan over the evils of the times, and make each other miserable, there were joyous gatherings of the two sexes to dance and make merry. Now were in-

tuted "quilting bees," and "husking bees," and other rural assemblages, where, under the inspiring influence of the fiddle, toil was enlivened by gayety and followed up by the dance. "Raising bees" also were frequent, where houses sprung up at the wagging of the fiddle-sticks, as the walls of Thebes sprang up of yore to the sound of the lyre of Amphion.

Jolly autumn, which pours its treasures over hill and dale, was in those days a season for the lifting of the heel as well as the heart; labor came dancing in the train of abundance, and frolic prevailed throughout the land. Happy days! when the yeomanry of the Nieuw Nederlands were merry rather than wise; and when the notes of the fiddle, those harbingers of good humor and good will, resounded at the close of the day from every hamlet along the Hudson!

Nor was it in rural communities alone that Peter Stuyvesant introduced his favorite engine of civilization. Under his rule the fiddle acquired that potent sway in New Amsterdam which it has ever since retained. Weekly assemblages were held, not in heated ball-rooms at midnight hours, but on Saturday afternoons, by the golden light of the sun, on the green lawn of the battery; with Antony the Trumpeter for master of ceremonies. Here would the good Peter take his seat under the spreading trees, among the old burghers and their wives, and watch the mazes of the dance. Here would he smoke his pipe, crack his joke, and forget the rugged toils of war, in the sweet oblivious festivities of peace, giving a nod of approbation to those of the young men who shuffled and kicked most vigorously; and now and then a hearty smack, in all honesty of [illegible]

longest, and tired down every competitor; infallible proof of her being the best dancer.

Once, it is true, the harmony of these meetings was in danger of interruption. A young belle, just returned from a visit to Holland, who of cour shions, made her appearance in not more than petticoats, and these of alarming shortness. A a flutter ran through the assembly. The young , were lost in admiration; but the old ladies wer the extreme, especially those who had marria ters; the young ladies blushed and felt excessivel "poor thing," and even the governor himself appeared to be in some kind of perturbation.

To complete the confusion of the good folks, she undertook, in the course of a jig, to describe some figures in algebra taught her by a dancing-master at Rotterdam. Unfortunately, at the highest flourish of her feet some vagabond zephyr obtruded his services, and a display of the graces took place, at which all the ladies present were thrown into great consternation; several grave country members were not a little moved, and the good Peter Stuyvesant himself was grievously scandalized.

The shortness of the females dress, which had continued in fashion ever since the days of William Kieft, had long offended his eye; and though extremely averse to meddling with the petticoats of the ladies, yet he immediately recommended that every one should be furnished with a flounce to the bottom. He likewise ordered that the ladies, and indeed the gentlemen, should use no other step in dancing than "shuffle and turn," and "double trouble;" and forbade, under

pain of his high displeasure, any young lady thenceforth to attempt what was termed "exhibiting the graces."

These were the only restrictions he ever imposed upon the sex, and these were considered by them as tyrannical oppressions, and resisted with that becoming spirit manifested by the gentle sex whenever their privileges are invaded. In fact, Antony Van Corlear, who, as has been shown, was a sagacious man, experienced in the ways of women, took a private occasion to intimate to the governor that a conspiracy was forming among the young vrouws of New Amsterdam; and that, if the matter were pushed any further, there was danger of their leaving off petticoats altogether; whereupon the good Peter shrugged his shoulders, dropped the subject, and ever after suffered the women to wear their petticoats and cut their capers as high as they pleased; a privilege which they have jealously maintained in the Manhattoes unto the present day.

III.

HOW TROUBLES THICKEN [illegible] E — HOW IT IS THREATENED BY THE HELDERBERGERS, [illegible] ERS, AND THE GIANTS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

IN the last two chapters I have regaled the reader with a delectable picture of the good Peter and his metropolis during an interval of peace. It was, however, but a bit of blue sky in a stormy day; the clouds are again gathering up from all points of the compass, and, if I am not mistaken in my forebodings, we shall have rattling weather in the ensuing chapters.

It is with some communities as it is with certain meddlesome individuals; they have a wonderful facility at getting into scrapes, and I have always remarked that those are most prone to get in who have the least talent at getting out again. This is doubtless owing to the excessive valor of those states; for I have likewise noticed that this rampant quality is always most frothy and fussy where most confined; which accounts for its vaporing so amazingly in little states, little men and ugly little women more especially.

Such is the case with this little province of the Nieuw Nederlands; which, by its exceeding valor, has already drawn upon itself a host of enemies; has had fighting enough to

satisfy a province twice its size; and is in a fair way of becoming an exceedingly forlorn, well-belabored, and woe-begone little province. All which was providentially ordered to give interest and sublimity to this pathetic history.

The first interruption to the halcyon quiet of Peter Stuyvesant was caused by hostile intelligence from the old belligerent nest of Rensellaerstein. Killian, the lordly patroon of Rensellaerwick, was again in the field, at the head of his myrmidons of the Helderberg; seeking to annex the whole of the Kaats-kill mountains to his dominions. The Indian tribes of these mountains had likewise taken up the hatchet and menaced the venerable Dutch settlement of Esopus.

Fain would I entertain the reader with the triumphant campaign of Peter Stuyvesant in the haunted regions of those mountains; but that I hold all Indian conflicts to be mere barbaric brawls, unworthy of the pen which has recorded the classic war of Fort Christina; and as to these Helderberg commotions, they are among the flatulencies which from time to time afflict the bowels of this ancient province, as with a wind-colic, and which I deem it seemly and decent to pass over in silence.

The next storm of trouble was from the south. Scarcely had the worthy Mynheer Beekman got warm in the seat of authority on the South River, than enemies began to spring up all around him. Hard by was a formidable race of savages inhabiting the gentle region watered by the Susquehanna, of whom the following mention is made by Master Hariot, in his excellent history:

"The Susquesahanocks are a giantly people, strange in proportion, behavior and attire—their voice sounding from them

as out of a cave. Their tobacco-pipes were three-quarters of a yard long; carved at the great end with a bird, beare, or other device, sufficient to beat out the brains of a horse. The calfe of one of their legges measured three-quarters of a yard about; the rest of the rtionable."*

These gigantic sava kers caused no little dis-quiet in the mind of man, threatening to cause a famine of tobacco in ; but his most formidable enemy was the roaring English colony of Mary-land, or as it was ancie Merryland; so called be-cause the inhabitants, no e fear of the Lord before their eyes, were prone to make merry and get fuddled with mint-julep and apple-toddy. They were, moreover, great horse-racers and cock-fighters; mighty wrestlers and jumpers, and enormous consumers of hoe-cake and bacon. They lay claim to be the first inventors of those recondite beverages, cock-tail, stone-fence, and sherry cobbler, and to have discovered the gastronomical merits of terrapins, soft crabs, and canvas-back ducks.

This rantipole colony, founded by Lord Baltimore, a British nobleman, was managed by his agent, a swaggering Englishman, commonly called Fendall; that is to say, "offend all," a name given him for his bullying propensities. These were seen in a message to Mynheer Beckman, threatening him, unless he immediately swore allegiance to Lord Baltimore as the rightful lord of the soil, to come, at the head of the roaring boys of Merryland and the giants of the Susquehanna, and sweep him and his Nederlanders out of the country.

* Hariot's Journal, Purch. Pilgrims.

The trusty sword of Peter Stuyvesant almost leaped from its scabbard, when he received missives from Mynheer Beekman, informing him of the swaggering menaces of the bully Fendall; and as to the giantly warriors of the Susquehanna, nothing would have more delighted him than a bout, hand to hand, with half a score of them; having never encountered a giant in the whole course of his campaigns, unless we may consider the stout Risingh as such—and he was but a little one.

Nothing prevented his marching instantly to the South River and enacting scenes still more glorious than those of Fort Christina, but the necessity of first putting a stop to the increasing aggressions and inroads of the Yankees, so as not to leave an enemy in his rear; but he wrote to Mynheer Beekman to keep up a bold front and stout heart, promising, as soon as he had settled affairs in the east, that he would hasten to the south with his burly warriors of the Hudson, to lower the crests of the giants, and mar the merriment of the Merrylanders.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW PETER STUYVESANT ADVENTURED INTO THE EAST COUNTRY AND HOW HE FARED THERE.

TO explain the apparently sudden movement of Peter Stuyvesant against the crafty men of the East Country, I would observe that, during his campaigns on the South River, and in the enchanted regions tskill Mountains, the twelve tribes of the East ha e than usually active in prosecuting their subtle s he subjugation of the Nieuw Nederlands.

Independent of the incessant lings among hen-roosts and squattings along the borde ing armies would penetrate, from time to time, into y heart of the country. As their prototypes of yor th into the land of Canaan, with their wives and dren, their men-servants and their maid-servants, t and herds, to settle themselves down in the land and it; so these chosen people of modern days would progress through the country in patriarchal style; conducting carts and wagons laden with household furniture, with women and children piled on top, and pots and kettles dangling beneath. At the tails of these vehicles would stalk a crew of long-limbed, lank-sided varlets,

with axes on their shoulders and packs on their backs, resolutely bent upon "locating" themselves, as they termed it, and improving the country. These were the most dangerous kind of invaders. It is true they were guilty of no overt acts of hostility; but it was notorious that, wherever they got a footing, the honest Dutchmen gradually disappeared, retiring slowly as do the Indians before the white men; being in some way or other talked and chaffed, and bargained and swapped, and, in plain English, elbowed out of all those rich bottoms and fertile nooks in which our Dutch yeomanry are prone to nestle themselves.

Peter Stuyvesant was at length roused to this kind of war in disguise, by which the Yankees were craftily aiming to subjugate his dominions. He was a man easily taken in, it is true, as all great-hearted men are apt to be; but if he once found it out, his wrath was terrible. He now threw diplomacy to the dogs; determined to appear no more by ambassadors, but to repair in person to the great council of the Amphictyons, bearing the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other; and giving them their choice of sincere and honest peace, or open and iron war.

His privy councillors were astonished and dismayed when he announced his determination. For once they ventured to remonstrate, setting forth the rashness of venturing his sacred person in the midst of a strange and barbarous people. They might as well have tried to turn a rusty weather-cock with a broken-winded bellows. In the fiery heart of the iron-headed Peter sat enthroned the five kinds of courage described by Aristotle; and had the philosopher enumerated five hundred more, I verily believe he would have possessed them all. As

to that better part of valor called discretion, it was too cold-blooded a virtue for his tropical temperament.

Summoning, therefore, to his presence his trusty follower, Antony Van Corlear, he commanded him to hold himself in readiness to accompany [illegible]owing morning on this his hazardous enterprise. [illegible] the Trumpeter was by this time a little stricken [illegible]ut by dint of keeping up a good heart, and havi[illegible]n care or sorrow (having never been married), [illegible] hearty, jocund, rubicund, gamesome wag, and o[illegible]ty in the doubtlet. This last was ascribed to h[illegible]lly life on those domains at the Hook, which Peter Stuyvesant had granted to him for his gallantry at Fort Casimir.

Be this as it may, there was nothing that more delighted Antony than this command of the great Peter, for he could have followed the stout-hearted old governor to the world's end, with love and loyalty—and he moreover still remembered the frolicking, and dancing, and bundling, and other disports of the east country, and entertained dainty recollections of numerous kind and buxom lasses, whom he longed exceedingly again to encounter.

Thus then did this mirror of hardihood set forth, with no other attendant but his trumpeter, upon one of the most perilous enterprises ever recorded in the annals of knight-errantry. For a single warrior to venture openly among a whole nation of foes—but, above all, for a plain downright Dutchman to think of negotiating with the whole council of New England!—never was there known a more desperate undertaking!—Ever since I have entered upon the chronicles of this peerless but hitherto uncelebrated chieftain, has he kept me in a state

of incessant action and anxiety with the toils and dangers he is constantly encountering—Oh! for a chapter of the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, that I might repose on it as on a feather bed!

Is it not enough, Peter Stuyvesant, that I have once already rescued thee from the machinations of these terrible Amphictyons, by bringing the powers of witchcraft to thine aid?—Is it not enough, that I have followed thee undaunted, like a guardian spirit, into the midst of the horrid battle of Fort Christina?—That I have been put incessantly to my trumps to keep thee safe and sound—now warding off with my single pen the shower of dastard blows that fell upon thy rear—now narrowly shielding thee from a deadly thrust, by a mere tobacco-box—now casing thy dauntless skull with adamant, when even thy stubborn ram-beaver failed to resist the sword of the stout Risingh—and now, not merely bringing thee off alive, but triumphant, from the clutches of the gigantic Swede, by the desperate means of a paltry stone pottle?—Is not all this enough, but must thou still be plunging into new difficulties, and hazarding in headlong enterprises thyself, thy trumpeter, and thy historian?

And now the ruddy-faced Aurora, like a buxom chambermaid, draws aside the sable curtains of the night, and out bounces from his bed the jolly red-haired Phœbus, startled at being caught so late in the embraces of Dame Thetis. With many a stable-boy oath he harnesses his brazen-footed steeds, and whips, and lashes, and splashes up the firmament, like a loitering coachman, half an hour behind his time. And now behold that imp of fame and prowess, the headstrong Peter, bestriding a raw-boned, switch-tailed charger, gallantly array-

ed in full regimentals, and bracing on his thigh that trusty brass-hilted sword, which had wrought such fearful deeds on the banks of the Delaware.

Behold hard after him his doughty trumpeter, Van Corlear, mounted on a h , wall-eyed, calico mare; his stone pottle, whi low the mighty Risingh, slung under his arm; a apet displayed vauntingly in his right hand, deco gorgeous banner, on which is emblazoned the gre he Manhattoes. See them proudly issuing out of , like an iron-clad hero of yore, with his faithful s heels; the populace following with their eyes, and shouting many a parting wish, and hearty cheering.—Farewell, Hardkoppig Piet! Farewell, honest Antony!—Pleasant be your wayfaring—prosperous your return! The stoutest hero that ever drew a sword, and the worthiest trumpeter that ever trod shoe-leather!

Legends are lamentably silent about the events that befell our adventurers in this their adventurous travel, excepting the Stuyvesant manuscript, which gives the substance of a pleasant little heroic poem, written on the occasion by Dominie Ægidius Luyck,* who appears to have been the poet-laureat of New Amsterdam. This inestimable manuscript assures us, that it was a rare spectacle to behold the great Peter and his loyal follower hailing the morning sun, and rejoicing in the clear countenance of nature, as they pranced it

* This Luyck was moreover rector of the Latin School in Nieuw Nederlands, 1663. There are two pieces addressed to Ægidius Luyck in D. Selyn's MSS. of poesies, upon his marriage with Judith Isendoorn. Old MS.

through the pastoral scenes of Bloemen Dael; which, in those days, was a sweet and rural valley, beautified with many a bright wild-flower, refreshed by many a pure streamlet, and enlivened here and there by a delectable little Dutch cottage, sheltered under some sloping hill, and almost buried in embowering trees.

Now did they enter upon the confines of Connecticut, where they encountered many grievous difficulties and perils. At one place they were assailed by a troop of country squires and militia colonels, who, mounted on goodly steeds, hung upon their rear for several miles, harassing them exceedingly with guesses and questions, more especially the worthy Peter, whose silver-chased leg excited not a little marvel. At another place, hard by the renowned town of Stamford, they were set upon by a great and mighty legion of church deacons, who imperiously demanded of them five shillings, for travelling on Sunday, and threatened to carry them captive to a neigboring church, whose steeple peered above the trees; but these the valiant Peter put to rout with little difficulty, insomuch that they bestrode their canes and galloped off in horrible confusion, leaving their cocked hats behind in the hurry of their flight. But not so easily did he escape from the hands of a crafty man of Pyquag; who, with undaunted perseverance, and repeated onsets, fairly bargained him out of his goodly switch-tailed charger, leaving in place thereof a villanous, foundered Narraganset pacer.

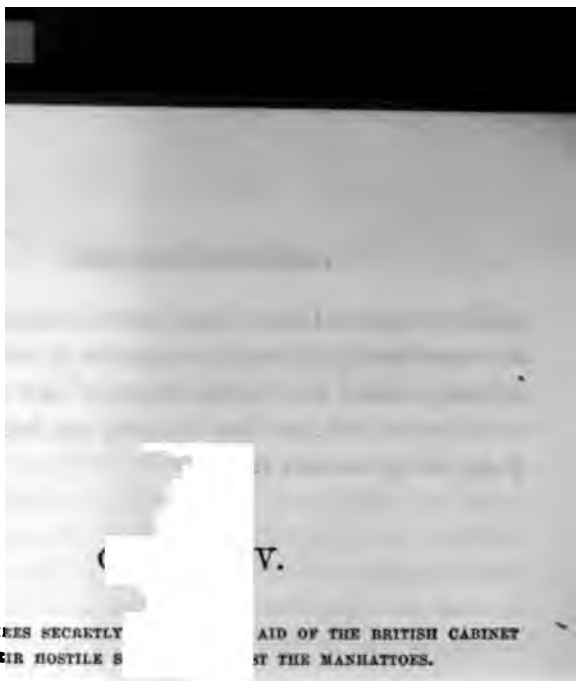
But maugre all these hardships, they pursued their journey cheerily along the course of the soft-flowing Connecticut, whose gentle waves, says the song, roll through many a fertile vale and sunny plain; now reflecting the lofty spires of the

bustling city, and now the rural beauties of the humble hamlet; now echoing with the busy hum of commerce, and now with the cheerful song of the peasant.

At every town would Peter Stuyvesant, who was noted for warlike punctilio, order the sturdy Antony to sound a courteous salutation; though the manuscript observes, that the inhabitants were thrown into great dismay when they heard of his approach. For the fame of his incomparable achievements on the Delaware had spread throughout the east country, and they dreaded lest he had come to take vengeance on their manifold transgressions.

But the good Peter rode through these towns with a smiling aspect; waving his hand with inexpressible majesty and condescension; for he verily believed that the old clothes which these ingenious people had thrust into their broken windows, and the festoons of dried apples and peaches which ornamented the fronts of their houses, were so many decorations in honor of his approach; as it was the custom in the days of chivalry to compliment renowned heroes by sumptuous displays of tapestry and gorgeous furniture. The women crowded to the doors to gaze upon him as he passed, so much does prowess in arms delight the gentle sex. The little children, too, ran after him in troops, staring with wonder at his regimentals, his brimstone breeches, and the silver garniture of his wooden leg. Nor must I omit to mention the joy which many strapping wenches betrayed at beholding the jovial Van Corlear, who had whilom delighted them so much with his trumpet, when he bore the great Peter's challenge to the Amphictyons. The kind-hearted Antony alighted from

his calico mare, and kissed them all with infinite loving-kindness—and was right pleased to see a crew of little trumpeters crowding around him for his blessing; each of whom he patted on the head, bade him be a good boy, and gave him a penny to buy molasses candy.



CHAPTER V.

HOW THE YANKEES SECRETLY AID OF THE BRITISH CABINET IN THEIR HOSTILE S ST THE MANHATTOES.

NOW so it happened that while the great and good Peter Stuyvesant, followed by his trusty squire, was making his chivalric progress through the east country, a dark and direful scheme of war against his beloved province, was forming in that nursery of monstrous projects, the British Cabinet.

This, we are confidently informed, was the result of the secret instigations of the great council of the league; who, finding themselves totally incompetent to vie in arms with the heavy-sterned warriors of the Manhattoes and their iron-headed commander, sent emissaries to the British government, setting forth in eloquent language the wonders and delights of this delicious little Dutch Canaan, and imploring that a force might be sent out to invade it by sea, while they should co-operate by land.

These emissaries arrived at a critical juncture, just as the British Lion was beginning to bristle up his mane and wag his tail; for we are assured by the anonymous writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, that the astounding victory of Peter uyvesant at Fort Christina had resounded throughout Eu-

rope; and his annexation of the territory of New Sweden had awakened the jealousy of the British Cabinet for their wild lands at the south. This jealousy was brought to a head by the representations of Lord Baltimore, who declared that the territory thus annexed lay within the lands granted to him by the British crown, and he claimed to be protected in his rights. Lord Sterling, another British subject, claimed the whole of Nassau or Long Island, once the Ophir of William the Testy, but now the kitchen-garden of the Manhattoes, which he declared to be British territory by the right of discovery, but unjustly usurped by the Nederlanders. The result of all these rumors and representations was a sudden zeal on the part of his majesty Charles the Second, for the safety and well-being of his transatlantic possessions, and especially for the recovery of the New Netherlands, which Yankee logic had, somehow or other, proved to be a continuity of the territory taken possession of for the British crown by the Pilgrims, when they landed on Plymouth rock, fugitives from British oppression. All this goodly land, thus wrongfully held by the Dutchmen, he presented, in a fit of affection, to his brother the Duke of York: a donation truly royal, since none but great sovereigns have a right to give away what does not belong to them. That this munificent gift might not be merely nominal, his majesty ordered that an armament should be straightway dispatched to invade the city of New Amsterdam by land and water, and put his brother in complete possession of the premises.

Thus critically situated are the affairs of the New Nederlanders. While the honest burghers are smoking their pipes in sober security, and the privy councillors are snoring in the

council chamber; while Peter the Headstrong is undauntedly making his way through the east country in the confident hope by honest words and manly deeds to bring the grand council to terms, a hostile fleet is sweeping like a thunder-cloud across the Atlantic, soon to rattle a storm of war about the ears of the dozing Nederlanders, and to the mettle of their governor to the trial.

But come what may, I h e my veracity, that in all warlike conflicts and doubtfu ities, he will ever acquit himself like a gallant, noble- obstinate old cavalier.—Forward, then, to the charge! e out, propitious stars, on the renowned city of the Manhattoes; and the blessing of St. Nicholas go with thee—honest Peter Stuyvesant.

CHAPTER VI.

OF PETER STUYVESANT'S EXPEDITION INTO THE EAST COUNTRY, SHOWING THAT, THOUGH AN OLD BIRD, HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND TRAP.

GREAT nations resemble great men in this particular, that their greatness is seldom known until they get in trouble; adversity, therefore, has been wisely denominated the ordeal of true greatness, which, like gold, can never receive its real estimation until it has passed through the furnace. In proportion, therefore, as a nation, a community, or an individual (possessing the inherent quality of greatness) is involved in perils and misfortunes, in proportion does it rise in grandeur —and even when sinking under calamity, makes, like a house on fire, a more glorious display then ever it did in the fairest period of its prosperity.

The vast empire of China, though teeming with population and imbibing and concentrating the wealth of nations, has vegetated through a succession of drowsy ages; and were it not for its internal revolutions, and the subversion of its ancient government by the Tartars, might have presented nothing but a dull detail of monotonous prosperity. Pompeii and Herculaneum might have passed into oblivion, with a herd of their contemporaries, had they not been fortunately over-

whelmed by a volcano. The renowned city of Troy acquired celebrity only from its ten years' distress, and final conflagration: Paris rose in importance by the plots and massacres which ended in the exaltation of Napoleon: and even the mighty London has skulked thro[ugh] he records of time, celebrated for nothing of moment ex[cept] ng the plague, the great fire, and Guy Faux's gunp[owder] ! Thus cities and empires creep along, enlargin[g] it obscurity, until they burst forth in some treme[ndous] mity—and snatch, as it were, immortality from the [grave] !

The above principle being a[dmitte]d, my reader will plainly perceive that the city of New Amsterdam and its dependent province are on the high road to greatness. Dangers and hostilities threaten from every side, and it is really a matter of astonishment, how so small a state has been able, in so short a time, to entangle itself in so many difficulties. Ever since the province was first taken by the nose, at the Fort of Goed Hoop, in the tranquil days of Wouter Van Twiller, has it been gradually increasing in historic importance; and never could it have had a more appropriate chieftain to conduct it to the pinnacle of grandeur than Peter Stuyvesant.

This truly headstrong hero having successfully effected his daring progress through the east country, girded up his loins as he approached Boston, and prepared for the grand onslaught with the Amphictyons, which was to be the crowning achievement of the campaign. Throwing Antony Van Corlear, who, with his calico mare, formed his escort and army, a little in the advance, and bidding him be of stout heart and great wind; he placed himself firmly in his saddle, cocked his hat more fiercely over his left eye, summoned all the heroism of his soul in

to his countenance, and, with one arm akimbo, the hand resting on the pommel of his sword, rode into the great metropolis of the league, Antony sounding his trumpet before him in a manner to electrify the whole community.

Never was there such a stir in Boston as on this occasion; never such a hurrying hither and thither about the streets; such popping of heads out of windows; such gathering of knots in market-places. Peter Stuyvesant was a straightforward man, and prone to do every thing above board. He would have ridden at once to the great council-house of the league and sounded a parley; but the grand council knew the mettlesome hero they had to deal with, and were not for doing things in a hurry. On the contrary they sent forth deputations to meet him on the way; to receive him in a style befitting the great potentate of the Manhattoes, and to multiply all kinds of honors, and ceremonies, and formalities, and other courteous impediments in his path. Solemn banquets were accordingly given him, equal to thanksgiving feasts. Complimentary speeches were made him, wherein he was entertained with the surpassing virtues, long sufferings, and achievements of the Pilgrim Fathers; and it is even said he was treated to a sight of Plymouth Rock, that great corner-stone of Yankee empire.

I will not detain my readers by recounting the endless devices by which time was wasted, and obstacles and delays multiplied to the infinite annoyance of the impatient Peter. Neither will I fatigue them by dwelling on his negotiations with the grand council, when he at length brought them to business. Suffice it to say, it was like most other diplomatic negotiations; a great deal was said and very little done; one

conversation led to another, one conference begot misunderstandings which it took a dozen conferences to explain, at the end of which both parties found themselves just where they had begun, but ten times less likely to come to an agreement.

In the midst of these perplexities which bewildered the brain and incensed the ire of honest Peter, he received private intelligence of the dark conspiracy matured in the British cabinet, with the astounding fact that a British squadron was already on the way to invade New Amsterdam by sea; and that the grand council of Amphictyons, while thus beguiling him with subtleties, were actually prepared to co-operate by land!

Oh! how did the sturdy old warrior rage and roar, when he found himself thus entrapped, like a lion in the hunter's toil! Now did he draw his trusty sword, and determine to break in upon the council of the Amphictyons and put every mother's son of them to death. Now did he resolve to fight his way throughout all the region of the east, and to lay waste Connecticut river!

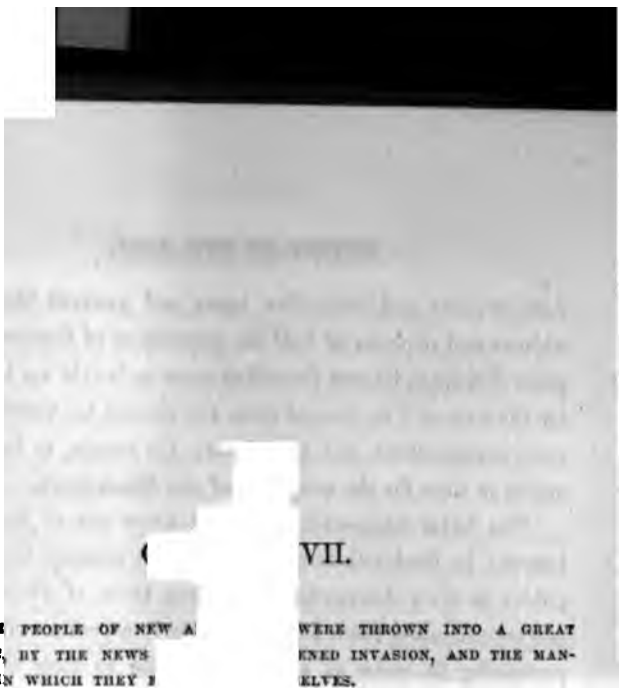
Gallant, but unfortunate Peter! Did I not enter with sad forebodings on this ill-starred expedition? Did I not tremble when I saw thee, with no other counsellor than thine own head; no other armor but an honest tongue, a spotless conscience, and a rusty sword; no other protector but St. Nicholas, and no other attendant but a trumpeter—did I not tremble when I beheld thee thus sally forth to contend with all the knowing powers of New England?

It was a long time before the kind-hearted expostulations of Antony Van Corlear, aided by the soothing melody of his trumpet, could lower the spirits of Peter Stuyvesant from

their warlike and vindictive tones, and prevent his making widows and orphans of half the population of Boston. With great difficulty, he was prevailed upon to bottle up his wrath for the present; to conceal from the council his knowledge of their machinations, and by effecting his escape, to be able to arrive in time for the salvation of the Manhattoes.

The latter suggestion awakened a new ray of hope in his bosom; he forthwith despatched a secret message to his councillors at New Amsterdam, apprising them of their danger, and commanding them to put the city in a posture of defence; promising to come as soon as possible to their assistance. This done, he felt marvellously relieved, rose slowly, shook himself like a rhinoceros, and issued forth from his den, in much the same manner as Giant Despair is described to have issued from Doubting Castle, in the chivalric history of the Pilgrim's Progress.

And now much does it grieve me that I must leave the gallant Peter in this imminent jeopardy; but it behooves us to hurry back and see what is going on at New Amsterdam, for greatly do I fear that city is already in a turmoil. Such was ever the fate of Peter Stuyvesant; while doing one thing with heart and soul, he was too apt to leave every thing else at sixes and sevens. While, like a potentate of yore, he was absent attending to those things in person which in modern days are trusted to generals and ambassadors, his little territory at home was sure to get in an uproar;—all which was owing to that uncommon strength of intellect, which induced him to trust to nobody but himself, and which had acquired him the renowned appellation of Peter the Headstrong.



VII.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF NEW A WERE THROWN INTO A GREAT
PANIC, BY THE NEWS ENED INVASION, AND THE MAN-
NER IN WHICH THEY E ELVES.

THERE is no sight more truly interesting to a philosopher than a community, where every individual has a voice in public affairs; where every individual considers himself the Atlas of the nation; and where every individual thinks it his duty to bestir himself for the good of his country: I say, there is nothing more interesting to a philosopher than such a community in a sudden bustle of war. Such clamor of tongues —such patriotic bawling—such running hither and thither—every body in a hurry—every body in trouble—every body in the way, and every body interrupting his neighbor—who is busily employed in doing nothing! It is like witnessing a great fire, where the whole community are agog—some dragging about empty engines—others scampering with full buckets, and spilling the contents into their neighbor's boots—and others ringing the church bells all night, by way of putting out the fire. Little firemen—like sturdy little knights storming a breach, clambering up and down scaling-ladders, and bawling through tin trumpets, by way of directing the attack. Here

a fellow, in his great zeal to save the property of the unfortunate, catches up an anonymous chamber utensil, and gallants it off with an air of as much self-importance as if he had rescued a pot of money: there another throws looking-glasses and china out of the window, to save them from the flames: whilst those who can do nothing else run up and down the streets, keeping up an incessant cry of *Fire! Fire! Fire!*

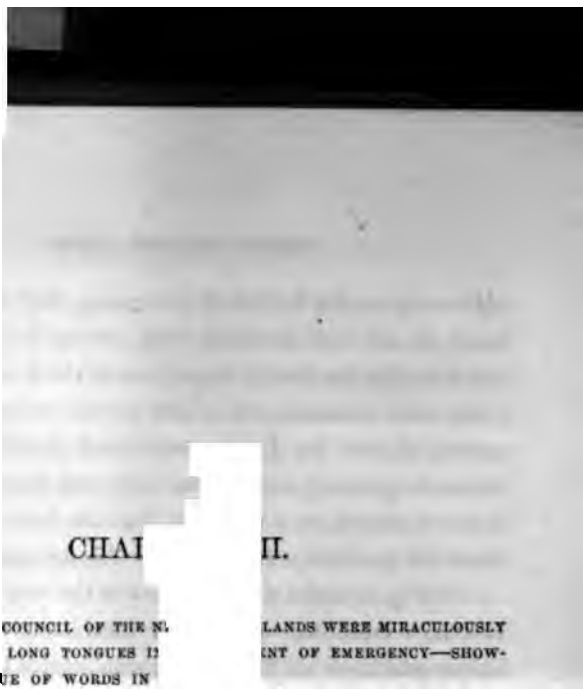
"When the news arrived at Sinope," says Lucian—though I own the story is rather trite—"that Philip was about to attack them, the inhabitants were thrown into a violent alarm. Some ran to furbish up their arms; others rolled stones to build up the walls—every body, in short, was employed and every body in the way of his neighbor. Diogenes alone could find nothing to do—whereupon, not to be idle when the welfare of his country was at stake, he tucked up his robe, and fell to rolling his tub with might and main up and down the Gymnasium." In like manner did every mother's son in the patriotic community of New Amsterdam, on receiving the missive of Peter Stuyvesant, busy himself most mightily in putting things in confusion, and assisting the general uproar. "Every man"—saith the Stuyvesant manuscript—"flew to arms!"—by which is meant, that not one of our honest Dutch citizens would venture to church or to market without an old-fashioned spit of a sword dangling at his side, and a long Dutch fowling-piece on his shoulder; nor would he go out of a night without a lantern; nor turn a corner without first peeping cautiously round, lest he should come unawares upon a British army;—and we are informed that Stoffel Brinkerhoff, who was considered by the old women almost as brave a man as the governor himself, actually had two one-pound swivels

mounted in his entry, one pointing out at the front door, and the other at the back.

But the most strenuous measure resorted to on this awful occasion, and one which has since been found of wonderful efficacy, was to assemble popular r ngs. These brawling convocations, I have already show e extremely offensive to Peter Stuyvesant; but as this was a moment of unusual agitation and as the old governo ot present to repress them, they broke out with intol e violence. Hither, therefore, the orators and politician paired; striving who should bawl loudest, and exceed the thers in hyperbolical bursts of patriotism, and in resolutions to uphold and defend the government. In these sage meetings it was resolved that they were the most enlightened, the most dignified, the most formidable, and the most ancient community upon the face of the earth. This resolution being carried unanimously, another was immediately proposed—whether it were not possible and politic to exterminate Great Britain? upon which sixty-nine members spoke in the affirmative, and only one arose to suggest some doubts—who, as a punishment for his treasonable presumption, was immediately seized by the mob, and tarred and feathered—which punishment being equivalent to the Tarpeian Rock, he was afterwards considered as an outcast from society, and his opinion went for nothing. The question, therefore, being unanimously carried in the affirmative, it was recommended to the grand council to pass it into a law; which was accordingly done. By this measure the hearts of the people at large were wonderfully encouraged, and they waxed exceedingly choleric and valorous. Indeed, the first paroxysm of alarm having in some measure subsided—the

old women having buried all the money they could lay their hands on, and their husbands daily getting fuddled with what was left—the community began even to stand on the offensive. Songs were manufactured in Low Dutch and sung about the streets, wherein the English were most wofully beaten, and shown no quarter; and popular addresses were made, wherein it was proved, to a certainty, that the fate of Old England depended upon the will of the New Amsterdammers.

Finally, to strike a violent blow at the very vitals of Great Britain, a multitude of the wiser inhabitants assembled, and having purchased all the British manufactures they could find, they made thereof a huge bonfire; and, in the patriotic glow of the moment, every man present, who had a hat or breeches of English workmanship, pulled it off, and threw it into the flames—to the irreparable detriment, loss, and ruin, of the English manufacturers. In commemoration of this great exploit, they erected a pole on the spot, with a device on the top intended to represent the province of Nieuw Nederlands destroying Great Britain, under the similitude of an Eagle picking the little Island of Old England out of the globe; but either through the unskilfulness of the sculptor, or his ill-timed waggery, it bore a striking resemblance to a goose, vainly striving to get hold of a dumpling.



CHAI II.

HOW THE GRAND COUNCIL OF THE N. LANDS WERE MIRACULOUSLY **GIFTED WITH** LONG TONGUES IN INT OF EMERGENCY—SHOW-**ING THE VALUE** OF WORDS IN

IT will need but little penetration in any one conversant with the ways of that wise but windy potentate, the sovereign people, to discover that notwithstanding all the warlike bluster and bustle of the last chapter, the city of New Amsterdam was not a whit more prepared for war than before. The privy councillors of Peter Stuyvesant were aware of this; and, having received his private orders to put the city in an immediate posture of defence, they called a meeting of the oldest and richest burghers to assist them with their wisdom. These were that order of citizens commonly termed "men of the greatest weight in the community;" their weight being estimated by the heaviness of their heads and of their purses. Their wisdom in fact is apt to be of a ponderous kind, and to hang like a mill-stone round the neck of the community.

Two things were unanimously determined in this assembly of venerables: First, that the city required to be put in a state of defence; and Second, that, as the danger was imminent, there should be no time lost: which points being settled,

they fell to making long speeches and belaboring one another in endless and intemperate disputes. For about this time was this unhappy city first visited by that talking endemic, so prevalent in this country, and which so invariably evinces itself, wherever a number of wise men assemble together; breaking out in long, windy speeches; caused, as physicians suppose, by the foul air which is ever generated in a crowd. Now it was, moreover, that they first introduced the ingenious method of measuring the merits of an harangue by the hour-glass; he being considered the ablest orator who spoke longest on a question. For which excellent invention, it is recorded, we are indebted to the same profound Dutch critic who judged of books by their size.

This sudden passion for endless harangues, so little consonant with the customary gravity and taciturnity of our sage forefathers, was supposed by certain philosophers to have been imbibed, together with divers other barbarous propensities, from their savage neighbors; who were peculiarly noted for *long talks* and *council fires*, and never undertook any affair of the least importance, without previous debates and harangues among their chiefs and *old men*. But the real cause was, that the people, in electing their representatives to the grand council, were particular in choosing them for their talents at talking, without inquiring whether they possessed the more rare, difficult, and ofttimes important talent of holding their tongues. The consequence was, that this deliberative body was composed of the most loquacious men in the community. As they considered themselves placed there to talk, every man concluded that his duty to his constituents, and, what is more, his popularity with them, required that he should harangue

on every subject, whether he understood it or not. There was an ancient mode of burying a chieftain, by every soldier throwing his shield full of earth on the corpse, until a mighty mound was formed; so whenever a question was brought forward in this assembly, eve ber pressing forward to throw on his quantum of wi the subject was quickly buried under a mountain

We are told, that dis ntering the school of Pythagoras, were for two yea d silence, and forbidden either to ask questions, or marks. After they had thus acquired the inestim f holding their tongues, they were gradually permitted to make inquiries, and finally to communicate their own opinions.

With what a beneficial effect could this wise regulation of Pythagoras be introduced in modern legislative bodies—and how wonderfully would it have tended to expedite business in the grand council of the Manhattoes!

At this perilous juncture the fatal word economy, the stumbling-block of William the Testy, had been once more set afloat, according to which the cheapest plan of defence was insisted upon as the best; it being deemed a great stroke of policy in furnishing powder to economize in ball.

Thus did dame Wisdom (whom the wags of antiquity have humorously personified as a woman) seem to take a mischievous pleasure in jilting the venerable councillors of New Amsterdam. To add to the confusion, the old factions of Short Pipes and Long Pipes, which had been almost strangled by the herculean grasp of Peter Stuyvesant, now sprang up with tenfold vigor. Whatever was proposed by Short Pipe was opposed by the whole tribe of Long Pipes, who, like

true partisans, deemed it their first duty to effect the downfall of their rivals; their second to elevate themselves, and their third, to consult the public good; though many left the third consideration out of question altogether.

In this great collision of hard heads it is astonishing the number of projects that were struck out; projects which threw the wind-mill system of William the Testy completely in the background. These were almost uniformly opposed by the "men of the greatest weight in the community!" your weighty men, though slow to devise, being always great at "negativing." Among these were a set of fat, self-important old burghers, who smoked their pipes, and said nothing except to negative every plan of defence proposed. These were that class of "conservatives," who having amassed a fortune, button up their pockets, shut their mouths, sink, as it were, into themselves, and pass the rest of their lives in the indwelling beatitude of conscious wealth; as some phlegmatic oyster, having swallowed a pearl, closes its shell, sinks in the mud, and devotes the rest of its life to the conservation of its treasure. Every plan of defence seemed to these worthy old gentlemen pregnant with ruin. An armed force was a legion of locusts preying upon the public property—to fit out a naval armament was to throw their money into the sea—to build fortifications was to bury it in the dirt. In short, they settled it as a sovereign maxim, so long as their pockets were full, no matter how much they were drubbed. A kick left no scar—a broken head cured itself—but an empty purse was of all maladies the slowest to heal, and one in which nature did nothing for the patient.

Thus did this venerable assembly of sages lavish away

that time which the urgency of affairs rendered inval
in empty brawls and long-winded speeches, without ever
ing, except on the point with which they started, namel
there was no time to be lost, and delay was ruinou
length, St. Nicholas taking compassion on their dist
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bay!

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH THE TROUBLES OF NEW AMSTERDAM APPEAR TO THICKEN—SHOWING THE BRAVERY, IN TIME OF PERIL, OF A PEOPLE WHO DEFEND THEMSELVES BY RESOLUTIONS.

LIKE as an assemblage of belligerent cats, gibbering and cater-wauling; eyeing one another with hideous grimaces nd contortions; spitting in each other's faces, and on the oint of a general clapper-clawing, are suddenly put to scamering rout and confusion by the appearance of a house-dog; was the no less vociferous council of New Amsterdam mazed, astounded, and totally dispersed, by the sudden arrival the enemy. Every member waddled home as fast as his ort legs could carrry him, wheezing as he went with corpuncy and terror. Arrived at his castle, he barricadoed the reet-door, and buried himself in the cider-cellar, without nturing to peep out, lest he should have his head carried off a cannon ball.

The sovereign people crowded into the market-place, herdg together with the instinct of sheep, who seek safety in ch other's company, when the shepherd and his dog are sent, and the wolf is prowling round the fold. Far from ading relief, however, they only increased each other's ter-

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The sovereign people crowded into the market-place, herding together with the instinct of sheep, who seek safety in each other's company, when the shepherd and his dog are absent, and the wolf is prowling round the fold. Far from finding relief, however, they only increased each other's ter-

the excess of his wrath, from descending down from the mountains, and falling, sword in hand, upon certain of the border-towns, who were marshalling forth their draggle-tailed militia.

The first movement of vernor, on reaching his dwelling, was to mount th whence he contemplated with rueful aspect the h dron. This had already come to anchor in the l consisted of two stout frigates, having on board, as sselyn, gent., informs us, "three hundred valiant re Having taken this survey, he sat himself down and wr istle to the commander, demanding the reason of his anchoring in the harbor without obtaining previous permission so to do. This letter was couched in the most dignified and courteous terms, though I have it from undoubted authority that his teeth were clinched, and he had a bitter sardonic grin upon his visage all the while he wrote. Having despatched his letter, the grim Peter stumped to and fro about the town with a most war-betokening countenance, his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, and whistling a Low Dutch psalm-tune, which bore no small resemblance to the music of a northeast wind, when a storm is brewing. The very dogs as they eyed him skulked away in dismay; while all the old and ugly women of New Amsterdam ran howling at his heels, imploring him to save them from murder, robbery, and pitiless ravishment!

The reply of Colonel Nicholas, who commanded the invaders, was couched in terms of equal courtesy with the letter of the governor; declaring the right and title of his British Majesty to the province; where he affirmed the Dutch to be mere interlopers; and demanding that the town forts, etc.,

should be forthwith rendered into his majesty's obedience and protection; promising, at the same time, life, liberty, estate, and free trade, to every Dutch denizen who should readily submit to his majesty's government.

Peter Stuyvesant read over this friendly epistle with some such harmony of aspect as we may suppose a crusty farmer reads the loving letter of John Stiles, warning him of an action of ejectment. He was not, however, to be taken by surprise; but, thrusting the summons into his breeches pocket, stalked three times across the room, took a pinch of snuff with great vehemence, and then, loftily waving his hand, promised to send an answer the next morning. He now summoned a general meeting of his privy councillors and burgomasters, not to ask their advice, for, confident in his own strong head, he needed no man's counsel, but apparently to give them a piece of his mind on their late craven conduct.

His orders being duly promulgated, it was a piteous sight to behold the late valiant burgomasters, who had demolished the whole British empire in their harangues, peeping ruefully out of their hiding-places; crawling cautiously forth; dodging through narrow lanes and alleys; starting at every little dog that barked; mistaking lamp-posts for British grenadiers; and, in the excess of their panic, metamorphosing pumps into formidable soldiers levelling blunderbusses at their bosoms! Having, however, in despite of numerous perils and difficulties of the kind, arrived safe, without the loss of a single man, at the hall of assembly, they took their seats, and awaited in fearful silence the arrival of the governor. In a few moments the wooden leg of the intrepid Peter was heard in regular and stout-hearted thumps upon the staircase. He entered the

chamber, arrayed in full suit of regimentals, and carrying his trusty toledo, not girded on his thigh, but tucked under his arm. As the governor never equipped himself in this portentous manner unless something of martial nature were working within his pericranium, his council regarded him ruefully, as if they saw fire and sword in his iron countenance, and forgot to light their pipes in breathless suspense.

His first words were, to rate his council soundly for having wasted in idle debate and party feud the time which should have been devoted to putting the city in a state of defence. He was particularly indignant at those brawlers who had disgraced the councils of the province by empty bickerings and scurrilous invectives against an absent enemy. He now called upon them to make good their words by deeds, as the enemy they had defied and derided was at the gate. Finally, he informed them of the summons he had received to surrender, but concluded by swearing to defend the province as long as Heaven was on his side and he had a wooden leg to stand upon; which warlike sentence he emphasized by a thwack with the flat of his sword upon the table, that quite electrified his auditors.

The privy councillors, who had long since been brought into as perfect discipline as were ever the soldiers of the great Frederick, knew there was no use in saying a word—so lighted their pipes, and smoked away in silence, like fat and discreet councillors. But the burgomasters, being inflated with considerable importance and self-sufficiency, acquired at popular meetings, were not so easily satisfied. Mustering up fresh spirit, when they found there was some chance of escaping from their present jeopardy without the disagreeable alterna-

tive of fighting, they requested a copy of the summons to surrender, that they might show it to a general meeting of the people.

So insolent and mutinous a request would have been enough to have roused the gorge of the tranquil Van Twiller himself—what then must have been its effect upon the great Stuyvesant, who was not only a Dutchman, a governor, and a valiant wooden-legged soldier to boot, but withal a man of the most stomachful and gunpowder disposition? He burst forth into a blaze of indignation—swore not a mother's son of them should see a syllable of it—that as to their advice or concurrence, he did not care a whiff of tobacco for either—that they might go home, and go to bed like old women; for he was determined to defend the colony himself, without the assistance of them or their adherents! So saying he tucked his sword under his arm, cocked his hat upon his head, and girding up his loins, stumped indignantly out of the council-chamber—everybody making room for him as he passed.

No sooner was he gone than the busy burgomasters called a public meeting in front of the Stadthouse, where they appointed as chairman one Dofue Roerback, formerly a meddlesome member of the cabinet during the reign of William the Testy, but kicked out of office by Peter Stuyvesant on taking the reins of government. He was, withal, a mighty gingerbread baker in the land, and reverenced by the populace as a man of dark knowledge, seeing that he was the first to imprint New Year cakes with the mysterious hieroglyphics of the Cock and Breeches, and such like magical devices.

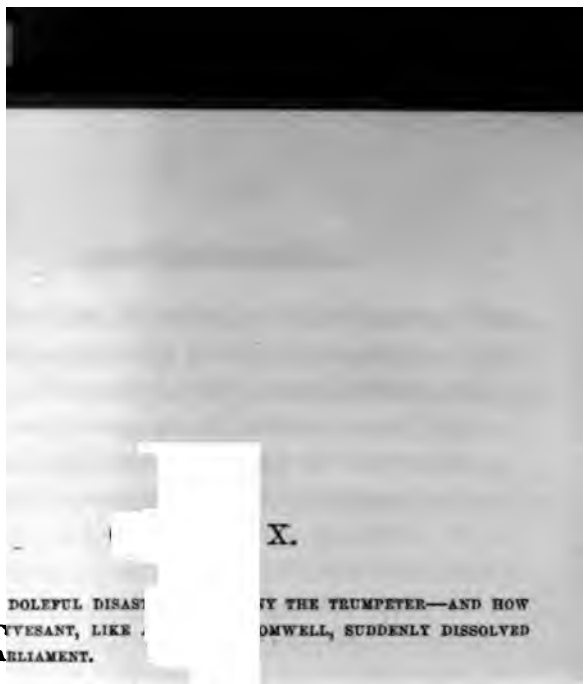
This burgomaster, who still chewed the cud of ill-will against Peter Stuyvesant, addressed the multitude in what is

called a patriotic speech, informing them of the courteous summons which the governor had received, to surrender; of his refusal to comply therewith, and of his denying the public even a sight of the summons, which doubtless contained conditions highly to the honor a itage of the province.

He then proceeded to sp his Excellency in high-sounding terms of vituperati d to the dignity of his station; comparing him to ligula, and other flagrant great men of yore; assuri eople that the history of the world did not contain a utrage equal to the present. That it would be recor a letters of fire, on the blood-stained tablet of history! That ages would roll back with sudden horror when they came to view it! That the womb of time (by the way, your orators and writers take strange liberties with the womb of time, though some would fain have us believe that time is an old gentleman)—that the womb of time, pregnant as it was with direful horrors, would never produce a parallel enormity!—with a variety of other heart-rending, soul-stirring tropes and figures, which I cannot enumerate; neither, indeed, need I, for they were of the kind which even to the present day form the style of popular harangues and patriotic orations, and may be classed in rhetoric under the general title of RIGMAROLE.

The result of this speech of the inspired burgomaster, was a memorial addressed to the governor, remonstrating in good round terms on his conduct. It was proposed that Dofue Roerback himself should be the bearer of this memorial, but this he warily declined, having no inclination of coming again within kicking distance of his Excellency. Who did deliver it has never been named in history, in which neglect he has

suffered grievous wrong; seeing that he was equally worthy of blazon with him perpetuated in Scottish song and story by the surname of Bell-the-cat. All we know of the fate of this memorial is, that it was used by the grim Peter to light his pipe; which, from the vehemence with which he smoked it, was evidently any thing but a pipe of peace.



X.

CONTAINING A DOLEFUL DISAS[TER] [BY] THE TRUMPETER—AND HOW PETER STUYVESANT, LIKE [CROM]WELL, SUDDENLY DISSOLVED A RUMP PARLIAMENT.

NOW did the high-minded Pieter de Groodt shower down a pannier load of maledictions upon his burgomasters for a set of self-willed, obstinate, factious varlets, who would neither be convinced nor persuaded. Nor did he omit to bestow some left-handed compliments upon the sovereign people, as a herd of poltroons, who had no relish for the glorious hardships and illustrious misadventures of battle—but would rather stay at home, and eat and sleep in ignoble ease, than fight in a ditch for immortality and a broken head.

Resolutely bent, however, upon defending his beloved city, in despite even of itself, he called unto him his trusty Van Corlear, who was his right-hand man in all times of emergency. Him did he adjure to take his war-denouncing trumpet, and mounting his horse, to beat up the country night and day—sounding the alarm along the pastoral borders of the Bronx—startling the wild solitudes of Croton—arousing the rugged yeomanry of Weehawk and Hoboken—the mighty men of battle of Tappan Bay—and the brave boys of Tarry-Town, Petticoat-Lane, and Sleepy-Hollow—charging them

one and all to sling their powder-horns, shoulder their fowling-pieces, and march merrily down to the Manhattoes.

Now there was nothing in all the world, the divine sex excepted, that Antony Van Corlear loved better than errands of this kind. So just stopping to take a lusty dinner, and bracing to his side his junk bottle, well charged with heart-inspiring Hollands, he issued jollily from the city gate, which looked out upon what is at present called Broadway; sounding a farewell strain, that rung in sprightly echoes through the winding streets of New Amsterdam—Alas! never more were they to be gladdened by the melody of their favorite trumpeter!

It was a dark and stormy night when the good Antony arrived at the creek (sagely denominated Haerlem *river*) which separates the island of Manna-hata from the mainland. The wind was high. the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vapored like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across in spite of the devil! (Spyt den Duyvel,) and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Antony! scarce had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters—instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blast—sank for ever to the bottom!

The clangor of his trumpet, like that of the ivory horn of the renowned Paladin Orlando, when expiring in the glorious field of Roncesvalles, rang far and wide through the country,

alarming the neighbors round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair; with the fearful addition (to which I am slow in giving belief) t[illegible]he duyvel, in the shape of a huge moss-bonker, siez[illegible]ly Antony by the leg, and drag him beneath the [illegible]tain it is, the place, with the adjoining promontor[illegible]rojects into the Hudson, has been called *Spyt den* [illegible]er since—the ghost of the unfortunate Antony s[illegible]he surrounding solitudes, and his trumpet has ofte[illegible]rd by the neighbors, of a stormy night, mingling with the howling of the blast. Nobody ever attempts to swim across the creek after dark; on the contrary, a bridge has been built to guard against such melancholy accidents in future—and as to the moss-bonkers, they are held in such abhorrence, that no true Dutchman will admit them to his table, who loves good fish and hates the devil.

Such was the end of Antony Van Corlear—a man deserving of a better fate. He lived roundly and soundly, like a true and jolly bachelor, until the day of his death; but though he was never married, yet did he leave behind some two or three dozen children, in different parts of the country—fine, chubby, brawling, flatulent little urchins; from whom, if legends speak true, (and they are not apt to lie,) did descend the innumerable race of editors, who people and defend this country, and who are bountifully paid by the people for keeping up a constant alarm—and making them miserable. It is hinted, too, that in his various expeditions into the East he did much towards promoting the population of the country;

in proof of which is adduced the notorious propensity of the people of those parts to sound their own trumpet.

As some way-worn pilgrim, when the tempest whistles through his locks and night is gathering round, beholds his faithful dog, the companion and solace of his journeying, stretched lifeless at his feet, so did the generous-hearted hero of the Manhattoes contemplate the untimely end of Antony Van Corlear. He had been the faithful attendant of his footsteps; he had charmed him in many a weary hour by his honest gayety and the martial melody of his trumpet, and had followed him with unflinching loyalty and affection through many a scene of direful peril and mishap. He was gone for ever! and that, too, at a moment when every mongrel cur was skulking from his side. This—Peter Stuyvesant—was the moment to try thy fortitude; and this was the moment when thou didst indeed shine forth Peter *the Headstrong!*

The glare of day had long dispelled the horrors of the stormy night; still all was dull and gloomy. The late jovial Apollo hid his face behind lugubrious clouds, peeping out now and then for an instant, as if anxious, yet fearful, to see what was going on in his favorite city. This was the eventful morning when the great Peter was to give his reply to the summons of the invaders. Already was he closeted with his privy council, sitting in grim state, brooding over the fate of his favorite trumpeter, and anon boiling with indignation as the insolence of his recreant burgomasters flashed upon his mind. While in this state of irritation, a courier arrived in all haste from Winthrop, the subtle governor of Connecticut, counselling him, in the most affectionate and disinterested manner, to surrender the province, and magnifying

the dangers and calamities to which a refusal would subject him.—What a moment was this to intrude officious advice upon a man who never took advice in his whole life!—The fiery old governor strode up and down the chamber with a vehemence that made tin his councillors to quake with awe—railing at his , that thus made him the constant butt of factious d jesuitical advisers.

Just at this ill-chose e officious burgomasters, who had heard of the ar sterious dispatches, came marching in a body into ith a legion of schepens and toad-eaters at their he ruptly demanded a perusal of the letter. This was too much for the spleen of Peter Stuyvesant. He tore the letter in a thousand pieces—threw it in the face of the nearest burgomaster—broke his pipe over the head of the next—hurled his spitting-box at an unlucky schepen, who was just retreating out at the door, and finally prorogued the whole meeting *sine die*, by kicking them down stairs with his wooden leg.

As soon as the burgomasters could recover from their confusion and had time to breathe, they called a public meeting, where they related at full length, and with appropriate coloring and exaggeration, the despotic and vindictive deportment of the governor; declaring that, for their own parts, they did not value a straw the being kicked, cuffed, and mauled by the timber toe of his excellency, but that they felt for the dignity of the sovereign people, thus rudely insulted by the outrage committed on the seat of honor of their representatives. The latter part of the harangue came home at once to that delicacy of feeling, and jealous pride of character, vested in all true mobs; who, though they may bear injuries without a

murmur, yet are marvellously jealous of their sovereign dignity —and there is no knowing to what act of resentment they might have been provoked, had they not been somewhat more afraid of their sturdy old governor than they were of St. Nicholas, the English—or the d——l himself.

XI.

HOW PETER STUYVESANT DEF[illegible]ITY OF NEW AMSTERDAM FOR SEVERAL DAYS, BY D[illegible]RENGTH OF HIS HEAD.

THERE is something exceedingly sublime and melancholy in the spectacle which the present crisis of our history presents. An illustrious and venerable little city—the metropolis of a vast extent of uninhabited country—garrisoned by a doughty host of orators, chairmen, comitteemen, burgomasters, schepens, and old women—governed by a determined and strong-headed warrior, and fortified by mud batteries, palisadoes, and resolutions—blockaded by sea, beleaguered by land, and threatened with direful desolation from without; while its very vitals are torn with internal faction and commotion! Never did historic pen record a page of more complicated distress, unless it be the strife that distracted the Israelites, during the siege of Jerusalem—where discordant parties were cutting each other's throats, at the moment when the victorious legions of Titus had toppled down their bulwarks, and were carrying fire and sword into the very sanctum sanctorum of the temple.

Governor Stuyvesant having triumphantly put his grand council to the rout, and delivered himself from a multitude

of impertinent advisers, despatched a categorical reply to the commanders of the invading squadron; wherein he asserted the right and title of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General to the province of New Netherlands, and trusting in the righteousness of his cause, set the whole British nation at defiance!

My anxiety to extricate my readers and myself from these disastrous scenes prevents me from giving the whole of this gallant letter, which concluded in these manly and affectionate terms:

"As touching the threats in your conclusion, we have nothing to answer, only that we fear nothing but what God (who is as just as merciful) shall lay upon us; all things being in his gracious disposal, and we may as well be preserved by him with small forces as by a great army; which makes us to wish you all happiness and prosperity, and recommend you to his protection. My lords, your thrice humble and affectionate servant and friend,

"P. STUYVESANT."

Thus having thrown his gauntlet, the brave Peter stuck a pair of horse pistols in his belt, girded an immense powder-horn on his side—thrust his sound leg into a Hessian boot, and clapping his fierce little war-hat on the top of his head—paraded up and down in front of his house, determined to defend his beloved city to the last.

While all these struggles and dissensions were prevailing in the unhappy city of New Amsterdam, and while its worthy but ill-starred governor was framing the above-quoted letter, the English commanders did not remain idle. They had

of Short Pipes in the course of a single night had changed into arrant old women—a metamorphosis only to be paralleled by the prodigies recorded by Livy as having happened at Rome at the approach of Hannibal, when statues sweated in pure affright, goats were converted into sheep, and cocks, turning into hens, ran cackling about the street.

Thus baffled in all attempts to put the city in a state of defence; blockaded from without; tormented from within; and menaced with a Yankee invasion, even the stiff-necked will of Peter Stuyvesant for once gave way, and in spite of his mighty heart, which swelled in his throat until it nearly choked him, he consented to a treaty of surrender.

Words cannot express the transports of the populace, on receiving this intelligence; had they obtained a conquest over their enemies, they could not have indulged greater delight. The streets resounded with their congratulations—they extolled their governor as the father and deliverer of his country—they crowded to his house to testify their gratitude, and were ten times more noisy in their plaudits than when he returned, with victory perched upon his beaver, from the glorious capture of Fort Christina. But the indignant Peter shut his doors and windows, and took refuge in the innermost recesses of his mansion, that he might not hear the ignoble rejoicings of the rabble.

Commissioners were now appointed on both sides, and a capitulation was speedily arranged; all that was wanting to ratify it was that it should be signed by the governor. When the commissioners waited upon him for this purpose, they were received with grim and bitter courtesy. His warlike accoutrements were laid aside—an old Indian night-gown was

wrapped about his rugged limbs, a red night-cap overshadowed his frowning brow, an iron-gray beard of three days' growth gave additional grimness to his visage. Thrice did he seize a worn-out stump of a pen, and essay to sign the loathsome paper—thrice did he clinch his teeth, and make a horrible countenance, as though a dose of rhubarb, senna, and ipecacuanha, had been offered to his lips; at length, dashing it from him, he seized his brass-hilted sword, and jerking it from the scabbard, swore by St. Nicholas, to sooner die than yield to any power under heaven.

For two whole days did he persist in this magnanimous resolution, during which his house was besieged by the rabble, and menaces and clamorous revilingt exhausted to no purpose. And now another course was adopted to soothe, if possible, his mighty ire. A procession was formed by the burgomasters and schepens, followed by the populace, to bear the capitulation in state to the governor's dwelling. They found the castle strongly barricadoed, and the old hero in full regimentals, with his cocked hat on his head, posted with a blunderbuss at the garret window.

There was something in this formidable position that struck even the ignoble vulgar with awe and admiration. The brawling multitude could not but reflect with self-abasement upon their own pusillanimous conduct, when they beheld their hardy but deserted old governor, thus faithful to his post, like a forlorn hope, and fully prepared to defend his ungrateful city to the last. These compunctions, however, were soon overwhelmed by the recurring tide of public apprehension. The populace arranged themselves before the house, taking off their hats with most respectful humility—Burgomaster Roer-

back, who was of that popular class of orators described by Sallust, as being "talkative rather than eloquent," stepped forth and addressed the governor in a speech of three hours' length, detailing, in the most pathetic terms, the calamitous situation of the province, and urging him in a constant repetition of the same arguments and words to sign the capitulation.

The mighty Peter eyed him from his garret window in grim silence—now and then his eye would glance over the surrounding rabble, and an indignant grin, like that of an angry mastiff, would mark his iron visage. But though a man of most undaunted mettle—though he had a heart as big as an ox, and a head that would have set adamant to scorn—yet after all he was a mere mortal. Wearied out by these repeated oppositions, and this eternal haranguing, and perceiving that unless he complied, the inhabitants would follow their own inclination, or rather their fears, without waiting for his consent; or, what was still worse, the Yankees would have time to pour in their forces and claim a share in the conquest, he testily ordered them to hand up the paper. It was accordingly hoisted to him on the end of a pole, and having scrawled his name at the bottom of it, he anathematized them all for a set of cowardly, mutinous, degenerate poltroons—threw the capitulation at their heads, slammed down the window, and was heard stumping down stairs with vehement indignation. The rabble incontinently took to their heels; even the burgomasters were not slow in evacuating the premises, fearing lest the sturdy Peter might issue from his den, and greet them with some unwelcome testimonial of his displeasure.

Within three hours after the surrender, a legion of British

beef-fed warriors poured into New Amsterdam, taking possession of the fort and batteries. And now might be heard, from all quarters, the sound of hammers made by the old Dutch burghers, in nailing up their doors and windows, to protect their vrouws from these fierce barbarians, whom they contemplated in silent sullenness from the garret windows as they paraded through the streets.

Thus did Colonel Richard Nichols, the commander of the British forces, enter into quiet possession of the conquered realm as *locum tenens* for the Duke of York. The victory was attended with no other outrage than that of changing the name of the province and its metropolis, which thenceforth were denominated NEW YORK, and so have continued to be called unto the present day. The inhabitants, according to treaty, were allowed to maintain quiet possession of their property; but so inveterately did they retain their abhorrence of the British nation, that in a private meeting of the leading citizens, it was unanimously determined never to ask any of their conquerors to dinner.

NOTE.

Modern historians assert that when the New Netherlands were thus overrun by the British, as Spain in ancient days by the Saracens, a resolute band refused to bend the neck to the invader. Led by one Garret Van Horne, a valorous and gigantic Dutchman, they crossed the bay and buried themselves among the marshes and cabbage-gardens of Communipaw; as did Pelayo and his followers among the mountains of Asturias. Here their descendants have remained ever since, keeping themselves apart, like seed corn, to repeople the city with the genuine breed whenever it shall be effectually recovered from its intruders. It is said the genuine descendants of the Nederlanders who inhabit New York, still look with longing eyes to the green marshes of ancient Pavonia, as did the conquered Spaniards of yore to the stern mountains of Asturias, considering these the regions whence deliverance is to come.

XII.

CONTAINING THE DIGNIFIED [illegible], AND MORTAL SURRENDER OF [illegible]STRONG.

THUS, then, have I concl[illegible] his great historical enterprise; but before I lay aside my weary pen, there yet remains to be performed one pious duty. If among the variety of readers who may peruse this book, there should haply be found any of those souls of true nobility, which glow with celestial fire at the history of the generous and the brave, they will doubtless be anxious to know the fate of the gallant Peter Stuyvesant. To gratify one such sterling heart of gold I would go more lengths than to instruct the cold-blooded curiosity of a whole fraternity of philosophers.

No sooner had that high-mettled cavalier signed the articles of capitulation, than, determined not to witness the humiliation of his favorite city, he turned his back on its walls and made a growling retreat to his *bouwery*, or country-seat, which was situated about two miles off; where he passed the remainder of his days in patriarchal retirement. There he enjoyed that tranquillity of mind, which he had never known amid the distracting cares of government; and tasted the sweets of absolute and uncontrolled authority, which his fac-

tious subjects had so often dashed with the bitterness of opposition.

No persuasions could ever induce him to revisit the city —on the contrary, he would always have his great arm-chair placed with its back to the windows which looked in that direction; until a thick grove of trees planted by his own hand grew up and formed a screen that effectually excluded it from the prospect. He railed continually at the degenerate innovations and improvements introduced by the conquerors —forbade a word of their detested language to be spoken in his family, a prohibition readily obeyed, since none of the household could speak any thing but Dutch—and even ordered a fine avenue to be cut down in front of his house because it consisted of English cherry trees.

The same incessant vigilance, which blazed forth when he had a vast province under his care, now showed itself with equal vigor, though in narrower limits. He patrolled with unceasing watchfulness the boundaries of his little territory; repelled every encroachment with intrepid promptness; punished every vagrant depredation upon his orchard or his farmyard with inflexible severity; and conducted every stray hog or cow in triumph to the pound. But to the indigent neighbor, the friendless stranger, or the weary wanderer, his spacious doors were ever open, and his capacious fire-place, that emblem of his own warm and generous heart, had always a corner to receive and cherish them. There was an exception to this, I must confess, in case the ill-starred applicant were an Englishman or a Yankee; to whom, though he might extend the hand of assistance, he could never be brought to yield the rites of hospitality. Nay, if peradventure some

straggling merchant of the East should stop at his door, with his cart-load of tin ware or wooden bowls, the fiery Peter would issue forth like a giant from his castle, and make such a furious clattering among his pots and kettles, that the vender of "*notions*" was fain to betake himself to instant flight.

His suit of regimentals, worn threadbare by the brush, were carefully hung up in the state bed-chamber, and regularly aired the first fair day of every month; and his cocked hat and trusty sword were suspended in grim repose over the parlor mantelpiece, forming supporters to a full length portrait of the renowned Admiral Van Tromp. In his domestic empire he maintained strict discipline, and a well-organized despotic government; but though his own will was the supreme law, yet the good of his subjects was his constant object. He watched over, not merely their immediate comforts, but their morals, and their ultimate welfare; for he gave them abundance of excellent admonition, nor could any of them complain, that, when occasion required, he was by any means niggardly in bestowing wholesome correction.

The good old Dutch festivals, those periodical demonstrations of an overflowing heart and a thankful spirit, which are falling into sad disuse among my fellow-citizens, were faithfully observed in the mansion of Governor Stuyvesant. New-Year was truly a day of open-handed liberality, of jocund revelry, and warm-hearted congratulation, when the bosom swelled with genial good fellowship, and the plenteous table was attended with an unceremonious freedom, and honest broad-mouthed merriment, unknown in these days of degeneracy and refinement. Paas and Pinxter were scrupulously observed throughout his dominions; nor was the day of St.

Nicholas suffered to pass by, without making presents, hanging the stocking in the chimney, and complying with all its other ceremonies.

Once a year, on the first day of April, he used to array himself in full regimentals, being the anniversary of his triumphal entry into New Amsterdam, after the conquest of New Sweden. This was always a kind of saturnalia among the domestics, when they considered themselves at liberty, in some measure, to say and do what they pleased; for on this day their master was always observed to unbend, and become exceeding pleasant and jocose, sending the old gray-headed negroes on April-fool's errands for pigeon's milk; not one of whom but allowed himself to be taken in, and humored his old master's jokes, as became a faithful and well-disciplined dependant. Thus did he reign, happily and peacefully on his own land—injuring no man—envying no man—molested by no outward strifes; perplexed by no internal commotions—and the mighty monarchs of the earth, who were vainly seeking to maintain peace, and promote the welfare of mankind, by war and desolation, would have done well to have made a voyage to the little island of Manna-hata, and learned a lesson in government from the domestic economy of Peter Stuyvesant.

In process of time, however, the old governor, like all other children of mortality, began to exhibit evident tokens of decay. Like an aged oak, which, though it long has braved the fury of the elements, and still retains its gigantic proportions, begins to shake and groan with every blast—so was it with the gallant Peter; for though he still bore the port and semblance of what he was, in the days of his hardihood and

chivalry, yet did age and infirmity begin to sap the vigor of his frame—but his heart, that unconquerable citadel, still triumphed unsubdued. With matchless avidity would he listen to every article of intelligence concerning the battles between the English and Dutch—still would his pulse beat high, whenever he heard of the victories of De Ruyter—and his countenance lower, and his brows knit, when fortune turned in favor of the enemy. At length, as on a certain day he had just smoked his pipe, and was napping after dinner, in his arm-chair, the whole British nation in his dreams, he was suddenly roused by a ringing of bells, rattling of drums, and roaring of cannon, that put all his blood in a ferment. But when he learnt that these rejoicings were in honor of a great victory obtained by the combined English and French fleets over the brave De Ruyter, and the younger Van Tromp, it went so much to his heart, that he took to his bed, and, in less than three days, was brought to death's door, by a violent cholera morbus! Even in this extremity he still displayed the unconquerable spirit of Peter *the Headstrong;* holding out to the last gasp, with inflexible obstinacy, against a whole army of old women who were bent upon driving the enemy out of his bowels, in the true Dutch mode of defence, by inundation.

While he thus lay, lingering on the verge of dissolution, news was brought him, that the brave de Ruyter had made good his retreat, with little loss, and meant once more to meet the enemy in battle. The closing eye of the old warrior kindled with martial fire at the words—he partly raised himself in bed—clinched his withered hand, as if he felt within his gripe that sword which waved in triumph before the walls of

Fort Christina, and giving a grim smile of exultation, sank back upon his pillow, and expired.

Thus died Peter Stuyvesant, a valiant soldier—a loyal subject—an upright governor, and an honest Dutchman—who wanted only a few empires to desolate, to have been immortalized as a hero!

His funeral obsequies were celebrated with the utmost grandeur and solemnity. The town was perfectly emptied of its inhabitants, who crowded in throngs to pay the last sad honors to their good old governor. All his sterling qualities rushed in full tide upon their recollection, while the memory of his foibles and his faults had expired with him. The ancient burghers contended who should have the privilege of bearing the pall; the populace strove who should walk nearest to the bier, and the melancholy procession was closed by a number of gray-headed negroes, who had wintered and summered in the household of their departed master for the greater part of a century.

With sad and gloomy countenances, the multitude gathered round the grave. They dwelt with mournful hearts on the sturdy virtues, the signal services, and the gallant exploits of the brave old worthy. They recalled, with secret upbraidings, their own factious oppositions to his government, and many an ancient burgher, whose phlegmatic features had never been known to relax, nor his eyes to moisten, was now observed to puff a pensive pipe, and the big drop to steal down his cheek; while he muttered, with affectionate accent, and melancholy shake of the head—"Well, den!—Hardkoppig Peter ben gone at last!"

His remains were deposited in the family vault, under a

chapel which he had piously erected on his estate, and dedicated to St. Nicholas—and which stood on the identical spot at present occupied by St. Mark's church, where his tombstone is still to be seen. His estate, or *bouwery*, as it was called, has ever continued [illegible] ession of his descendants, who, by the uniform int[illegible] their conduct, and their strict adherence to the cu[illegible] nanners that prevailed in the "*good old times*," hav[illegible] emselves worthy of their illustrious ancestor. M[illegible] nd oft has the farm been haunted at night by ente[illegible] oney-diggers, in quest of pots of gold, said to have b[illegible] l by the old governor—though I cannot learn that any of them have ever been enriched by their researches—and who is there, among my native-born fellow-citizens, that does not remember when, in the mischievous days of his boyhood, he conceived it a great exploit to rob "Stuyvesant's orchard" on a holiday afternoon?

At this strong-hold of the family may still be seen certain memorials of the immortal Peter. His full-length portrait frowns in martial terrors from the parlor wall—his cocked hat and sword still hang up in the best bedroom—his brimstone-colored breeches were for a long while suspended in the hall, until some years since they occasioned a dispute between a new-married couple—and his silver-mounted wooden leg is still treasured up in the store-room, as an invaluable relique.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AUTHOR'S REFLECTIONS UPON WHAT HAS BEEN SAID.

AMONG the numerous events, which are each in their turn the most direful and melancholy of all possible occurrences, in your interesting and authentic history, there is none that occasions such deep and heart-rending grief as the decline and fall of your renowned and mighty empires. Where is the reader who can contemplate without emotion the disastrous events by which the great dynasties of the world have been extinguished? While wandering, in imagination, among the gigantic ruins of states and empires, and marking the tremendous convulsions that wrought their overthrow, the bosom of the melancholy inquirer swells with sympathy commensurate to the surrounding desolation. Kingdoms, principalities, and powers, have each had their rise, their progress, and their downfall—each in its turn has swayed a potent sceptre—each has returned to its primeval nothingness. And thus did it fare with the empire of their High Mightinesses, at the Manhattoes, under the peaceful reign of Walter the Doubter—the fretful reign of William the Testy, and the chivalric reign of Peter the Headstrong.

Its history is fruitful of instruction, and worthy of being

pondered over attentively, for it is by thus raking among the ashes of departed greatness, that the sparks of true knowledge are to be found, and the lamp of wisdom illuminated. Let then the reign of Walter the Doubter warn against yielding to that sleek, contented [illegible] that overweening fondness for comfort and r[illegible]re produced by a state of prosperity and peace [illegible] to unnerve a nation; to destroy its pride of ch[illegible]nder it patient of insult; deaf to the calls of hono[illegible]tice; and cause it to cling to peace, like the slugg[illegible] pillow, at the expense of every valuable duty a[illegible]ration. Such supineness insures the very evil from which it shrinks. One right yielded up produces the usurpation of a second; one encroachment passively suffered makes way for another; and the nation which thus, through a doting love of peace, has sacrificed honor and interest, will at length have to fight for existence.

Let the disastrous reign of William the Testy serve as a salutary warning against that fitful, feverish mode of legislation, which acts without system; depends on shifts and projects, and trusts to lucky contingencies. Which hesitates, and wavers, and at length decides with the rashness of ignorance and imbecility. Which stoops for popularity by courting the prejudices and flattering the arrogance, rather than commanding the respect of the rabble. Which seeks safety in a multitude of counsellors, and distracts itself by a variety of contradictory schemes and opinions. Which mistakes procrastination for wariness—hurry for decision—parsimony for economy—bustle for business, and vaporing for valor. Which is violent in council—sanguine in expectation, precipitate in

action, and feeble in execution. Which undertakes enterprises without forethought—enters upon them without preparation —conducts them without energy, and ends them in confusion and defeat.

Let the reign of the good Stuyvesant show the effects of vigor and decision even when destitute of cool judgment, and surrounded by perplexities. Let it show how frankness, probity, and high-souled courage will command respect, and secure honor, even where success is unattainable. But at the same time, let it caution against a too ready reliance on the good faith of others, and a too honest confidence in the loving professions of powerful neighbors, who are most friendly when they most mean to betray. Let it teach a judicious attention to the opinions and wishes of the many, who, in times of peril, must be soothed and led, or apprehension will overpower the deference to authority.

Let the empty wordiness of his factious subjects; their intemperate harangues; their violent "resolutions;" their hectorings against an absent enemy, and their pusillanimity on his approach, teach us to distrust and despise those clamorous patriots, whose courage dwells but in the tongue. Let them serve as a lesson to repress that insolence of speech, destitute of real force, which too often breaks forth in popular bodies, and bespeaks the vanity rather than the spirit of a nation. Let them caution us against vaunting too much of our own power and prowess, and reviling a noble enemy. True gallantry of soul would always lead us to treat a foe with courtesy and proud punctilio; a contrary conduct but takes from the merit of victory, and renders defeat doubly disgraceful.

But I cease to dwell on the stores of excellent examples to be drawn from the ancient chronicles of the Manhattoes. He who reads attentively will discover the threads of gold which run throughout the web of history, and are invisible to the dull eye of [illegible]ut, before I conclude, let me point out a solemn [illegible]ished in the subtle chain of events by which th[illegible]ort Casimir has produced the present convulsions

Attend then, gentle r[illegible]is plain deduction, which, if thou art a king, an e[illegible]her powerful potentate, I advise thee to treasure up i[illegible]rt—though little expectation have I that my work shall fall into such hands, for well I know the care of crafty ministers, to keep all grave and edifying books of the kind out of the way of unhappy monarchs—lest peradventure they should read them and learn wisdom.

By the treacherous surprisal of Fort Casimir, then, did the crafty Swedes enjoy a transient triumph; but drew upon their heads the vengeance of Peter Stuyvesant, who wrested all New Sweden from their hands. By the conquest of New Sweden, Peter Stuyvesant aroused the claims of Lord Baltimore, who appealed to the Cabinet of Great Britain; who subdued the whole province of New Netherlands. By this great achievement the whole extent of North America, from Nova Scotia to the Floridas, was rendered one entire dependency upon the British crown.—But mark the consequence: the hitherto scattered colonies being thus consolidated, and having no rival colonies to check or keep them in awe, waxed great and powerful, and finally becoming too strong for the mother country, were enabled to shake off its bonds, and by a glorious revolution became an independent empire. But

the chain of effects stopped not here; the successful revolution in America produced the sanguinary revolution in France; which produced the puissant Bonaparte; who produced the French despotism; which has thrown the whole world in confusion! Thus have these great powers been successively punished for their ill-starred conquests—and thus, as I asserted, have all the present convulsions, revolutions, and disasters that overwhelm mankind, originated in the capture of the little Fort Casimir, as recorded in this eventful history.

And now, worthy reader, ere I take a sad farewell—which, alas! must be for ever—willingly would I part in cordial fellowship, and bespeak thy kind-hearted remembrance. That I have not written a better history of the days of the patriarchs is not my fault—had any other person written one as good, I should not have attempted it at all. That many will hereafter spring up and surpass me in excellence, I have very little doubt, and still less care; well knowing that, when the great Christovallo Colon (who is vulgarly called Columbus) had once stood his egg upon its end, every one at table could stand his up a thousand times more dexterously. Should any reader find matter of offence in this history, I should heartily grieve, though I would on no account question his penetration by telling him he was mistaken—his good nature by telling him he was captious—or his pure conscience by telling him he was startled at a shadow. Surely when so ingenious in finding offence where none was intended, it were a thousand pities he should not be suffered to enjoy the benefit of his discovery.

I have too high an opinion of the understanding of my fel-

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

THE EXECUTORS OF

J. K. PAULDING AND WASHINGTON IRVING,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE present reprint of the following papers has grown out of the repeated demand, of late years, for an edition of Salmagundi, worthy to accompany the collected volumes of the writings of one of its distinguished authors. The book would probably have been included by Mr. Irving in the revised edition of his works, had it been wholly his own. It was published some time ago, in the series of the writings of his friend and relative, the joint author of the essays, Mr. Paulding, and though it had been long out of print in that form, Mr. Irving did not seem disposed to break the association. He was accustomed, indeed, to speak of it as a light, trivial publication, the sport of his boyish days; and he certainly showed no eagerness in reviving it; but we cannot suppose him insensible to the many excellences which the work undoubtedly possesses—charms of manner and of thought springing from the fresh, joyous period of youth, and lending their grace to the brightest pages of his matured labors. Salmagundi is the literary parent, not only of the Sketch Book and the Alhambra, but of all the intermediate and subsequent productions of Irving, even of some slight ornaments of the graver offspring of the Columbus and Washington. There is, for instance, in one of the later numbers, a chapter of "The Chronicles of the Renowned and Ancient City of Gotham," which anticipates the humor of Knickerbocker; there are traits of tenderness and pathos suggestive of the plaintive sentiment of the

Sketch Book; and the kindly humors of the Cockloft mansion are an American Bracebridge Hall.

The book, in fact, is every way in place in company with the series of Mr. Irving's writings. It was not all of his composition, to be sure, nor did it receive that care of revision at his hands, bestowed upon his other compositions in his latest editions; but, without separating his part from the rest, and making every allowance for inexperience of style, we may readily enough detect throughout its pages the genius of Washington Irving.

Leaving the particular elucidation of the special authorship of the various articles to his literary executor and biographer, if he shall think proper in his forthcoming work to make such an investigation and disclosure, we may here generally state, for the information of the reader, that "Salmagundi" was the joint production of William Irving, James Kirke Paulding, and Washington Irving. It is well known that the humorous and sentimental poetry of the work was wholly written by William Irving, who was at the time a merchant of New York, and some seventeen years older than his brother Washington. The genial and inventive faculties of William Irving were of a high order. Besides the poetry of Salmagundi the work is indebted to him for occasional hints and sketches worked up by his brother, among which may be mentioned the amusing picture of the civic militia exercises in the letter of Mustapha, in the fifth number, and the equally humorous sketch, of more serious import, of the political "slang-whangers" in the fourteenth.

William Irving married the sister of James Kirke Paulding, who came from his home in Westchester County, to New York, for the first time, on a visit to his new relative. He found the house of his brother-in-law in the city, the genial resort of a knot of wits and humorists who graced the Calliopean Society, a literary institution of those days. An intimacy with Washington Irving sprang up, of which in due time came the joint authorship of Salmagundi, which was thus a species of family party. A considerable portion of

the book was written by Paulding. We may, perhaps, trace his pen in the oriental papers, a form of writing for which he retained a liking, and which he practised with great spirit and elegance to the last. Many of the exquisite passages of description of nature were undoubtedly written by him. "Mine Uncle John," a mellow, fine-toned portrait, was his work, and he had a hand in "Autumnal Reflections," one of the most refined sentimental papers of the volume. It is, perhaps, a common misapprehension of this eminent writer, that his pen was wanting in geniality, and that he took rather a splenetic view of life. This notion has probably arisen from the admission of a controversial element into his productions where, perhaps, it might have been better shut out; but certainly, with this exception, no American writer has spread upon his page more feeling observation, more friendly truths, more genial sympathies. His favorite method of the Apologue affords a kindly proof of this, which is not to be mistaken by those skilled in literary physiognomy.

Some ten years or more after the conclusion of Salmagundi, Paulding ventured alone upon a second series. Washington Irving was in Europe, and the muse of Pindar Cockloft was silent. It was a dangerous undertaking, for the very essence of a Salmagundi is the combination of divers ingredients—a product of many minds. The new work proved a little too uniform and didactic in parts. Geoffrey Crayon could have pruned and heightened it here and there. Yet it contains many delightful pages. There is, among other things, a charming account of a further visit to the old Cockloft Hall, inviting as the old. One passage in it—the death of old Cæsar—has a genuine touch of pathos. The cherry-tree had fallen which he had assisted his master to plant sixty years before, and the poor negro "seemed smitten with the same blast that levelled it. It was curious," concludes the little narrative, "to see how the errors of his early impressions—for he was sixteen years old when brought from Africa—had mixed up with the simple ideas implanted subsequently, respecting the Christ-

ian religion. His kind mistresses ministered to the wants of his soul, as well as the infirmities of his body, and endeavored to make him comprehend the mysteries of our faith. But they were beyond his reach. He feared, he said, 'the Lord would not know him'—meaning that lowly as he was, it might escape the Divinity that such a being had ever existed. His decay was gradual, but the state of his mind was singularly compounded of the mistakes of ignorance and the ramblings of light-headedness as it is called. The day before he died I was in to see him. 'Massa Launcelot,' said he, 'think old negro like me ever go to heaven?' 'I warrant you, old Cæsar,' replied I. He seemed comforted with the assurance, but still a doubt hung on his mind—'What will old negro like me do there?'—Then his eye seemed glad for a moment, and his last words were—'Never mind—I can wait upon the angels.'"

While we write, the remains of this author, at the venerable age of eighty-two, are being borne to the tomb. It is due to his memory, and to his generous participation in the literature of the day, to express the opinion that when the productions of Paulding, now for some time hidden from the world, shall be revived, the public will again find in them a freshness and interest, a spirit and humor, unabated since their first appearance. To the inhabitants of New York in particular, they will present strong claims to attention, for the author, though he turned his back upon the city, was a genuine son of Manhattan.

Of the third writer, Washington Irving, it is not necessary here to speak, nor have we occasion, as we have said, further to point out his share in the work. The many graces and excellences of his style are too well known for the reader to need a guide to find them out. He will meet everywhere in these pages the first sprightly efforts of invention, the playful humor, the sportive fancy, the tender sentiment which constituted in youth as in age—Washington Irving.

A word should be said of the publisher of the work, David Longworth, a gentleman as much given to whim-whams as any of the

race so pleasantly satirized in the little yellow-covered numbers which he sent forth fortnightly to the public. He was the theatrical publisher of the day in the neighborhood of the old Park Theatre, then a new building, holding his place of business on the spot now sacred to the good cheer of Windust. Here he displayed, on the outer wall, a huge painting of the crowning of Shakspeare; while within, a distinction for those times in the infant state of the arts, his shop boasted as its attraction a series of the prints of Alderman Boydell's recently published Shakspeare Gallery. He had been a printer, and had ingrafted on his occupation a taste for elegance in typography, engraving and binding. His beautiful "Telemachus" and other publications, would, in our day, be simply accounted neat; but in his time they made a sensation very much as luxuries of furniture and living, now enjoyed by everybody, were then considered somewhat aristocratic, and reserved only for undoubted affluence. But Longworth had a special whim for elegance. He called his shop, by a fine effort of the imagination, "The Sentimental Epicure's Ordinary;" and as a proof of his judgment, trifled with the English language. In the original edition of some of his books, proper names are spelt with small initial letters. Oddly enough, the man who was so grandiloquent himself would not allow New York its appropriate capitals. It must be written new-york, and portly philadelphia must dwindle in lower-case. The wags of Salmagundi, while they were laughing at the town, must sometimes have been tempted to place a full length of their humorist publisher on his pages.

Salmagundi was quite a success on its first appearance. It did not make a fortune for its authors. That was hardly to be expected of so modest a little pamphlet; but it created its impression. Slight as it was in form, and apparently written off so carelessly, it was really the most formidable incursion which had yet been made in America into the realm of taste in this species of literature. Franklin had written a half dozen agreeable essays for a newspaper, and addressed a few complimentary apologues to the French

ladies. Francis Hopkinson was really an elegant author, who, like Belknap in the Foresters, had turned the graces of his pen to the decoration of politics; Dennie wrote some ingenious lay sermons, and was steeped in rhetorical refinements: but none of these were read by the fair. We do not, indeed, recall a single book written in America wor s toilet-table before Salmagundi.

As for the success o must have been a cheerful thing to witness. Dr. ial reminiscent, tells us:

"Ere half a dozen nu agundi were issued, quite a commotion arose among d the public concerning the work and its authors. udges about town, who had lived obscurely, yet fancied themselves members of the literary world by their revision of Dilworth; and the editors of catechisms with explanatory notes were astounded at that greater eclat which elegant letters secured, and which was denied to their uninventive products; while fashionable coteries everywhere were prodigal of conjectures from what mine the gold dust was brought to light for the commonwealth of letters. Salmagundi was found at almost every tea-table. The sale announced the fact that literary property was both vendible and profitable."

The "characters" sketched in these pleasant papers were doubtless drawn more or less from the life, and included most of the notabilities of the town, with occasionally a glance beyond it. There are said to be some touches of Dennie, the essayist and critic of Philadelphia, in Launcelot Langstaff. A whole bevy of beaux and belles saw themselves reflected in the Ding Dongs and Sophy Sparkles. The base metal of Brummagem adventurers and spendthrifts was nailed to the counter by the satire of Straddles; theatrical critics were silenced by a glance at themselves in the mirror of 'Sbidlikens; fashionable upstarts shrank from the portraits of the Giblets; the small beer of the politician soured at the thundering satire of Dabble; the feathers of the carpet soldiers wilted when they were paraded in the regiment of the Fag-rags. Salmagundi

was the mild terror of the town when society was not too overgrown an instrument to be played upon by a cunning musician.

New York was a queer place then, as our own New York may be, doubtless, to our descendants fifty years hence, if they have a pair of Salmagundi spectacles to see it with. There were all sorts of humors afloat, small and great, from fashionable nothings, with their idle brains, to the heads of great projectors teeming with national wonders. We see something of all in the book. There is that North River Society which figures on so many pages. Were the wits conscious how much of the future these humorous projectors, the Stevenses, the Livingstons and Fultons, held in as yet uncrystallized solution in their vagaries? Mr. Ichabod Fungus laughs at that "aquatic mole or water rat," the "Torpedo," with which the great inventor entertained the town at the Battery, but we hear nothing of his waggery when the Clermont ascends the Hudson. It was the heyday, too, of the Jeffersonian era, and the reader may get a very good idea of the feelings entertained toward the sage of Monticello, in respect to his "economical" administration of embargos and gunboats.

How distant it all seems—far removed as the days of the "Spectator" itself, the parent of this fluttering progeny of humors and anticipations of the gentle essayists. There is nothing of New York of the present time in its pages—of our bustling, driving, busy era. The town seems then to have had an hour or two for a little tea-table chat. The demon of ceaseless work had not then taken such full possession of the world. There was something to laugh over, and sorrow had leisure for a tear. There were actors then; people went to the theatre, and talked over the performance when they came away. Where is the great George Frederick now, and the gentle accents of Cooper? The poor wizened Frenchmen, exiles of Europe and Saint Domingo, whose quaint habits so perplexed My Aunt Charity, where are they? Vanished from earth, but not before their fadeless images were stamped within the leaves of this book.

Well, all have gone, writers and actors. The garments of the beaux would startle us like ghosts if we were to look into the old wardrobes; the beauty of the belles has withered into ashes; good and evil undreamt of have come out of the inventors and politicians; a new generation swarms with a new set of follies, and we write the eulogies and epitaphs of the departed humorists. So runs the world away, will be the reflection of the reader as he lays down these sprightly pages, redolent of youth and vivacity, of the spring-time of life, when satire itself has no bitterness, though it may affect scornful words and frowning emphasis, when hope spreads its gayest hues of promise, and melancholy itself has its tinct of eloquence and pleasure.

The text of this edition is that of the original work as it was first published by Longworth. In the subsequent reprints, several papers of interest were dropped, which are now restored. A few verbal corrections have been made, following the Paris edition of Irving's works of 1834, which had more or less of the author's supervision. The notes to that copy, so far as they extended, have been retained, and will be found to be appropriately credited.

The interesting sketch of the Summer-house of Cockloft Hall, which appears as the frontispiece, is a contribution to the volume from Mr. W. A. Whitehead, of Newark.

New York, *April* 7, 1860.

NO. I.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1807.

AS everybody knows, or ought to know, what a SALMAGUND is, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of an explanation; besides, we despise trouble as we do everything low and mean, and hold the man who would incur it unnecessarily as an object worthy our highest pity and contempt. Neither will we puzzle our heads to give an account of ourselves, for two reasons; first, because it is nobody's business; secondly, because if it were, we do not hold ourselves bound to attend to anybody's business but our own; and even *that* we take the liberty of neglecting when it suits our inclination. To these we might add a third, that very few men *can* give a tolerable account of themselves, let them try ever so hard; but this reason, we candidly avow, would not hold good with ourselves.

There are, however, two or three pieces of information which we bestow gratis on the public, chiefly because it suits our own pleasure and convenience that they should be known, and partly because we do not wish that there should be any ill will between us at the commencement of our acquaintance.

Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old,

correct the town, and castigate the age; this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence. We intend for this purpose to present a striking picture of the town; and as everybody is anxious to see his own phiz on canvas, however stupid or ugly it may [illegible] doubt but the whole town will flock to our exhi[illegible]ure will necessarily include a vast variety of figu[illegible] any gentleman or lady be displeased with the in[illegible] their likenesses, they may ease their spleen by l[illegible] of their neighbors—this being what *we* understar[illegible] *ustice.*

Like all true and al[illegible]onsider ourselves infallible; and therefore, with the customary diffidence of our brethren of the quill, we shall take the liberty of interfering in all matters either of a public or private nature. We are critics, amateurs, dilettanti and cognoscenti; and as we know "by the pricking of our thumbs," that every opinion which we may advance in either of those characters will be correct, we are determined, though it may be questioned, contradicted, or even controverted, yet it shall never be revoked.

We beg the public particularly to understand that we solicit no patronage. We are determined, on the contrary, that the patronage shall be entirely on our side. We have nothing to do with the pecuniary concerns of the paper; its success will yield us neither pride nor profit—nor will its failure occasion to us either loss or mortification. We advise the public, therefore, to purchase our numbers merely for their own sakes; if they do not, let them settle the affair with their consciences and posterity.

To conclude, we invite all editors of newspapers and literary journals to praise us heartily in advance, as we assure them that we intend to deserve their praises. To our next-door neighbor,

"Town,"* we hold out a hand of amity, declaring to him that, after ours, his paper will stand the best chance for immortality. We proffer an exchange of civilities: he shall furnish us with notices of epic poems and tobacco; and we, in return, will enrich him with original speculations on all manner of subjects, together with "the rummaging of my grandfather's mahogany chest of drawers," "the life and amours of mine Uncle John," "anecdotes of the Cockloft family," and learned quotations from that unheard of writer of folios, *Linkum Fidelius*.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY, NEW YORK.†

THIS work will be published and sold by D. Longworth. It will be printed on hot-pressed vellum paper, as that is held in highest estimation for buckling up young ladies' hair—a

* The title of a newspaper published in New York, the columns of which, among other miscellaneous topics, occasionally contained strictures on the performances at the theatres.—*Paris Ed.*

† David Longworth, an eccentric book-seller, who had filled a large apartment with the valuable engravings of "Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery," magnificently framed, and had nearly obscured the front of his house with a huge sign—a colossal painting in *chiaroscuro*, of the crowning of Shakspeare. Longworth had an extraordinary propensity to publish elegant works to the great gratification of persons of taste, and the no small diminution of his own slender fortune. He alludes ironically to this circumstance in the present notice.—*Paris Ed.* Longworth's store was in Park Row, near the Park Theatre. He was the dramatic publisher of New York in his day, and long issued the City Directory.

purpose to which similar works are usually appropria
be a small, neat, duodecimo size, so that when enou
are written, it may form a volume sufficiently port
carried in old ladies' pockets and young ladies work-l

As the above work will not come out at stated pe
will be given when another number will be published.
will depend on the size of the number, and must
delivery. The publisher professes the same sublim
for money as his authors. The liberal patronage b
his discerning fellow-citizens on various works of tast
has published, has left him no *inclination* to ask
favors at their hands, and he publishes this work
hope of requiting their bounty.*

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF LAUNCI LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WE were a considerable time in deciding whethe
be at the pains of introducing ourselves to
As we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the
not feel bound to hold up our hands and answer to o

Willing, however, to gain at once that frank, confi
ing, which we are certain of ultimately possessing in
less, "best of all possible cities;" and anxious to spar

* It was not originally the intention of the authors to ins
address in the work; but, unwilling that a *morceau* so preci
lost to posterity, they have been induced to alter their min
account for any repetition of idea that may appear in the
essay.—*Note to original Ed.*

inhabitants the trouble of making a thousand *wise* conjectures, not one of which would be worth a tobacco-stopper, we have thought it in some degree a necessary exertion of charitable condescension to furnish them with a slight clue to the truth.

Before we proceed further, however, we advise everybody, man, woman, and child, that can read, or get any friend to read for them, to purchase this paper—not that we write for money, for, in common with all philosophical wiseacres, from Solomon downward, we hold it in supreme contempt. The public are welcome to buy this work, or not, just as they choose. If it be purchased freely, so much the better for the public—and the publisher—we gain not a stiver. If it be not purchased we give fair warning—we shall burn all our essays, critiques, and epigrams, in one promiscuous blaze; and, like the books of the sibyls and the Alexandrian library, they will be lost forever to posterity. For the sake, therefore, of our publisher, for the sake of the public, and for the sake of the public's children to the nineteenth generation, we advise them to purchase our paper. We beg the respectable old matrons of this city not to be alarmed at the appearance we make; we are none of those outlandish geniuses who swarm in New York, who live by their wits, or rather by the little wit of their neighbors, and who spoil the genuine honest American tastes of their daughters with French slops and fricasseed sentiment.

We have said we do not write for money—neither do we write for fame; we know too well the variable nature of public opinion, to build our hopes upon it—we *care* not what the public think of us, and we suspect, before we reach the tenth number, they will not *know* what to think of us. In two words, we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves—and this we shall be sure of doing, for we are all three of us deter-

mined beforehand to be pleased with what we write. If, in the course of this work, we edify, and instruct, and amuse the public, so much the better for the public; but we frankly acknowledge that so soon as we get tired of reading our own works, we shall discontinue them without the least remorse, whatever the public may think of it. While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily: if we moralize, it shall be but seldom; and, on all occasions, we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry; for we are laughing philosophers, and clearly of opinion that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump, jolly dame, who sits in her arm-chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life—and takes the world as it goes.

We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world; nor in this shall we be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded book-worm cynics squint at the little extravagances of the ton; but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion. While we keep more than a Cerberus watch over the guardian rules of female delicacy and decorum, we shall not discourage any little sprightliness of demeanor, or innocent vivacity of character. Before we advance one line further, we must let it be understood, as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New York are the fairest, the finest, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable beings that walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate in any or all of the four elements; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and unseemly conceits, by our superintending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore, receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world; nor will the gentlemen who *doze* away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton*, escape our currying. We mean those stupid fellows

who sit stock-still upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how —— stupid it was at Mrs. —— party.

This department will be under the peculiar direction and control of ANTHONY EVERGREEN, gent., to whom all communications on this subject are to be addressed. This gentleman, from his long experience in the routine of balls, tea-parties, and assemblies, is eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. He is a kind of patriarch in the fashionable world; and has seen generation after generation pass away into the silent tomb of matrimony while he remains unchangeably the same. He can recount the amours and courtships of the fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, and even the grandames, of all the belles of the present day—provided their pedigrees extend so far back without being lost in obscurity. As, however, treating of pedigrees is rather an ungrateful task in this city, and as we mean to be perfectly good-natured, he has promised to be cautious in this particular. He recollects perfectly the time when young ladies used to go sleigh-riding, at night, without their mammas or grandmammas; in short without being matronized at all: and can relate a thousand pleasant stories about Kissing-bridge.* He likewise remembers

*Amongst the amusements of the citizens in times gone by, was that of making excursions in the winter evenings, on sleighs, to some neighboring village, where the social party had a ball and supper. Kissing-bridge had its name from the circumstance that here the beaux exacted from their fair companions the forfeiture of a kiss before permitting their travelling vehicles to pass over.—*Paris Ed.*

The Rev. Andrew Burnaby, vicar of Greenwich, in his "Travels through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the years 1759 and 1760," has this mention of the spot fixing the locality near Fiftieth street, near the site of old Cato's. "The amusements of the New Yorkers," says Burnaby, "are balls and sleighing expeditions in the winter; in the summer, going in parties upon the water and fishing, or making excursions into

the time when ladies paid tea-visits, at three in the afternoon, and returned before dark to see that the house was shut up and the servants on duty. He has often played cricket in the orchard in the rear of old Vauxhall, and remembers when the Bull's Head* was quite out of town. Though he was slowly and gradually given into modern fashion urishes in the *beau-monde*, yet he seems a little preju of the dress and manners of the *old school*; and his ndation of a new mode is, "that it is the same good we had before the war." It has cost us much trouble im confess that a cotillon is superior to a minuet, or ied crop to a pig-tail and

the country. There are several houses pleasantly suited upon East River, near New York, where it is common to have turtle feasts: these happen once or twice in a week. Thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves till evening, and then return home in Italian chaises, a gentleman and lady in each chaise. In the way there is a bridge, about three miles distant from New York, which you always pass over as you return, called the Kissing-bridge, where it is a part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection." From this it would appear that the privileges of Kissing-bridge were not confined to sleighing parties.

* *Old* Vauxhall stood at the corner of Warren and Greenwich streets, and was originally the residence of Sir Peter Warren. It fell into the hands of Sam Fraunces, the famous tavern-keeper, who kept it as a public garden. Fraunces was the steward of General Washington. A later Vauxhall was kept in the neighborhood of Broome street, by Delacroix, who removed the establishment about 1808 to the better known Vauxhall Garden, which extended from the Bowery to Broadway, crossing the present Lafayette Place and site of the Astor Library. The Bull's Head, the chief cattle mart, occupied the site of the Bowery theatre, and has travelled upward with the growth of city, making one or two halting-places on that avenue on its way to its present position in the Fifth Avenue.

powder. Custom and fashion have, however, had more effect on him than all our lectures; and he tempers, so happily, the grave and ceremonious gallantry of the old school with the "hail-fellow" familiarity of the new, that, we trust, on a little acquaintance, and making allowance for his old-fashioned prejudices, he will become a very considerable favorite with our readers—if not, the worse for themselves—as they will have to endure his company.

In the territory of criticism, WILLIAM WIZARD, Esq., has undertaken to preside; and though we may all dabble in it a little by turns, yet we have willingly ceded to him all discretionary powers in this respect. Though Will has not had the advantage of an education at Oxford or Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh or Aberdeen, and though he is but little versed in Hebrew, yet we have no doubt he will be found fully competent to the undertaking. He has improved his taste by a long residence abroad, particularly at Canton, Calcutta, and the gay and polished court of Hayti. He has also had an opportunity of seeing the best singing-girls and tragedians of China, is a great connoisseur in mandarine dresses, and porcelain, and particularly values himself on his intimate knowledge of the buffalo, and war-dances of the northern Indians. He is likewise promised the assistance of a gentleman, lately from London, who was born and bred in that centre of science and *bon goût*, the vicinity of Fleet Market, where he has been edified, man and boy, these six-and-twenty years, with the harmonious jingle of Bow-bells. His taste, therefore, has attained to such an exquisite pitch of refinement that there are few exhibitions of any kind which do not put him in a fever. He has assured Will, that if Mr. Cooper emphasizes "*and*" instead of "*but*," or Mrs. Oldmixon pins her kerchief a hair's breadth awry—or Mrs. Darley offers to dare to look less than

the "daughter of a senator of Venice"—the standard of a senator's daughter being exactly six feet—they shall all hear of it in good time. We have, however, advised Will Wizard to keep his friend in check, lest, by opening the eyes of the public to the wretchedness of the actors by whom they have hitherto been entertained, he might cut off one source of amusement from our fellow-citizens. We hereby give notice, that we have taken the whole corps, from the manager in his mantle of gorgeous copper-lace to honest *John* in his green coat and black breeches, under our wing—and woe be unto him who injures a hair of their heads. As we have no design against the patience of our fellow citizens, we shall not dose them with copious draughts of theatrical criticism; we well know that they have already been well physicked with them of late; our theatrics shall take up but a small part of our paper; nor shall they be altogether confined to the stage, but extend from time to time to those incorrigible offenders against the peace of society, the stage-critics, who not unfrequently create the fault they find, in order to yield an opening for their witticisms—censure an actor for a gesture he never made, or an emphasis he never gave; and, in their attempt to show off *new readings*, make the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. If any one should feel himself offended by our remarks, let him attack us in return—we shall not wince from the combat. If his passes be successful, we will be the first to cry out, a hit! a hit! and we doubt not we shall frequently lay ourselves open to the weapons of our assailants. But let them have a care how they run a tilting with us; they have to deal with stubborn foes, who can bear a world of pummelling; we will be relentless in our vengeance, and will fight "till from our bones the flesh be hack't."

What other subjects we shall include in the range of our ob-

servations, we have not determined, or rather we shall not trouble ourselves to detail. The public have already more information concerning us, than we intended to impart. We owe them no favors, neither do we ask any. We again advise them, for their own sakes, to read our papers when they come out. We recommend to all mothers to purchase them for their daughters, who will be taught the true line of propriety, and the most advisable method of managing their beaux. We advise all daughters to purchase them for the sake of their mothers, who shall be initiated into the arcana of the bon-ton, and cured of all those rusty old notions which they acquired during the last century: parents shall be taught how to govern their children, girls how to get husbands, and old maids how to do without them.

As we do not measure our wits by the yard or the bushel, and as they do not flow periodically nor constantly, we shall not restrict our paper as to size or the time of its appearance. It will be published whenever we have sufficient matter to constitute a number, and the size of the number shall depend on the stock in hand. This will best suit our negligent habits, and leave us that full liberty and independence which is the joy and pride of our souls. As we have before hinted, that we do not concern ourselves about the pecuniary matters of our paper, we leave its price to be regulated by our publisher: only recommending him, for his own interest, and the honor of its authors, not to sell their invaluable productions too cheap.

Is there any one who wishes to know more about us?—let him read SALMAGUNDI, and grow wise apace. Thus much we will say—there are three of us, "Bardolph, Peto, and I," all townsmen good and true;—many a time and oft have we three amused the town without its knowing to whom it was indebted; and many a time have we seen the midnight lamp twinkle faintly

on our studious phizes, and heard the morning salutation of "past three o'clock," before we sought our pillows. The result of these midnight studies is now offered to the public; and little as we care for the opinion of this exceedingly stupid world, we shall take care, as far as lie[illegible]s natures, to fulfill the promises made in this in[illegible]ve do not, we shall have so many examples to ju[illegible] feel little solicitude on that account.

THEATRICS—CONT. [illegible]E QUINTESSENCE OF MODERN CRITICISM.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

MACBETH was performed to a very crowded house, and much to our satisfaction. As, however, our neighbor Town has been very voluminous already in his criticisms on this play, we shall make but few remarks. Having never seen KEMBLE in this character, we are absolutely at a loss to say whether Mr. COOPER performed it well or not. We think, however, there was an error in his *costume*, as the learned Linkum Fidelius is of opinion, that in the time of Macbeth the Scots did not wear sandals, but wooden shoes. Macbeth also was noted for wearing his jacket open, that he might play the Scotch fiddle more conveniently—that being a hereditary accomplishment in the Glamis family.

We have seen this character performed in China, by the celebrated *Chow-Chow*, the Roscius of that great empire, who in the dagger scene always electrified the audience by blowing his nose like a trumpet. Chow-Chow, in compliance with the opin-

ion of the sage Linkum Fidelius, performed Macbeth in wooden shoes; this gave him an opportunity of producing great effect, for on first seeing the "air-drawn dagger," he always cut a prodigious high caper, and kicked his shoes into the pit at the heads of the critics; whereupon the audience were marvellously delighted, flourished their hands, and stroked their whiskers three times, and the matter was carefully recorded in the next number of a paper called the *flim-flam*. (*English*—town.)

We were much pleased with Mrs. VILLIERS in Lady MACBETH; but we think she would have given a greater effect to the night scene, if, instead of holding the candle in her hand, or setting it down on the table, which is sagaciously censured by neighbor Town, she had stuck it in her night-cap. This would have been extremely picturesque, and would have marked more strongly the derangement of her mind.

Mrs. Villiers, however, is not by any means large enough for the character: Lady Macbeth having been, in our opinion, a woman of extraordinary size, and of the race of the giants, notwithstanding what she says of her "little hand—" which being said in her sleep passes for nothing. We should be happy to see this character in the hands of the lady who played *Glumdalca*, queen of the giants, in Tom Thumb; she is exactly of imperial dimensions; and, provided she is well shaved, of a most interesting physiognomy: as she appears likewise to be a lady of some nerve, I dare engage she will read a letter about witches vanishing in air, and such *common occurrences*, without being unnaturally surprised, to the annoyance of honest "Town."

We are happy to observe that Mr. Cooper profits by the instructions of friend Town, and does not dip the daggers in blood so deep as formerly by a matter of an inch or two. This was a violent outrage upon our immortal bard. We differ with Mr.

Town in his *reading* of the words "this is a *sorry sight*." We are of opinion the force of the sentence should be thrown on the word *sight*, because Macbeth having been, shortly before, most confoundedly humbugged with an aërial dagger, was in doubt whether the daggers [illegible] hands were real, or whether they were not mere [illegible]s the old English *may* have termed it, *syghtes*; [illegible]te, will establish our skill in *new readings*.) Th[illegible]n this respect from our neighbor Town, yet we [illegible] with him in censuring Mr. Cooper for omitting [illegible]o remarkable for "beauty of imagery," etc., begi[illegible]d pity like a naked new-born babe," etc. It is one of those passages of Shakspeare which should always be retained, for the purpose of showing how sometimes that great poet could talk like a buzzard; or, to speak more plainly, like the famous mad poet, Nat Lee.

As it is the first duty of a friend to advise—and as we profess and do actually feel a friendship for honest "Town," we warn him never, in his criticisms, to meddle with a lady's "petticoats," or to quote Nic Bottom. In the first instance he may "catch a tartar;" and in the second, the ass's head may rise up in judgment against him; and when it is once afloat there is no knowing where some unlucky hand may place it. We would not, for all the money in our pockets, see Town flourishing his critical quill under the auspices of an ass's head, like the great Franklin in his *Montero Cap*.

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

THE assemblies this year have gained a great accession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have risen from the East and from the North, to brighten the firmament of fashion; among the number I have discovered *another planet*, which rivals even Venus in lustre, and I claim equal honor with Herschel for my discovery. I shall take some future opportunity to describe this planet, and the numerous satellites which revolve around it.

At the last assembly the company began to make some show about eight, but the most fashionable delayed their appearance until about nine—nine being the number of the muses, and therefore, the best possible hour for beginning to exhibit the graces. (This is meant for a pretty play upon words, and I assure my readers that I think it very tolerable.)

Poor WILL HONEYCOMB, whose memory I hold in special consideration, even with his half century of experience, would have been puzzled to point out the humors of a lady by her prevailing colors; for the "rival queens" of fashion, Mrs. TOOLE and Madame BOUCHARD,* appeared to have exhausted their wonderful inventions in the different disposition, variation, and combination of tints and shades. The philosopher who maintained that black was white, and that, of course, there was no such color as white, might have given some color to his theory on this occasion, by the absence of poor forsaken white muslin. I was, however, much pleased to see that red maintains its ground

* Two fashionable milliners of rival celebrity in the city of New York. —*Paris Ed.*

against all other colors, because red is the color of Mr. Jefferson's ********, Tom Paine's nose, and my slippers.*

Let the grumbling smellfungi of this world, who cultivate taste among books, cobwebs, and spiders, rail at the extravagance of the age ; for my part, I was delighted with the magic of the scene, and as the ladies tripped through the mazes of the dance, sparkling and glowing and dazzling, I, like the honest Chinese, thanked them heartily for the jewels and finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of bystanders, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

The gentlemen were considerably numerous, and being, as usual, equipt in their appropriate black uniforms, constituted a sable regiment, which contributed not a little to the brilliant

* In this instance, as well as on several other occasions, a little innocent pleasantry is indulged at Mr. Jefferson's expense. The allusion made here is to the red velvet small clothes with which the President, in defiance of good taste, used to attire himself on levee days and other public occasions.—*Paris Ed.*

In one of his splenetic moods in Virginia, John Randolph once vented his complaint of Jefferson, with an allusion to the old scandal. "I cannot live," said he, "in this miserable undone country, where, as the Turks follow their sacred standard, which is a pair of Mahomet's green breeches, we are governed by the old red breeches of that prince of projectors, St. Thomas of Cantingbury; and surely, Becket himself never had more pilgrims at his shrine, than the saint of Monticello."

As for the proboscis of Paine, "I shall secure him to a nicety," said Jarvis, when he was about to take the bust of Paine, now in the New York Historical Society, "if I can get plaster enough for his carbuncled nose." Dr. Francis, who relates the anecdote in one of the interesting historical sketches which he has given to the public, also furnishes a couplet sung by the boys in the streets.

"Tom Paine is come from far, from far;
His nose is like a blazing star!"

gaiety of the ballroom. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend the cockney, Mr. 'SBIDLIKENSFLASH, or *'Sbidlikens*, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite verbosity—stands in high favor—with himself—and, like Caleb Quotem, is "up to everything." I remember when a comfortable, plump-looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow; 'Sbidlikens observed that it reminded him of a fable, which he had read somewhere, of the marriage of an honest painstaking snail, who had once walked six feet in an hour for a wager, to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion. On being called upon to tell where he had come across the story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to answer.

It would but be repeating an old story to say, that the ladies of New York dance well;—and well may they, since they learn it scientifically, and begin their lessons before they have quit their swaddling clothes. The immortal DUPORT has usurped despotic sway over all the female heads and heels in this city;—horn-books, primers, and pianos are neglected, to attend to his positions; and poor CHILTON, with his pots, and kettles, and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the "North River Society."* 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the fashionable price of five-and-twenty dollars a quarter, and all other accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money;"—but I put no faith in 'Sbidlikens' candor in this particular. Among his

* An imaginary association, the object of which was to set the North River (the Hudson) on fire. A number of young men of some fashion, little talent, and great pretension, were ridiculed as members.—*Paris Ed.*

infinitude of endowments, he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and though he often flounders through a cotillon, yet he never cut a pigeonwing in his life.

In my mind there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts;—the public shall know all about it. As I never dance cotillons, holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about without appertaining to anybody. After much investigation and difficulty I, at length, traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject; and by the most accurate computation I have determined, that a Frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o'-lantern heroes, in taking a figure, which neither Euclid nor Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his feet—his better part—into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way, like a top, unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! he then sprung up, like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished this

wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man, "of woman born," who was not a Frenchman, or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty, where lilies too much predominate. As I wish well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dissipations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of the spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just, and very prettily exprest; and that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of flesh and blood. Now, could I find it in my heart to baste these cockneys like their own roast beef—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

I would praise the sylph-like grace with which another young lady acquitted herself in the dance, but that she excels in far more valuable accomplishments. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it is beautiful?

The company retired at the customary hour to the supper-room, where the tables were laid out with their usual splendor and profusion. My friend, 'Sbidlikens, with the native forethought of a cockney, had carefully stowed his pocket with cheese and crackers, that he might not be tempted again to venture his limbs in the crowd of hungry fair ones who throng the supper-room door: his precaution was unnecessary, for the company entered the room with surprising order and decorum. No gowns were torn—no ladies fainted—no noses bled—nor was there any need of the the interference of either managers or peace officers.

NO. II.—WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4, 1807.

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

IN the conduct of an epic poem, it has been the custom, from time immemorable, for the poet occasionally to introduce his reader to an intimate acquaintance with the heroes of his story, by conducting him into their tents, and giving him an opportunity of observing them in their night-gown and slippers. However I despise the servile genius that would descend to follow a precedent, though furnished by Homer himself, and consider him as on a par with the cart that follows at the heels of the horse, without ever taking the lead, yet at the present moment, my whim is opposed to my opinion; and whenever this is the case, my opinion generally surrenders at discretion. I am determined, therefore, to give the town a peep into our divan; and I shall repeat it as often as I please, to show that I intend to be sociable.

The other night Will Wizard and Evergreen called upon me, to pass away a few hours in social chat, and hold a kind of council of war. To give a zest to our evening, I uncorked a bottle of London particular, which has grown old with myself, and which never fails to excite a smile in the countenances of my old cronies, to whom alone it is devoted. After some little time the conversation turned on the effect produced by our first num-

ber; every one had his budget of information, and I assure my readers that we laughed most unceremoniously at their expense; they will excuse us for our merriment—'tis a way we've got. Evergreen, who is equally a favorite and companion of young and old, was particularly satisfactory in his details; and it was highly amusing to hear how different characters were tickled with different passages. The old folks were delighted to find there was a bias in our junto toward the "good old times;" and he particularly noticed a worthy old gentleman of his acquaintance, who had been somewhat a beau in his day, whose eyes brightened at the bare mention of Kissing-bridge. It recalled to his recollection several of his youthful exploits, at that celebrated pass, on which he seemed to dwell with great pleasure and self-complacency; he hoped, he said, that the bridge might be preserved for the benefit of posterity, and as a monument of the gallantry of their grandfathers, and even hinted at the expediency of erecting a toll-gate there, to collect the forfeits of the ladies. But the most flattering testimony of approbation, which our work has received, was from an old lady, who never laughed but once in her life, and that was at the conclusion of the last war. She was detected by friend Anthony in the very fact of laughing most obstreperously at the description of the little dancing Frenchman. Now it glads my very heart to find our effusions have such a pleasing effect. I venerate the aged, and joy whenever it is in my power to scatter a few flowers in their path.

The young people were particularly interested in the account of the assembly. There was some difference of opinion respecting the new planet, and the blooming nymph from the country; but as to the compliment paid to the fascinating little sylph who danced so gracefully, every lady modestly took that to herself.

Evergreen mentioned also that the young ladies were extremely anxious to learn the true mode of managing their beaux; and Miss Diana Wearwell, who is as chaste as an icicle, has seen a few superfluous winters pass over her head, and boasts of having slain her thousands, wished to know how old maids were to do without husbands; not that she was very curious about the matter, she "only asked for information." Several ladies expressed their earnest desire that we would not spare those wooden gentlemen who perform the parts of mutes, or stalking horses, in their drawing-rooms; and their mothers were equally anxious that we would show no quarter to those lads of spirit, who now and then cut their bottles to enliven a tea-party with the humors of the dinner-table.

Will Wizard was not a little chagrined at having been mistaken for a gentleman, "who is no more like me," said Will, "than I like Hercules." "I was well assured," continued Will, "that as our characters were drawn from nature, the originals would be found in every society. And so it has happened—every little circle has its 'Sbidlikens; and the cockney, intended merely as the representative of his species, has dwindled into an insignificant individual, who having recognized his own likeness, has foolishly appropriated to himself a picture for which he never sat. Such, too, has been the case with Ding-dong, who has kindly undertaken to be my representative; not that I care much about the matter, for it must be acknowledged that the animal is a good-natured animal enough—and what is more, a fashionable animal—and this is saying more than to call him a conjurer. But I am much mistaken if he can claim any affinity to the *Wizard* family. Surely everybody knows Ding-dong, the gentle Ding-dong, who pervades all space, who is here and there and everywhere; no tea-party can be complete without Ding-

dong, and his appearance is sure to occasion a smile. Ding-dong has been the occasion of much wit in his day; I have even seen many puny whipsters attempt to be dull at his expense, who were as much inferior to him as the gad-fly is to the ox that he buzzes about. Does any witling want to distress the company with a miserable pun?—nobody's name presents sooner than Ding-dong's; and it has been played upon with equal skill and equal entertainment to the bystanders as Trinity-bells. Ding-dong is profoundly devoted to the ladies, and highly entitled to their regard; for I know no man who makes a better bow, or talks less to the purpose than Ding-dong. Ding-dong has acquired a prodigious fund of knowledge by reading Dilworth when a boy; and the other day, on being asked who was the author of Macbeth, answered, without the least hesitation—Shakspeare! Ding-dong has a quotation for every day of the year, and every hour of the day, and every minute of the hour; but he often commits petty larcenies on the poets—plucks the grey hairs of old Chaucer's head, and claps them on the chin of Pope; and filches Johnson's wig, to cover the bald pate of Homer; but his blunders pass undetected by one-half of his hearers. Ding-dong, it is true, though he has long wrangled at our bar, cannot boast much of his legal knowledge, nor does his forensic eloquence entitle him to rank with a Cicero or a Demosthenes; but bating his professional deficiencies, he is a man of most delectable discourse, and can hold forth for an hour upon the color of a riband or the construction of a work-bag. Ding-dong is now in his fortieth year, or perhaps a little more—rivals all the little beaux in the town, in his attentions to the ladies—is in a state of rapid improvement; and there is no doubt but that by the time he arrives at years of discretion, he will be a very accomplished, agreeable young fellow." I advise all

clever, good-for-nothing, "learned and authentic gentlemen," to take care how they wear this cap, however well it fits; and to bear in mind, that our characters are not individuals, but species; if, after this warning, any person chooses to represent Mr. Dingdong, the sin is at his own door; we wash our hands of it.

We all sympathized with Wizard, that he should be mistaken for a person so very different; and I hereby assure my readers, that William Wizard is no other person in the whole world but William Wizard; so I beg I may hear no more conjectures on the subject. Will is, in fact, a wiseacre by inheritance. The Wizard family has long been celebrated for knowing more than their neighbors, particularly concerning their neighbors' affairs. They were anciently called JOSSELIN; but Will's great-uncle, by the father's side, having been accidentally burnt for a witch in Connecticut, in consequence of blowing up his own house in a philosophical experiment, the family, in order to perpetuate the recollection of this memorable circumstance, assumed the name and arms of Wizard, and have borne them ever since.

In the course of my customary morning's walk, I stopped in a book-store, which is noted for being the favorite haunt of a number of literati, some of whom rank high in the opinion of the world, and others rank equally high in their own. Here I found a knot of queer fellows listening to one of their company, who was reading our paper; I particularly noticed Mr. ICHABOD FUNGUS among the number.

Fungus is one of those fidgeting, meddling quidnuncs with which this unhappy city is pestered—one of our "Q in a corner fellows," who speaks volumes with a wink, conveys most portentous information by laying his finger beside his nose, and is always smelling a rat in the most trifling occurrence. He listened to our work with the most frigid gravity—every now and

then gave a mysterious shrug, a humph, or a screw of the mouth; and on being asked his opinion at the conclusion, said, he did not know what to think of it; he hoped it did not mean anything against the government, that no lurking treason was couched in all this talk. These were dangerous times—times of plot and conspiracy; he did not at all like those stars after Mr. Jefferson's name—they had an air of concealment. Dick Paddle, who was one of the group, undertook our cause. Dick is known to the world as being a most knowing genius, who can see as far as anybody—into a millstone; maintains, in the teeth of all argument, that a spade is a spade; and will labor a good half hour by St. Paul's clock to establish a self-evident fact. Dick assured old Fungus that those stars merely stood for Mr. Jefferson's red *what-d'ye-call-'ems*, and that, so far from a conspiracy against their peace and prosperity, the authors, whom he knew very well, were only expressing their high respect for them. The old man shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, gave a mysterious Lord Burleigh nod, said he hoped it might be so; but he was by no means satisfied with this attack upon the President's breeches, as "thereby hangs a tale."

MR. WILSON'S CONCERT.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

IN my register of indisputable facts I have noted it conspicuously, that all modern music is but mere dregs and draining of the ancient, and that all the spirit and vigor of harmony has entirely evaporated in the lapse of ages. Oh! for the chant of

the Naiades and Dryades, the shell of the Tritons, and the sweet warblings of the Mermaids of ancient days! Where now shall we seek the Amphion, who built walls with a turn of his hurdy-gurdy, the Orpheus who made stones to whistle about his ears, and trees hop in a country dance, by the mere quavering of his fiddle-stick! Ah! had I the power of the former, how soon would I build up the new City Hall,* and save the cash and credit of the Corporation; and how much sooner would I build myself a snug house in Broadway—nor would it be the first time a house has been obtained there for a song. In my opinion, the Scotch bagpipe is the only instrument that rivals the ancient lyre, and I am surprised it should be almost the only one entirely excluded from our concerts.

Talking of concerts reminds me of that given a few nights since by Mr. Wilson, at which I had the misfortune of being present. It was attended by a numerous company, and gave great satisfaction, if I may be allowed to judge from the frequent gapings of the audience; though I will not risk my credit as a connoisseur by saying whether they proceeded from wonder or a violent inclination to doze. I was delighted to find in the mazes of the crowd my particular friend 'Sbidlikens, who had put on his cognoscenti phiz—he being, according to his own account, a profound adept in the science of music. He can tell a crotchet at first sight; and, like a true Englishman, is delighted with the plum-pudding rotundity of a semibref; and, in short, boasts of having incontinently climbed up Paff's musical tree,† which hangs every day upon the poplar, from the fundamental concord to the

* This edifice, the corner-stone of which was laid by Mayor Edward Livingston in 1803, was not finished till 1812.

† An emblematical device, suspended from a poplar in front of the shop of Paff, a music-seller in Broadway.—*Paris Ed.*

fundamental major discord; and so on from branch to branch, until he reached the very top, where he sung "Rule Britannia," clapped his wings, and then—came down again. Like all true transatlantic judges, he suffers most horribly at our musical entertainments, and assures me that what with the confounded scraping, and scratching, and grating of our fiddlers, he thinks the sitting out one of our concerts tantamount to the punishment of that unfortunate saint who was frittered in two with a hand-saw.

The concert was given in the tea-room at the City Hotel; an apartment admirably calculated, by its dingy walls, beautifully marbled with smoke, to show off the dresses and complexions of the ladies; and by the flatness of its ceiling to repress those impertinent reverberations of the music, which, whatever others may foolishly assert, are, as 'Sbidlikens says, "no better than repetitions of old stories."

Mr. Wilson gave me infinite satisfaction by the gentility of his demeanor, and the roguish looks he now and then cast at the ladies, but we fear his excessive modesty threw him into some little confusion, for he absolutely forgot himself, and in the whole course of his entrances and exits, never once made his bow to the audience. On the whole, however, I think he has a fine voice, sings with great taste, and is a very modest, good-looking little man; but I beg leave to repeat the advice so often given by the illustrious tenants of the theatrical sky-parlor, to the gentlemen who are charged with the "nice conduct" of chairs and tables—"make a bow, Johnny—Johnny, make a bow!"

I cannot, on this occasion, but express my surprise that certain amateurs should be so frequently at concerts, considering what agonies they suffer while a piece of music is playing. I defy any man of common humanity, and who has not the heart

of a Choctaw, to contemplate the countenance of one of these unhappy victims of a fiddle-stick without feeling a sentiment of compassion. His whole visage is distorted; he rolls up his eyes, as M'Sycophant says, "like a duck in thunder," and the music seems to operate upon him like a fit of the colic; his very bowels seem to sympathize at every twang of the catgut, as if he heard at that moment the wailings of the helpless animal that had been sacrificed to harmony. Nor does the hero of the orchestra seem less affected; as soon as the signal is given, he seizes his fiddle-stick, makes a most horrible grimace, scowls fiercely upon his music-book, as though he would grin every crotchet and quaver out of countenance. I have sometimes particularly noticed a hungry-looking Gaul, who torments a huge bass viol, and who is doubtless the original of the famous "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones," so potent in frightening naughty children.

The person who played the French horn was very excellent in his way, but 'Sbidlikens could not relish his performance, having some time since heard a gentleman amateur in Gotham play a solo on his *proboscis*, in a style infinitely superior. Snout, the bellows-mender, never turned his wind instrument more musically; nor did the celebrated "knight of the burning lamp," ever yield more exquisite entertainment with his nose; this gentleman had latterly ceased to exhibit this prodigious accomplishment, having, it was whispered, hired out his snout to a ferryman, who had lost his conchshell;—the consequence was that he did not show his nose in company so frequently as before.

SITTING late the other evening in my elbow-chair, indulging in that kind of indolent meditation, which I consider the perfection of human bliss, I was aroused from my revery by the entrance of an old servant in the Cockloft livery, who handed me a letter, containing the following address from my cousin and old college chum, Pindar Cockloft.

Honest Andrew, as he delivered it, informed me that his master, who resides a little way from town, on reading a small pamphlet in a neat yellow cover,* rubbed his hands with symptoms of great satisfaction, called for his favorite Chinese inkstand, with two sprawling Mandarins for its supporters, and wrote the letter which he had the honor to present me.

As I foresee my cousin will one day become a great favorite with the public, and as I know him to be somewhat punctilious as it respects etiquette, I shall take this opportunity to gratify the old gentleman, by giving him a proper introduction to the fashionable world. The Cockloft family, to which I have the comfort of being related, has been fruitful in old bachelors and humorists, as will be perceived when I come to treat more of its history. My cousin Pindar is one of its most conspicuous members—he is now in his fifty-eighth year—is a bachelor, partly through choice, and partly through chance, and an oddity of the first water. Half his life has been employed in writing odes, sonnets, epigrams, and elegies, which he seldom shows to anybody but myself after they are written; and all the old chests, drawers and chair-bottoms in the house, teem with his productions.

In his younger days he figured as a dashing blade in the great world; and no young fellow of the town wore a longer pig-tail, or carried more buckram in his skirts. From sixteen to thirty

* The numbers of Salmagundi were originally published in this form.

he was continually in love, and during that period, to use his own words, he be-scribbled more paper than would serve the theatre for snow-storms a whole season. The evening of his thirtieth birth-day, as he sat by the fire-side, as much in love as ever was man in this world, and writing the name of his mistress in the ashes, with an old tongs that had lost one of its legs, he was seized with a whim-wham that he was an old fool to be in love at his time of life. It was ever one of the Cockloft characteristics to strike to whim: and had Pindar stood out on this occasion he would have brought the reputation of his mother in question. From that time he gave up all particular attentions to the ladies; and though he still loves their company, he has never been known to exceed the bounds of common courtesy in his intercourse with them. He was the life and ornament of our family circle in town, until the epoch of the French Revolution, which sent so many unfortunate dancing-masters from their country to polish and enlighten our hemisphere. This was a sad time for Pindar, who had taken a genuine Cockloft prejudice against every thing French, ever since he was brought to death's door by a *ragout*: he groaned at Ça Ira, and the Marseilles Hymn had much the same effect upon him, that sharpening a knife on a dry whetstone has upon some people—it set his teeth chattering. He might in time have been reconciled to these rubs, had not the introduction of French cockades on the hats of our citizens absolutely thrown him into a fever. The first time he saw an instance of this kind, he came home with great precipitation, packed up his trunk, his old-fashioned writing-desk, and his Chinese ink-stand, and made a kind of growling retreat to Cockloft-Hall,* where he has resided ever since.

* Cockloft-Hall had its origin in a favorite resort of Irving and his

My cousin Pindar is of a mercurial disposition—a humorist without ill-nature—he is of the true gunpowder temper; one flash, and all is over. It is true when the wind is easterly, or the gout gives him a gentle twinge, or he hears of any new successes of the French, he will become a little splenetic; and heaven help the man, and more particularly the woman, that crosses his humor at that moment—she is sure to receive no quarter. These are the most sublime moments of Pindar. I swear to you, dear ladies and gentlemen, I would not lose one of these splenetic bursts for the best wig in my wardrobe; even though it were proved to be the identical wig worn by the sage Linkum Fidelius, when he demonstrated before the whole University of Leyden, that it was possible to make bricks without straw. I have seen the old gentleman blaze forth such a volcanic explosion of wit, ridicule and satire, that I was almost tempted to believe him inspired. But these sallies only lasted for a moment, and passed like summer clouds over the benevolent sunshine which ever warmed his heart and lighted up his countenance.

Time, though it has dealt roughly with his person, has passed lightly over the graces of his mind, and left him in full posses-

companions, in an old country house, once the residence of the Kembles, on the Passaic, near Newark. It was then known, says the writer of a pleasant reminiscence in the Newark Advertiser, as the "Gouverneur Place," from which family it had descended to Mr. Gouverneur Kemble; but during most of the time referred to it was not inhabited by the family, but was in charge of a respectable couple, who kept it in order, and acted as host and hostess to Irving, Paulding, and the three or four others, constituting their coterie." Mr. Irving, in a letter to the New Jersey Historical Society, referring to these visits, remarked, "With Newark are associated in my mind many pleasant recollections of early days, and of social meetings at an old *mansion* on the banks of the Passaic."

sion of all the sensibilities of youth. His eye [illegible] relation of a noble and generous action, his heart melts at the story of distress, and he is still a warm admirer of the fair. Like all old bachelors, however, he looks back with a fond and lingering eye on the period of his boyhood; and would sooner suffer the pangs of matrimony than acknowledge that the world, or anything in it, is half so clever as it was in those good old times that are "gone by."

I believe I have already mentioned, that with all his good qualities he is a humorist, and a humorist of the highest order. He has some of the most intolerable whim-whams I ever met with in my life, and his oddities are sufficient to eke out a hundred tolerable originals. But I will not enlarge on them—enough has been told to excite a desire to know more; and I am much mistaken if, in the course of half a dozen of our numbers, he don't tickle, plague, please, and perplex the whole town, and completely establish his claim to the laureateship he has solicited, and with which we hereby invest him, recommending him and his effusions to public reverence and respect.

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

DEAR LAUNCE,

As I find you have taken the quill,
To put our gay town and its fair under drill,
I offer my hopes for success to your cause,
And send you unvarnish'd my mite of applause.

Ah, Launce, this poor town has been woefully fash'd;
Has long been be-Frenchman'd, be-cockney'd, betrash'd,
And our ladies be-devil'd bewilder'd astray,
From the rules of their grandames have wandered away.
No longer that modest demeanor we meet,
Which whilom the eyes of our fathers did greet;
No longer be-mobbled, be-ruffled, be-quilled,
Be-powder'd, be-hooded, be-patch'd and be-frill'd.
No longer our fair ones their grograms display,
And stiff in brocade, strut "like castles" away.

Oh, how fondly my soul forms departed have traced,
When our ladies in stays, and in bodice well laced,
When bishop'd, and cushion'd, and hoop'd to the chin,
Well calash'd without, and well bolster'd within;
All cased in their buckrams, from crown down to tail,
Like O'Brallaghan's mistress, were shaped like a pail.

Well—peace to those fashions—the joy of our eyes—
Tempora mutantur, new follies will rise;
Yet, "like joys that are past," they still crowd on the mind,
In moments of thought, as the soul looks behind.

Sweet days of our boyhood, gone by, my dear Launce,
Like the shadows of night, or the forms in a trance;
Yet oft we retrace those bright visions again,
Nos mutamur, tis true—but those visions remain.
I recall with delight, how my bosom would creep,
When some delicate foot from its chamber would peep;
And when I a neat stocking'd ankle could spy,
By the sages of old I was rapt to the sky!
All then was retiring, was modest, discreet;
The beauties, all shrouded, were left to conceit—
To the visions which fancy would form in her eye,

Of graces that snug in soft ambush would lie;
And the heart, like the poets, in thought would pursue
The elysium of bliss which was veiled from its view.

We are old-fashion'd fellows, our nieces will say:
Old-fashioned, indeed, coz—and swear it they may—
For I freely confess that it yields me no pride,
To see them all blaze what their mothers would hide:
To see them, all shivering, some cold winter's day,
So lavish their beauties and graces display,
And give to each fopling that offers his hand,
Like Moses from Pisgah—a peep at the land.

But a truce with complaining—the object in view
Is to offer my help in the work you pursue;
And as your effusions and labors sublime,
May need, now and then, a few touches of rhyme,
I humbly solicit, as cousin and friend,
A quiddity, quirk, or remonstrance to send:
Or should you a laureate want in your plan,
By the muff of my grandmother, I am your man!
You must know I have got a poetical mill,
Which with odd lines, and couplets, and triplets I fill;
And a poem I grind, as from rags white and blue
The paper-mill yields you a sheet fair and new.
I can grind down an ode, or an epic that's long,
Into sonnet, acrostic, conundrum, or song:
As to dull hudibrastic, so boasted of late,
The doggrel discharge of some muddle-brain'd pate,
I can grind it by wholesale—and give it its point,
With billingsgate dished up in rhymes out of joint.

I have read all the poets—and got them by heart,
Can slit them, and twist them, and take them apart;

Can cook up an ode out of patches and shreds,
To muddle my readers, and bother their heads.
Old Homer, and Virgil, and Ovid I scan,
Anacreon, and Sappho, who changed to a swan ;—
Iambics and sapphics I grind at my will,
And with duties of love every noddle can fill.

Oh, 'twould do your heart good, Launce, to see my mill grind
Old stuff into verses, and poems refin'd :—
Dan Spenser, Dan Chaucer, those poets of old,
Though covered with dust, are yet true sterling gold ;
I can grind off their tarnish, and bring them to view,
New modell'd, new mill'd and improved in their hue.

But I promise no more—only give me the place
And I'll warrant I'll fill it with credit and grace ;
By the living ! I'll figure and cut you a dash
—As bold as Will Wizard, or 'Sbidlikens-flash !

Pindar Cockloft.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PERHAPS the most fruitful source of mortification to a merry writer, who, for the amusement of himself and the public, employs his leisure in sketching odd characters from imagination, is that he cannot flourish his pen but every Jack-pudding imagines it is pointed directly at himself ; he cannot, in his gambols, throw a fool's cap among the crowd, but every queer fellow insists upon putting it on his own head—or chalk an outlandish figure, but every outlandish genius is eager to write his own name under it. However we may be mortified, that these men

should each individually think himself of sufficient consequence to engage our attention, we should not care a rush about it, if they did not get into a passion, and complain of having been ill used.

It is not in our hearts to hurt the feelings of one single mortal, by holding him up to public ridicule ; and if it were, we lay it down as one of our indisputable facts, that no man can be made ridiculous but by his own folly. As however we are aware that when a man by chance gets a thwack in the crowd, he is apt to suppose the blow was intended exclusively for himself, and so fall into unreasonable anger, we have determined to let these crusty gentry know what kind of satisfaction they are to expect from us. We are resolved not to fight, for three special reasons : first, because fighting is at all events extremely troublesome and inconvenient, particularly at this season of the year ; second, because if either of us should happen to be killed, it would be a great loss to the public, and rob them of many a good laugh we have in store for their amusement; and third, because if we should chance to kill our adversary, as is most likely, for we can every one of us split balls upon razors and snuff candles, it would be a loss to our publisher, by depriving him of a good customer. If any gentleman casuist will give three as good reasons for fighting, we promise him a complete set of Salmagundi for nothing.

But though we do not fight in our own proper persons, let it not be supposed that we will not give ample satisfaction to all those who may choose to demand it—for this would be a mistake of the first magnitude, and lead very valiant gentlemen perhaps into what is called a quandary. It would be a thousand and one pities, that any honest man, after taking to himself the cap and bells which we merely offered to his acceptance, should not have the privilege of being cudgelled into the bargain. We pride ourselves upon giving satisfaction in every department of our paper ;

and to fill that of fighting, have engaged two of those strapping heroes of the theatre, who figure in the retinues of our gingerbread kings and queens; now hurry an old stuff petticoat on their backs, and strut senators of Rome, or aldermen of London; and now be-whisker their muffin faces with burnt cork, and swagger right valiant warriors, armed cap-a-pie, in buckram. Should therefore any great little man about town take offence at our good-natured villainy, though we intend to offend nobody under heaven, he will please to apply at any hour after twelve o'clock, as our champions will then be off duty at the theatre and ready for anything. They have promised to fight "with or without balls:" to give two tweaks of the nose for one; to submit to be kicked, and to cudgel their applicant most heartily in return; this being what we understand by "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

No. III.—F RUARY 13, 1807.

F V-CHAIR.

AS I delight in l and eccentric, and would at any time r a new idea, I am particularly attentive to th nversation of strangers, and scarcely ever a traveller enters this city, whose appearance promises anything original, but by some means or another I form an acquaintance with him. I must confess I often suffer manifold afflictions from the intimacies thus contracted: my curiosity is frequently punished by the stupid details of a blockhead, or the shallow verbosity of a coxcomb. Now I would prefer at any time to travel with an ox-team through a Carolina sand-flat, rather than plod through a heavy unmeaning conversation with the former; and as to the latter, I would sooner hold sweet converse with the wheel of a knife-grinder than endure his monotonous chattering. In fact, the strangers who flock to this most pleasant of all earthly cities, are generally mere birds of passage whose plumage is often gay enough, I own, but their notes, "heaven save the mark," are as unmusical as those of that classic night bird which the ancients humorously selected as the emblem of wisdom. Those from the South, it is true, entertain me with their horses, equipages, and puns; and it is excessively pleasant to hear a couple of these *four-in-hand* gentlemen detail their

exploits over a bottle. Those from the East, have often induced me to doubt the existence of the wise men of yore, who are said to have flourished in that quarter; and as for those from parts beyond seas—oh! my masters, ye shall hear more from me anon. Heaven help this unhappy town!—hath it not goslings enow of its own hatching and rearing, that it must be overwhelmed by such an inundation of ganders from other climes? I would not have any of my courteous and gentle readers suppose that I am running a *muck*, full tilt, cut and slash, upon all foreigners indiscriminately. I have no national antipathies, though related to the Cockloft family. As to honest John Bull, I shake him heartily by the hand, assuring him that I love his jolly countenance, and, moreover, am lineally descended from him; in proof of which I allege my invincible predilection for roast beef and pudding. I therefore look upon all his children as my kinsmen; and I beg, when I tickle a cockney, I may not be understood as trimming an Englishman; they being very distinct animals, as I shall clearly demonstrate in a future number. If any one wishes to know my opinion of the Irish and Scotch, he may find it in the characters of those two nations, drawn by the first advocate of the age. But the French, I must confess, are my favorites; and I have taken more pains to argue my cousin Pindar out of his antipathy to them, than I ever did about any other thing. When, therefore, I choose to hunt a Monsieur for my own particular amusement, I beg it may not be asserted that I intend him as a representative of his countrymen at large. Far from this—I love the nation, as being a nation of right merry fellows, possessing the true secret of being happy; which is nothing more than thinking of nothing, talking about anything, and laughing at everything. I mean only to tune up those little thingimys, who represent nobody but themselves; who have no

national trait about them but their language, and who hop about our town in swarms, like little toads after a shower.

Among the few strangers whose acquaintance has entertained me, I particularly rank the magnanimous MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, a most illustrious captain of a ketch, who figured, some time since, in our fashionable circles, at the head of a ragged regiment of Tripolitan prisoners.* His conversation was to me a perpetual feast; I chuckled with inward pleasure at his whimsical mistakes and unaffected observations on men and manners, and I rolled each odd conceit "like a sweet morsel under my tongue."

Whether Mustapha was captivated by my iron-bound physiognomy, or flattered by the attentions which I paid him, I won't determine; but I so far gained his confidence, that, at his departure, he presented me with a bundle of papers, containing, among other articles, several copies of letters, which he had written to his friends at Tripoli. The following is a translation of one of them. The original is in Arabic-Greek; but by the assistance of Will Wizard, who understands all languages, not excepting that manufactured by Psalmanazar, I have been enabled to accomplish a tolerable translation. We should have found little difficulty in rendering it into English, had it not been for Mustapha's confounded pot-hooks and trammels.

* Several Tripolitan prisoners taken by an American squadron, in an action off Tripoli, were brought to New York; where they lived at large, objects of the curiosity and hospitality of the inhabitants, until an opportunity presented to restore them to their own country.—*Paris Ed.*

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

CAPTAIN OF A KETCH, TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI.

THOU wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomet, that I have for some time resided in New York; the most polished, vast, and magnificent city of the United States of America. But what to me are its delights! I wander a captive through its splendid streets, I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The Christian husbands here lament most bitterly any short absence from home, though they leave but one wife behind to lament their departure; what then must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman, while thus lingering at an immeasurable distance from three-and-twenty of the most lovely and obedient wives in all Tripoli! Oh, Allah! shall thy servant never again return to his native land, nor behold his beloved wives, who beam on his memory beautiful as the rosy morn of the east, and graceful as Mahomet's camel!

Yet beautiful, oh, most puissant slave-driver, as are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country. Even those who run about the streets with bare arms and necks (*et cetera*), whose habiliments are too scanty to protect them from the inclemency of the seasons, or the scrutinizing glances of the curious, and who it would seem belong to nobody, are lovely as the houris that people the elysium of true believers. If then, such as run wild in the highways, and whom no one cares to appropriate, are thus beauteous, what must be the charms of those who are shut up in the seraglios, and never per-

mitted to go abroad! surely the region of beauty, the valley of the graces, can contain nothing so inimitably fair!

But, notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault, which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient. Wouldst thou believe it, Asem, I have been positively assured by a famous dervise, or doctor, as he is here called, that at least one-fifth part of them—have souls! Incredible as it may seem to thee, I am the more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity, from my own little experience, and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets I have actually seen an exceedingly good-looking woman, with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my very whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of these wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of the women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these I suppose are married and kept close; for I have not, in my rambles, met with any so extravagantly accoutred: others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear!—yea! by the beard of the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets of our most holy faith, and who never swore but once in his life—they actually swear!

Get thee to the mosque, good Asem! return thanks to our most holy prophet, that he has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true Mussulmans, and has given them wives with no more souls than cats and dogs, and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt doubtless be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing we were waited upon to our lodgings, I suppose according to the directions of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honor to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch; they were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this we attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe, which gave thy friend rather an ungentle salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us that this was the customary manner in which great men were honored in this country; and that the more distinguished they were, the more they were subjected to the attacks and peltings of the mob. Upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in Arabic-Greek, which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats, and so forth, that was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not as yet expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politics of this country. I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated and seemingly contradictory nature.

This empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of president. He is chosen by persons, who are chosen by an assembly, elected by the people—hence the mob is called the sovereign people—and the country, free; the body politic doubtless resembling a vessel, which is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman—something they say of a humorist, as he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles; he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offence by

wearing red breeches and tying his horse to a post.* The people of the United States have assured me that they themselves are the most enlightened nation under the sun; but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert, who assemble at the summer solstice, to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary, in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast—which of them have the superior claim, I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of surprise, that the men of this country do not seem in haste to accommodate themselves even with the single wife which alone the laws permit them to marry; this backwardness is probably owing to the misfortune of their absolutely having no female mutes among them. Thou knowest how valuable are these silent companions—what a price is given for them in the East, and what entertaining wives they make. What delightful entertainment arises from beholding the silent eloquence of their sighs and gestures; but a wife possessed both of a tongue and a soul—monstrous! monstrous! is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from a union with a woman so preposterously endowed!

Thou hast doubtless read in the works of Abul Faraj, the Arabian historian, the tradition which mentions that the muses

* This is another allusion to the primitive habits of Mr. Jefferson, who, even while the first magistrate of the Republic, and on occasions when a little of the "pomp and circumstance" of office would not have been incompatible with that situation, was accustomed to dress in the plainest garb, and when on horseback to be without an attendant; so that it not unfrequently happened that he might be seen, when the business of the state required his personal presence, riding up alone to the government house at Washington, and having tied his steed to the nearest post, proceed to transact the important business of the nation.—*Paris Ed.*

were once upon the point of falling together by the ears about the admission of a tenth among their number, until she assured them, by signs, that she was dumb; whereupon they received her with great rejoicing. I should, perhaps, inform thee that there are but nine Christian muses, who were formerly pagans, but have since been converted, and that in this country we never hear of a tenth, unless some crazy poet wishes to pay a hyperbolical compliment to his mistress; on which occasion it goes hard, but she figures as a tenth muse, or fourth grace, even though she should be more illiterate than a Hottentot, and more ungraceful than a dancing bear! Since my arrival in this country, I have met with not less than a hundred of these supernumerary muses and graces—and may Allah preserve me from ever meeting with any more!

When I have studied this people more profoundly, I will write thee again: in the mean time watch over my household, and do not beat my beloved wives unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. Though far distant, and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine; think not, oh, friend of my soul, that the splendors of this luxurious capital, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous mosques, and the beautiful females who run wild in herds about its streets, can obliterate thee from my remembrance. Thy name shall still be mentioned in the five-and-twenty prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at length, in good old age, lead thee gently by the hand, to enjoy the dignity of bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden.

MUSTAPHA.

FASHIONS.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

The following article is furnished me by a young lady of unquestionable taste, and who is the oracle of fashion and frippery. Being deeply initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet, she has promised me, from time to time, a similar detail.

MRS. TOOLE has for some time reigned unrivalled in the fashionable world, and had the supreme direction of caps, bonnets, feathers, flowers, and tinsel. She has dressed and undressed our ladies just as she pleased; now loading them with velvet and wadding, now turning them adrift upon the world to run shivering through the streets with scarcely a covering to their——backs; and now obliging them to drag a long train at their heels, like the tail of a paper kite. Her despotic sway, however, threatens to be limited. A dangerous rival has sprung up in the person of Madame BOUCHARD, an intrepid little woman, fresh from the head-quarters of fashion and folly, and who has burst like a second Bonaparte upon the fashionable world. Mrs. Toole, notwithstanding, seems determined to dispute her ground bravely for the honor of old England. The ladies have begun to arrange themselves under the banner of one or other of these heroines of the needle, and everything portends open war. Madame Bouchard marches gallantly to the field, flourishing a flaming red robe for a standard, "flouting the skies;" and Mrs. Toole, no wise dismayed, sallies out under cover of a forest of artificial flowers, like Malcolm's host. Both parties possess great merit, and both deserve the victory. Mrs. Toole charges the highest, but

Madame Bouchard makes the lowest courtesy. Madame Bouchard is a little short lady—nor is there any hope of her growing larger; but then she is perfectly genteel, and so is Mrs. Toole. Mrs. Toole lives in Broadway, and Madame Bouchard in Courtlandt street; but Madame atones for the inferiority of her *stand* by making two courtesies to Mrs. Toole's one, and talking French like an angel. Mrs. Toole is the best looking, but Madame Bouchard wears a most bewitching little scrubby wig. Mrs. Toole is the tallest, but Madame Bouchard has the longest nose. Mrs. Toole is fond of roast beef, but Madame Bouchard is loyal in her adherence to onions; in short, so equally are the merits of the two ladies balanced, that there is no judging which will "kick the beam." It however seems to be the prevailing opinion that Madame Bouchard will carry the day, because she wears a wig, has a long nose, talks French, loves onions, and does not charge above ten times as much for a thing as it is worth.

Under the direction of these high priestesses of the beau-monde, the following is the fashionable morning dress for walking

If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown or frock is most advisable, because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. John Frost, nose-painter-general, of the color of Castile soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds, and make a lady look interesting—(*i. e. grizzly*). Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks, flesh-colored are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage. The stock-

ings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionable colored mud that can be found; the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show——the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone color, thrown over one shoulder, like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B. If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat, turned topsy-turvy over the shoulders, would do just as well. This is called being dressed *à la drabble*.

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown; a yellowish, whitish, smokish, dirty-colored shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the "Cinderella dress."

The recipe for a full dress is as follows: take of spider-net, crape, satin, gimp, cat-gut, gauze, whalebone, lace, bobbin, ribbons and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these, add as many spangles, beads and gew-gaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka Sound. Let Mrs. Toole or Madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles and tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery called *Rag Fair*.

ONE of the greatest sources of amusement incident to our humorous knight-errantry is to ramble about, and hear the various conjectures of the town respecting our worships, whom everybody pretends to know as well as Falstaff did Prince Hal, at Gad's-hill. We have sometimes seen a sapient, sleepy fellow, on being tickled with a straw, make a furious effort, and fancy he had fairly caught a gnat in his grasp; so, that many-headed monster, the public, who, with all its heads, is, we fear, sadly off for brains, has, after long hovering, come souse down, like a king-fisher, on the authors of Salmagundi, and caught them as certainly as the aforesaid honest fellow caught the gnat.

Would that we were rich enough to give every one of our numerous readers a cent, as a reward for their ingenuity! Not that they have really conjectured within a thousand leagues of the truth, but that we consider it a great stretch of ingenuity even to have guessed wrong; and that we hold ourselves much obliged to them for having taken the trouble to guess at all.

One of the most tickling, dear, mischievous pleasures of this life is to laugh in one's sleeve—to sit snug in the corner, unnoticed and unknown, and hear the wise men of Gotham, who are profound judges of horse-flesh, pronounce, from the style of our work, who are the authors. This listening incog., and receiving a hearty praising over another man's back, is a situation so celestially whimsical, that we have done little else than laugh in our sleeve ever since our first number was published.

The town has at length allayed the titillations of curiosity, by fixing on two young gentlemen of literary talents—that is to say, they are equal to the composition of a newspaper squib, a hodge-podge criticism, or some such trifle, and may occasionally raise a smile by their effusions; but pardon us, sweet sirs, if we modestly doubt your capability of supporting the burden of Sal-

magundi, or of keeping up a laugh for a whole fortnight, as we have done, and intend to do, until the whole town becomes a community of laughing philosophers like ourselves. We have no intention, however, of undervaluing the abilities of these two young men, whom we verily believe, according to common acceptation, young men *of promise*.

Were we ill-natured, we might publish something that would get our representatives into difficulties; but far be it from us to do anything to the injury of persons to whom we are under such obligations.

While they stand before us, we, like little Teucer, behind the sevenfold shield of Ajax, can launch unseen our sportive arrows, which, we trust, will never inflict a wound, unless, like his, they fly, "heaven-directed," to some conscience-struck bosom.

Another marvellous great source of pleasure to us is the abuse our work has received from several wooden gentlemen, whose censures we covet more than ever we did anything in our lives. The moment we declared open war against folly and stupidity, we expected to receive no quarter; and to provoke a confederacy of all the blockheads in town. For it is one of our indisputable facts, that so sure as you catch a gander by the tail, the whole flock, geese, goslings, one and all, have a fellow-feeling on the occasion, and begin to cackle and hiss like so many devils bewitched. As we have a profound respect for these ancient and respectable birds, on the score of their once saving the capitol, we hereby declare that we mean no offence whatever by comparing them to the aforesaid confederacy. We have heard, in our walks, such criticisms on Salmagundi as almost induced a belief that folly had here, as in the East, her moments of inspired idiotism. Every silly royster has, as if by an instinctive sense of anticipated danger, joined in the cry, and

condemned us without mercy. All is thus as it should be. It would have mortified us very sensibly had we been disappointed in this particular, as we should then have been apprehensive that our shafts had fallen to the ground, innocent of the "blood or brains" of a single numskull. Our efforts have been crowned with wonderful success. All the queer fish, the grubs, the flats, the noddies, and the live-oak and timber gentlemen, are pointing their empty guns at us; and we are threatened with a most puissant confederacy of the "pigmies and cranes," and other "light militia," backed by the heavy-armed artillery of dullness and stupidity. The veriest dreams of our most sanguine moments are thus realized. We have no fear of the censures of the wise, the good, or the fair, for they will ever be sacred from our attacks. We reverence the wise, love the good, and adore the fair; we declare ourselves champions in their cause—in the cause of morality—and we throw our gauntlet to all the world besides.

While we profess and feel the same indifference to public applause as at first, we most earnestly invite the attacks and censures of all the wooden warriors of this sensible city; and especially of that distinguished and learned body, heretofore celebrated under the appellation of "The North River Society." The thrice valiant and renowned Don Quixote never made such work amongst the wool-clad warriors of Trapoban, or the puppets of the itinerant showman, as we promise to make among these fine fellows; and we pledge ourselves to the public in general, and the Albany skippers in particular, that the North River shall not be set on fire this winter at least, for we shall give the authors of that nefarious scheme ample employment for some time to come.

PROCLAMATION, FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

TO all the young belles who enliven our scene,
From ripe five-and-forty, to blooming fifteen ;
Who racket at routs, and who rattle at plays,
Who visit, and fidget, and dance out their days ;
Who conquer all hearts with a shot from the eye,
Who freeze with a frown, and who thaw with a sigh:—
To all those bright youths who embellish the age,
Whether young boys, or old boys, or numskull or sage:
Whether BULL DOGS, who cringe at their mistress's feet,
Who sigh and who whine, and who try to look sweet;
Whether TOUGH DOGS, who squat down stock still in a row
And play wooden gentlemen stuck up for a show;
Or SAD DOGS, who glory in running their rigs,
Now dash in their sleighs, and now whirl in their gigs;
Who riot at Dyde's* on imperial champagne,
And then scour our city—the peace to maintain;
To whoe'er it concerns or may happen to meet,
By these presents their worships I lovingly greet,
Now KNOW YE, that I, PINDAR COCKLOFT, esquire,
Am laureate, appointed at special desire;
A censor, self-dubbed, to admonish the fair,
And tenderly take the town under my care.
I'm a ci-devant beau, cousin Launcelot has said—
A remnant of habits long vanished and dead:

* Dyde's public-house was in Park Row. It was brought into not by a famous coalition supper of the Burrites and Clintonians. A pam let was published giving an account of the Dyde Supper.

But still, though my heart dwells with rapture sublime,
On the fashions and customs which reign'd in my prime,
I yet can perceive—and still candidly praise,
Some maxims and manners of these "latter days;"
Still own that some wisdom and beauty appears,
Though almost entombed in the rubbish of years.
No fierce nor tyrannical cynic am I,
Who frown on each foible I chance to espy;
Who pounce on a novelty, just like a kite,
And tear up a victim through malice or spite;
Who expose to the scoffs of an ill-natured crew,
A trembler for starting a whim that is new.
No, no—I shall cautiously hold up my glass,
To the sweet little blossoms who heedlessly pass;
My remarks not too pointed to wound or offend,
Nor so vague as to miss their benevolent end:
Each innocent fashion shall have its full sway;
New modes shall arise to astonish Broadway:
Red hats and red shawls still illumine the town,
And each belle, like a bon-fire, blaze up and down.
Fair spirits who brighten the gloom of our days,
Who cheer this dull scene with your heavenly rays,
No mortal can love you more firmly and true
From the crown of the head, to the sole of your shoe.
I'm old fashioned, 'tis true,—but still runs in my heart
That affectionate stream, to which youth gave the start
More calm in its current—yet potent in force;
Less ruffled by gales—but still steadfast in course.
Though the lover, enraptured, no longer appears,—
'Tis the guide and the guardian enlightened by years.
All ripen'd and mellow'd and soften'd by time,

The asperities polish'd which chafed in my prime;
I'm fully prepared for that delicate end,
The fair one's instructor, companion and friend
—And should I perceive you in fashion's gay dance,
Allured by the frippery-mongers of France,
Expose your weak frames to a chill wintry sky
To be nipp'd by its frosts, to be torn from the eye;
My soft admonitions shall fall on your ear—
Shall whisper those parents to whom you are dear—
Shall warn you of hazards you heedlessly run,
And sing of those fair ones whom frost has undone,
Bright suns that would scarce on our horizon dawn,
Ere shrouded from sight, they were early withdrawn;
Gay sylphs, who have float in circles below,
As pure in their souls, and as transient as snow;
Sweet roses, that bloom'd and decay'd to my eye,
And of forms that have flitted and passed to the sky.
But as to those brainless pert bloods of our town,
Those sprigs of the ton who run decency down;
Who lounge and who lout, and who booby about,
No knowledge within, and no manners without;
Who stare at each beauty with insolent eyes;
Who rail at those morals their fathers would prize;
Who are loud at the play—and who impiously dare
To come in their cups to the routs of the fair;
I shall hold up my mirror, to let them survey
The figures they cut as they dash it away:
Should my good-humored verse no amendment produce,
Like scarecrows, at least, they shall still be of use;
I shall stitch them, in effigy, up in my rhyme,
And hold them aloft through the progress of time,

As figures of fun to make the folks laugh,
Like that queer-looking angel erected by Paff,
"What shtop," as he says, "all de people what come;
"What smiles on dem all, and what peats on de trum."

——"*How now, mooncalf!*"

WE have been congratulating ourselves exceedingly on having, at length, attracted the notice of a ponderous genius of this city, Dr. Christopher Costive, LL. D., etc., who has spoken of us in such a manner that we are ten times better pleased than ever we were before. It shall never be said of us, that we have been out-done in the way of complimenting, and we therefore assure Dr. Christopher Costive that, for a Yankee doodle song, about "Sister Tabitha," "our Cow," and "dandy," and "sugar-candy," and all these jokes of truly *Eastern saltness*, we know no man more "cute" than himself.

If Dr. Costive should find fault with having nothing but whipt syllabub from us, we promise him that, if circumstances render it necessary, we will occasionally give it a little variety by whipping him up in it as completely as ever a dish of ass's milk was whipt up in this world. Our friend seems rather vociferous in his demand for a dish of "flummery," and as such a dish is not in our bill of fare, we immediately requested our publisher to procure us one that would suit our friend's appetite. He has brought us "Democracy Unveiled, or Tyranny stripped of the garb of Patriotism," by Christopher Costive, LL. D. etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. We can now promise our friend to serve him up a plentiful dish of flummery from his own shop, whenever

he thinks fit to demand it, and garnished with a little Salmagundi for sauce. We hope he will not behave like his prototype, Dr. Lampedo, and gag at his own "patent draught."

Our respected friend appears a little worried that we do not write for money. Now this looks ill of Dr. Costive—not that we thereby mean to insinuate that Dr. Costive is an ill-looking personage; on the contrary, we think him a great poet, a very great poet, the greatest poet of the age, and, considering the excessive gravity of his person, we are the more astonished at the sublime flights of his fat fancy. To convince him that we are disposed to befriend him all in our power, we take this opportunity to inform our numerous readers that there *is* such a man as Dr. Christopher Costive, and that he publishes a *weakly* paper, called the "Weekly Inspector," somewhere in this city, and that he writes *for money*.* We, therefore, advise "everybody, man, woman, and child, that can read, or get anybody to read for them, to purchase *his* paper," where they will find the true "bubble and squeak," and "topsy-turvy," which Dr. Costive will at any time exchange *for money*.

Upon the whole, we consider him a very modest, decent, good-looking *big* man, who writes *for money*; being but "half a fish and half a monster."

* The "Weekly Inspector," here alluded to, was a neatly printed octavo journal, chiefly political, conducted by Thomas Green Fessenden. It was commenced Aug. 30, 1806, and was published in New York by Ezra Sargent, 39 Wall street, with the motto from Hamilton: "Of those men who have overturned the liberties of republics, the greater number have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the people—commencing demagogues and ending tyrants."

Feb. 7, 1807, a fortnight after its publication, Fessenden notices Salmagundi, a "new literary publication," with an opening fling or two at the

club of wits who profess themselves supremely indifferent to the reception of their work. In the next number but one of the "Inspector" the attack is followed up by an article—"SALMAGUNDI—*alias* BUBBLE AND SQUEAK—again." In reply to the notice of the former which had appeared in the interim in Salmagundi, Christopher Caustic raves in his extraordinary slang at these "frothy productions." "The disease," he says, "is becoming epidemic, the fever rising to frenzy, spreading from fool to fool; a numberless number of nameless names, has already caught the infection, and from one end of the town to the other, all is nonsense and 'Salmagundi.'" He calls it 'a mere hodge-podge of train oil and garlic, instead of 'Salmagundi.' .... This is, in English, a 'gibe cat,' smothered in onions and eaten with fennel, rue, and caraway seed. In fact, there was one Huddesford, an English wit, who wrote a poem with *that* ere title, which this worst of wizards may have purloined in some of their rambles, and thus gained a *legal* claim to the wit it contains." He proposes, to his own great delight, "Silly-kickaby" as a substitute for Salmagundi. "Having dispatched 'Salmagundi' or *Silly-kickaby*, we come next to 'whim-whams and opinions.' What a broken backed metaphor! It is as bad as to have christened your nonsense *apple dumpling;* or *flights of fancy.*

Atque idem jungat vulpes,
Et mulgeat hircos—

That is, in English:

This sorry set of silly shotes,
Should be employed to milk *he-goats*,
Or sent to Carolina bogs,
To yoke ox-teams of prairie dogs.

'Whim whams' is taken by this junto of notables from an English publication. 'Launcelot Langstaff,' is a vile daub of a caricature of 'Isaac Bickerstaff.' Will Honeycomb sat for 'Anthony Evergreen;' Will Wizard's original may be found in the British classics; and in short, the prototype of every other character, with the exception of a few scurrilous personalities. The work ought to have been styled *Silly-kickaby*, alias *tag-locks of common English publications*, compiled by Dunderpate, Doughhead, Dumpling, and Co., published by Peter Pettyman, sold at the

sign of the Ditch delving driveller, Caughnawaugher slip, dedicated, and to be devoted, to a certain goddess." The Doctor ends with abusing the metre of Pindar Cockloft, and then asserting that it was stolen from "Dr. Caustic's nick-nackatory."

We shall see in a future number how the Doctor's literary billingsgate was followed up in Salmagundi. The "Weekly Inspector" replies in the small shot of a handful of "squibs" in his number for March 6, levelled at "the lilliputian journal," alluding to the small page of the original edition of Salmagundi, and the war dies out.

The "Inspector" makes his exit at the close of his second volume, Aug. 22, 1807.

These mutual random hits and editorial discourtesies of a type too common in the annals of literature—these quarrels of authors—should be remembered for what they were, the passing nonsense of the hour. Thomas Green Fessenden, notwithstanding this nonsensical raving, was a man of mark and merit—not only of humor and spirit in the comic verses with which he enlivened the newspaper discussions of his day, but to be held in memory for his more sober labors in the cause of agriculture. There is a very pleasing reminiscence of his later years—he died at the age of sixty-six in 1837—by Nathaniel Hawthorne, in which he celebrates "the amiable temper and abstracted habits" of his old friend.

NO. IV.—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY, 24, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

PERHAPS there is no class of men to which the curious and literary are more indebted than travellers;—I mean travel-mongers, who write whole volumes about themselves, their horses and their servants, interspersed with anecdotes of inn-keepers—droll sayings of stage-drivers, and interesting memoirs of—the Lord knows who. They will give you a full account of a city, its manners, customs, and manufactures; though perhaps all their knowledge of it was obtained by a peep from their inn-windows, and an interesting conversation with the landlord or the waiter. America has had its share of these buzzards; and in the name of my countrymen I return them profound thanks for the compliments they have lavished upon us, and the variety of particulars concerning our own country, which we should never have discovered without their assistance.

Influenced by such sentiments, I am delighted to find that the Cockloft family, among its other whimsical and monstrous productions, is about to be enriched with a genuine travel-writer. This is no less a personage than Mr. JEREMY COCKLOFT, the only son and darling pride of my cousin, Mr. CHRISTOPHER COCKLOFT. I should have said Jeremy Cockloft, *the younger*, as he so styles himself, by way of distinguishing him from IL SIGNORE JEREMY COCKLOFTICO, a gouty old gentleman who flourished about the time that Pliny the elder was smoked to death with the fire and

brimstone of Vesuvius; and whose travels, if he ever wrote any, are now lost forever to the world. Jeremy is now in his one-and-twentieth year, and a young fellow of wonderful quick parts, if you will trust to the word of his father, who, having begotten him, should be the best judge of the matter. He is the oracle of the family, dictates to his sisters on every occasion, though they are some dozen or more years older than himself—and never did son give mother better advice than Jeremy.

As old Cockloft was determined his son should be both a scholar and a gentleman, he took great pains with his education, which was completed at our university, where he became exceedingly expert in quizzing his teachers and playing billiards. No student made better squibs and crackers to blow up the chemical professor; no one chalked more ludicrous caricatures on the walls of the college; and none were more adroit in shaving pigs and climbing lightning-rods. He moreover learned all the letters of the Greek alphabet; could demonstrate that water never, "of its own accord," rose above the level of its source, and that air was certainly the principle of life; for he had been entertained with the humane experiment of a cat, worried to death in an air-pump. He once shook down the ash-house, by an artificial earthquake; and nearly blew his sister Barbara, and her cat, out of the window with thundering powder. He likewise boasts exceedingly of being thoroughly acquainted with the composition of Lacedemonian black broth; and once made a pot of it, which had well-nigh poisoned the whole family, and actually threw the cook-maid into convulsions. But above all, he values himself upon his logic, has the old college conundrum of the cat with three tails at his fingers' ends, and often hampers his father with his syllogisms, to the great delight of the old gentleman; who considers the major, minor, and con-

clusion, as almost equal in argument to the pulley, the wedge, and the lever, in mechanics. In fact, my cousin Cockloft was once nearly annihilated with astonishment, on hearing Jeremy trace the derivation of Mango from Jeremiah King;—as Jeremiah King, Jerry King! Jerking, Girkin! cucumber, Mango! In short, had Jeremy been a student at Oxford or Cambridge, he would, in all probability, been promoted to the dignity of a *senior wrangler*. By this sketch I mean no disparagement to the abilities of other students of our college, for I have no doubt that every commencement ushers into society luminaries full as brilliant as *Jeremy Cockloft the younger*.

Having made a very pretty speech on graduating, to a numerous assemblage of old folks and young ladies, who all declared that he was a very fine young man, and made very handsome gestures, Jeremy was seized with a great desire to see, or rather to be seen by the world; and as his father was anxious to give him every possible advantage, it was determined Jeremy should visit foreign parts. In consequence of this resolution, he has spent a matter of three or four months in visiting strange places; and in the course of his travels has tarried some few days at the splendid metropolis' of Albany and Philadelphia.

Jeremy has travelled as every modern man of sense should do; that is, he judges of things by the sample next at hand; if he has ever any doubt on a subject, always decides against the city where he happens to sojourn; and invariably takes *home*, as the standard by which to direct his judgment.

Going into his room the other day, when he happened to be absent, I found a manuscript volume lying on his table; and was overjoyed to find it contained notes and hints for a book of travels which he intends publishing. He seems to have taken a late fashionable *travel-monger* for his model, and I have no

doubt his work will be equally instructive and amusing with that of his prototype. The following are some extracts, which may not prove uninteresting to my readers.

MEMORANDUMS FOR A TOUR TO BE ENTITLED "THE STRANGER IN NEW JERSEY; OR, COCKNEY TRAVELLING." *

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT, THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER I.

THE man in the moon †—preparations for departure—hints to traveller about packing their trunks ‡—straps, buckles, and bed-cords—case of pistols, *à la cockney*—five trunks, three

* It is not a little singular, that this mode of ridiculing the gossiping productions of Sir John Carr, and other tourists of the day, should have been successfully adopted almost at the same moment by two writers placed in different and distant quarters of the globe. "My Pocket Book" appeared in London only two or three weeks after the publication of these "Memorandums" in New York—so that neither writer could possibly have borrowed from the other—and by its ingenious pleasantry and poignant satire, crushed a whole host of book-making tourists, with the luckless knight at their head.—*Paris Ed.* This matter is again referred to at the close of No. XIII.

† *Vide* Carr's Stranger in Ireland. John Carr, Esq., of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, wrote several slip-slop entertaining books of travel, "A Northern Summer," "The Stranger in France," and "The Stranger in Ireland, a Tour in 1805." The last appears to have been popular in America. It reached its third edition from the New York press of Riley, this very year, 1807.

‡ *Vide* Weld. Isaac Weld travelled through the United States in 1795-7.

bandboxes, a cocked hat, and a medicine-chest, *à la Française* —parting advice of my two sisters—quere, why old maids are so particular in their cautions against naughty women—description of Powles-Hook ferry-boats—might be converted into gun-boats, and defend our ports equally well with Albany sloops—Brom, the black ferryman—Charon—river Styx—ghosts;—Major Hunt—good story—ferriage nine-pence;—city of Harsimus—built on the spot where the folk once danced on their stumps, while the devil fiddled—quere, why do the Harsimites talk Dutch?—story of the Tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues—get into the stage—driver a wag—famous fellow for running stage races—killed three passengers and crippled nine in the course of his practice—philosophical reasons why stage-drivers love grog—causeway—ditch on each side for folk to tumble into—famous place for *skilly-pots;* Philadelphians call 'em tarapins—roast them under the ashes as we do potatoes—queer, may not this be the reason that the Philadelphians are all turtle-heads?—Hackensack bridge—good painting of a blue horse jumping over a mountain—wonder who it was painted by;—mem. to ask the *Baron de Gusto* about it on my return;—Rattle-snake Hill, so called from abounding with butterflies;—salt marsh, *surmounted* here and there by a solitary hay-stack—more tarapins—wonder why the Philadelphians don't establish a fishery here, and get a patent for it—bridge over the Passaic —rate of toll—description of toll-boards—tollman had but one eye—story how it *is possible* he *may* have lost the other—pence-table, etc.*

* *Vide* Carr.

CHAPTER II.

Newark—noted for its fine breed of fat musquitoes—sting through the thickest boots *—story about *Gallynippers*—Archy Gifford and his man Caliban—jolly fat fellows—a knowing traveller always judges of everything by the inn-keepers and waiters †—set down Newark people all fat as butter—learned dissertation on Archy Gifford's green coat, with philosophical reasons why the Newarkites wear wear red worsted nightcaps, and turn their noses to the south when the wind blows—Newark academy full of windows—sunshine excellent to make little boys grow—Elizabethtown—fine girls—vile mosquitoes—plenty of oysters—quere, have oysters any feeling?—good story about the fox catching them by his tail—ergo, foxes might be of great use in the pearl fishery—landlord member of the legislature—treats everybody who has a vote—mem. all the inn-keepers members of the legislature in New Jersey; Bridge-town, vulgarly called *Spank-town*, from a story of quondam parson and his wife—real name, according to Linkum Fidelius, Bridge-town, from *bridge*,

* *Vide* Weld. "General Washington," says Weld, "told me that he never was so much annoyed by mosquitoes in any part of America, as in Skenesborough, for that they used to bite through the thickest boot."

† *Vide* Carr; *vide* Moore; *vide* Weld; *vide* Parkinson; *vide* Priest. Richard Parkinson, late of Orange Hill, near Baltimore, published in London, 1805, his tour in America, in 1798-1800, exhibiting sketches of Society and Manners, and a particular account of the American system of agriculture, etc. William Priest, who signs himself on the title page of his book, "Musician, late of the theatres Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston," travelled in the United States between the year 1793 and 1797, and published his journals in London, in a thin octavo in 1802. *Vide* Linkum Fidelius, and *vide* Messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

a contrivance to get dry shod over a river or brook ; and *town*, an appellation given in America to the accidental assemblage of a church, a tavern, and a blacksmith's shop—Linkum as right as my left leg ;—Rahway River—good place for gunboats—wonder why Mr. Jefferson don't send a *river fleet* here, to protect the hay-vessels ?—Woodbridge—landlady mending her husband's breeches—sublime apostrophe to conjugal affection and the fair sex ;*—Woodbridge famous for its crab-fishery—sentimental correspondence between a crab and a lobster—digression to Abelarde and Eloisa ;—mem. when the moon is in *Pisces*, she plays the devil with the crabs.

CHAPTER III.

Brunswick—oldest town in the state—division line between two counties in the middle of the street ;—posed a lawyer with the case of a man standing with one foot in each county—wanted to know in which he was *domicil*—lawyer couldn't tell for the soul of him ;—mem. all the New Jersey lawyers *nums ;* —Miss Hay's boarding-school—young ladies not allowed to eat mustard—and why ?—fat story of a mustard-pot, with a good saying of Ding-Dong's ;—Vernon's tavern—fine place to sleep, if the noise would let you—another Caliban !—Vernon *slew*-eyed —people of Brunswick, of course, all squint ;—Drake's tavern —fine old blade—wears square buckles in his shoes—tells bloody long stories about last war—people, of course, all do the same ;—Hook'em Snivy, the famous fortune-teller, born here —contemporary with Mother Shoulders—particulars of his history—died one day—lines to his memory, *which found their*

* *Vide* the Sentimental Kotzebue.

way into my pocketbook;*—melancholy reflections on the death of great men—beautiful epitaph on myself.

CHAPTER IV.

Princeton—college—professors wear boots!—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire, and burnt out the professors; an excellent joke, but not worth repeating—mem. American students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation, and makes little boys fight;—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern, who had just got their allowance of spending money—laid it all out in a supper—got fuddled, and d—d the professors for nincoms. N.B. Southern gentlemen—Churchyard—apostrophe to grim death—saw a cow feeding on a grave—metempsychosis—who knows but the cow may have been eating up the soul of one of my ancestors—made me melancholy and pensive for fifteen minutes;—man planting cabbages†—wondered how he could plant them so straight—method of mole-catching—and all that—query, whether it would not be a good notion to ring their noses as we do pigs'—mem. to propose it to the American Agricultural Society—get a premium perhaps—commencement—students give a ball and supper—company from New York, Philadelphia,

* *Vide* Carr and Blind *Bet!* Carr, in his travels, meets on the roadside in Wales, a stone-blind woman supporting herself and infirm mother by the sale of gloves and stockings. The traveller perpetrates some verses on the occasion, which he introduces in this ludicrous fashion: "Upon her quitting us, the following lines found their way into my pocket book!"

† *Vide* Carr.

and Albany—great contest which spoke the best English—Albanians vociferous in their demand for sturgeon—Philadelphians gave the preference to raccoon * and splacnuncs †—gave them a long dissertation on the phlegmatic nature of a goose's gizzard—students can't dance—always set off with the wrong foot foremost—Duport's opinion on that subject—Sir Christopher Hatton the first man who ever turned out his toes in dancing—favorite with Queen Bess on that account—Sir Walter Raleigh—good story about his smoking—his descent into New Spain—El Dorado—Candide—Dr. Pangloss—Miss Cunegunde—earthquake at Lisbon—Baron of Thundertentronck ‡—Jesuits—Monks—Cardinal Woolsey—Pope Joan—Tom Jefferson—Tom Paine, and Tom the ——whew! N.B. Students got drunk as usual.

CHAPTER V.

Left Princeton—country finely diversified with sheep and hay-stacks§—saw a man riding alone in a wagon! why the deuce didn't the blockhead ride in a chair? fellow must be a fool—particular account of the construction of wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, and quail-traps—saw a large flock of crows—concluded there must be a dead horse in the neighborhood—mem. country remarkable for crows—won't let the horses die in

* *Vide* Priest. "At two," says Priest, "the Philadelphians dine on what is usual in England, both a variety of American dishes, such as bear, opossum, raccoon, etc!"

† Gulliver is announced by the town crier in Brobdingnag as "a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacnuck*, an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long."

‡ Jeremy Cockloft appears, in this enumeration, to have come from a recent perusal of Voltaire's Candide.

§ *Vide* Carr.

peace—anecdote of a jury of crows—stopped to give the horses water—good-looking man came up and asked me if I had seen his wife? heavens! thought I, how strange it is that this virtuous man should ask *me* about his wife—story of Cain and Abel—stage-driver took a *swig*—mem. set down all the people as drunkards—old house had moss on the top—swallows built in the roof—better place than old men's beards—story about that—derivation of words *kippy, kippy, kippy,* and *shoo-pig**—negro driver could not write his own name—languishing state of literature in this country;† philosophical inquiry of 'Sbidlikens, why the Americans are so much inferior to the nobility of Cheapside and Shore-ditch, and why they do not eat plum-pudding on Sundays—superfine reflections about anything.

CHAPTER VI.

Trenton—built above the head of navigation to encourage commerce—capital of the State—only wants a castle, a bay,

* *Vide* Carr's learned derivation of *gee* and *whoe*.

† Moore:

> Is this the region then, is this the clime
> For soaring fancies? for those dreams sublime,
> Which all their miracles of light reveal
> To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
> Alas! not so—the Muse of nature lights
> Her glories round; she scales the mountain heights,
> And roams the forests; every wondrous spot
> Burns with her step, yet man regards it not.
> She whispers round, her words are in the air,
> But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
> Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
> One ray of mind, to thaw them into song.
>
> *Epistle to the Hon. W. R. Spencer, from Buffalo, upon Lake Erie.*

a mountain, a sea, and a volcano, to bear a strong resemblance to the bay of Naples*—supreme court sitting—fat chief justice—used to get asleep on the bench after dinner—gave judgment, I suppose, like Pilate's wife, from his dreams—reminded me of Justice Bridlegoose deciding by a throw of a die, and of the oracle of the holy bottle†—attempted to kiss the chamber-maid—boxed my ears till they rung like our theatre-bell—girl had lost one tooth—mem. all the American ladies prudes, and have bad teeth; Anacreon Moore's opinion on the matter. State-house—fine place to see the sturgeons jump up—quere, whether sturgeons jump up by an impulse of the tail, or whether they bounce up from the bottom by the elasticity of their noses Linkum Fidelius of the latter opinion—I too—sturgeon's nose capital for tennis-balls—learnt that at school—went to a ball—negro wench principal musician! N. B. People of America have no fiddlers but females!—origin of the phrase, "fiddle of your heart"—reasons why men fiddle better than women; expedient of the Amazons who were expert at the bow; waiter at the city tavern—good story of his—nothing to the purpose—never mind—fill up my book like Carr—make it sell. Saw a democrat get into a stage followed by his dog.‡ N. B. This town remarkable for dogs and democrats—superfine sentiment§—good story from Joe Miller—ode to a piggin of butter—pen-

* Carr.

† Rabelais' Judge Bridlegoose and famous Oracle. There was a slight difficulty in the Judge's method of decision, "he was become old and his sight of late was very much failed, and become dimmer than it was wont to be; by reason of which infirmity he was not able so distinctly and clearly to discern the points of the dice as formerly he had been accustomed to do."

‡ Moore. § Carr.

sive meditations on a mouse-hole—make a book as clear as a whistle!

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

I HAVE observed a particular intimacy for these few days past between that dry wag Will Wizard and my cousin Pindar. The latter has taken his winter quarters at old Cocklofft's, in the corner room opposite mine, in order to be at hand and overlook the town. They hardly gave themselves time, on Sunday last, to wait for the family toast of "our absent friends" before they adjourned to Pindar's chamber. In the course of an hour my cousin's enormous mandarine inkstand was sent down to be replenished. I began to be seriously alarmed, for I thought if they had exhausted its contents without exhausting their subject, there was no knowing where it would end.

On returning to tea, my cousin Pindar was observed to rub his hands, a sure sign that something tickled his fancy; he however maintained as mysterious a countenance as a seventh ward politican. As to Will Wizard, he took longer strides than usual, his inflexible phiz had an uncommonly knowing air, and a sagacious wink occasionally betrayed that he had more in his head than he chose to communicate. The whole family (who in truth are much given to *wonder* at everything) were sadly puzzled to conjecture what their two precious noddles had been bothering about.

In the evening, after I had retreated to my citadel, the elbow-chair, I was surprised by the abrupt entrance of these two worthies. My cousin opened the budget at once: he declared that

it was as necessary for a modern poet to have an assistant, as for Don Quixote to have a Sancho—that it was the fashion for poets, now-a-days, to write so ineffably obscure, that every line required a page of notes to explain its meaning, and render its "darkness visible"—that a modern poem could no more succeed without notes, than a paper kite could fly without a tail. In a word, Pegasus had become a most mulish animal, and would not budge a foot, unless he lumbered along a cart-load of quotations and explanations, and illustrations at his heels: he had therefore prevailed on Will Wizard to assist him occasionally as annotator and illustrator. As a specimen of their united labors, he handed me the following complimentary ode to that king of the buzzards, Dr. CHRISTOPHER COSTIVE, informing me that he had plenty more on hand whenever occasion required it. I had been rather surprised lately at the Doctor's meddling with us, as he was sure of gaining more kicks than coppers in return; but I am told an ass loves to have his muzzle scratched with nettles. On expressing my surprise, Will informed me that it was all a sham battle; that he was very intimate with the Doctor, and could relate a thousand diverting anecdotes concerning him; and that the Doctor, finding we were in want of a butt, had generously volunteered himself as our target. I wish him joy of his bargain.

In the following poem it will be observed that, while my cousin Pindar tunes his pipe on the top of the page, Will Wizard worries away at his thorough bass below. The notes of a modern poem being like the sound of a French horn, bassoon, kettle-drum, and bass-viol, in our orchestra, which make such a confounded racket, that they entirely drown the song; and no man, who has not the sublime ear of a connoisseur, can tell what the devil the they're playing.

FLUMMERY.

FROM THE MILL[1] OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

Being a Poem with Notes, or rather Notes with a Poem;[2] *in the manner of*

DOCTOR[3] CHRISTOPHER COSTIVE.

"Prick me Bull calf till he roars."[4]

Falstaff.

THE greatest[5] poet of our day,
From State of Maine to Louisiana;[6]
The hero who did 'sist upon't,
He wou'dn't be deputy to Mr. Hunt;[7]

NOTES, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

[1] *Mill.*] As we are not a little anxious to cultivate the intimacy so happily commenced between the Doctor and ourselves, we feel bound in candor to confess the charge made against us, of having borrowed from him some of the phrases and ideas of our last number; and we justify ourselves by attributing it to our high regard for his talents: for what can be a greater proof of friendship, now a days, than borrowing? If we were his enemies, we might justify it by the old maxim of "foiling the devil with his own weapons. As so the "mill," which the Doctor so vociferously claims, honest Pindar acknowledges that he borrowed the idea from the Doctor's writings in general, for he never dipped in them without thinking of our nocturnal music-grinder, who continually grinds over and over the same sleepy tune of, "Oh, hard is my fate."

[2] *Notes with a Poem.*] Whatever merit may appear in this Poem, my friend Cockloft must own that it is entirely owing to his close adherence to his *big* prototype, Dr. Caustic. The rhymes are generally *borrowed* from the Doctor's own works, possessing all that quaintness, cuteness and clumsiness, for which he is remarkable. As the lesser thing should

Who rear'd a gallows for each elf, and
Did for *hangman* his own self stand.[8]
And made folks think it very odd, he
Should turn *Jack Ketch* to everybody,

always depend upon the greater, we have rather inverted the usual title of such works, and made the poem minor. We recommend the Doctor's mode of *compiling* a book to all the nums of the day—as an example, we instance his "Terrible Tractoration," of which, as few buy, and still fewer read it (a proof that the town are not quite such fools as the Doctor would make them), we shall say little. The book was smothered in notes, like a goose in onions—some ill-natured cynics have asserted that what little whim the work contained, lay entirely in the notes, which we are sorry to say were not written by the Doctor; his poem might therefore be said to resemble the *leg of a stool*, dressed up with *savory sauce*; or, as the Doctor will understand it better, that famous dish called *punpkin-pie*, where, though the *pumpkin* gives the *name* to the dish, yet the great skill of the cook is to hide the twang of it as much as possible with *spice* and *sugar*.

[8] *Doctor.*] The Doctor, we are told, was not bred a physician; nor was he indebted for his appellation to a gratuitous donation from any university, as Doctor of Laws—he was humorously so dubbed by his neighbors in Vermont, on account of having once benevolently physicked a sick horse—his works bear testimony to his drenching abilities; and we may justly apply to him an unlucky epigram, written on a brother quack in physic and poetry:

"*For physic and farces*
His equal there scarce is—
His farces *are* physic—
His physic *a* farce *is.*"

[9] *Prick bull-calf, etc.*] We had not the least expectation that our notice of Doctor Costive, in the last number, would have put him into such an indecent passion. Bless us how he has roared! and like Falstaff not only roared but "ran and roared"—

This modern mounter of Pegasus,
This clumsy jolter of Jackasses,*
Who, now the poet's dray horse starts on,
Anon, the gibbet hurdle carts on,

——"*unpack'd his heart with words,*
And fell a cursing—like a very drab!
A scullion!"

He has given us a most woeful *scolding* through some eight or nine columns, and plainly proved that our work was not worth a fig, because "Salmagundi" had been heretofore given as a title to another work—Launcelot Langstaff was evidently copied from Isaac Bickerstaff, because they both ended with *staff*—"Whim-Whams" was the same as "Flim-Flams"—"Will Wizard" was taken from—the lord knows where; *Wintry* was accidentally mispelled or misprinted *Wintery*, and "*Weakly*" was borrowed from his own *Weakly* productions. Oh, Midas, Midas, how thine ears do loom through the fog of thy writings. When a man of the Doctor's gumption can write nine columns against our work, and discover no greater faults, we may well be vain—were we to criticise our own writings, they would stand a much poorer chance. In spite of the Doctor's crustiness we still love him in our hearts—he may scold like an old woman, but we know it all arises from that excessive irritability common to all men who have "written a book," and particularly a book of doggerel rhymes. We again assure him of our perfect good will toward himself and his most amiable offspring, that delectable pair of twin brothers, Terrible Tractoration and Democracy Unveiled. May the whole world in general, and posterity in particular, know the proper distinction between Hudibrastic and Doggerel, and acquit the Doctor from the imputation meanly levelled against him by sundry nincoms of imitating Hudibras. We are sorry that he should ever have been thought capable of descending to be a copyist, and we challenge the whole world to deny that the Doctor's verse is doggerel, genuine broken winded, rickety doggerel, whatever his enemies may insist to the contrary. The Doctor's waggery, however, like that of many other double-headed wits, seems often to have been taken by the wrong end. On the first appearance of his Terri-

Now o'er a poem dozes happy,
And next expertly draws the cap; he
Who cares not though the world should know it
That he's half hangman, half a poet.[10]

ble Tractoration, the critics were absolutely at a loss, such was the delicacy of his wit, to say whether he was the champion or opponent of Perkinism. Thus the Critical Review for 1803: "His real object cannot always be ascertained—we *think* him, however, the friend of the Tractors." Either the Doctor or the critic must have been a dunder head—we charitably suppose the critic. The Doctor afterward, like "John-a-Gudgeon" in the Pleader's Guide, explained, and his explanation proved so perfectly satisfactory that there were very few of the reviewers but could tell, or at least *guess* at his object. The fact was, the Doctor, good inoffensive soul, did not mean to attack anything—except common sense. We recommend this work as a soporific specimen of the Doctor's skill in *balderdash*.

[8] *Greatest poet.*] *Great* is sometimes a positive, sometimes a figurative term—as we say a *great man*, a *great mountain*, or when speaking of the Doctor, *great man mountain*—having no allusion here to the mountain which brought forth a mouse. When, however, we speak of the Doctor as a *great* man or great poet, we mean to be understood that he is some six feet six inches high—three feet across the shoulders, nine round the paunch—that he weighs about half a ton, and is withal most clumsily hung together.

[9] *Louisiana.*] Though we plume ourselves on adhering closely to the Doctor's rhymes, yet we have taken the liberty of differing a little in the pronunciation of this word—the Doctor gives it in the true eastern dialect, Lousy-anee—but to give it *à-la-Costive*—

"*Which late, 'tis said, in weather rainy,*
Was melted in Louisinna."

Again: for when the Doctor gets hold of a good rhyme, he is a "woundy toad" for harping on it.

Who gibbeted the knaves so knowing,
That kept Democracy a-going,
Hung his *fac-simile* famed Toney [11]
Pasquin, the friend of Mr. Honé.

But please his highness ship, I won't
Be deputy to Mr. Hunt:
No—were it offered 'twould be vain, he
Won't catch me in Louisiana, (or Lousy-anee.)

These two latter lines are truly as musical as marrowbones and cleavers, and remind us of that sweet couplet, by the Doctor's rival, the inimitable SEARSON:

From this seat I pass'd to Alexandria,
And am pleased through rural scenes to wander.
SEAR. Mount Ver.

If our reader wishes for more specimens of the Doctor's knack at rhyming, we'll give him the oft-repeated tags of "rogues and demagogues," "brewing and ruin," "wildering and children," "women and common," "trimming and women," "well-knows and fellows," "comparison and harass'd-em;" together with an occasional mixture of those attic eastern jingles of "dandy and handy" and "sugar candy." The Doctor and Searson's poetic contest is similar to one that whilom took place between two honest tars (we beg the gentle Joe Miller's pardon for *borrowing* an anecdote), one gave as *prize couplet:*

As she slips she slides along,
A faithful friend is hard to find.

but the other *rhymester* beat him all hollow by singing out,

"*My quart pot holds a gallon,*
By zounds."

[11] *Deputy to Mr. Hunt.*] Mr. Hunt was a *little* man and a young man; the Doctor, although of the same age, feeling the *immensity* of his qualifications, refuses to second such a governor, urging his *size*, and like Billy

Who drags like snail his filthy slime
Through many a ragged, hobbling rhyme,
Then calls his billingsgate—sarcastic!
His drabbling doggrel—Hudibrastic!

Bugby, alleging that what he wanted in years he made up in *bulk*; and if he lacked in brains, he atoned for all in *garbage*.

[8] *Did for hangman, etc.*] How the Doctor ever came to stumble on this unhappy idea, we are at a loss to imagine—it is an odd "whim-wham," for a fellow to dub himself with the humorous epithet of *hang-man*. "We would not have his enemies say so." Whether the Doctor has a *hanging look* or no, we leave others to determine. We are certain he is in no danger of the gallows himself; but we warn him to take care how he visits Connecticut—he may chance to be burnt for a witch. We give the Doctor's own claim to his *Tyburn title*.

Now since ye are a ruffian crew,
As honest Jack Ketch ever knew;
No threats nor growling shall prohibit
My hanging you on satire's gibbet. *Vide* Costive.

[9] *This clumsy jolter of jackasses.*] As this line partakes of the true Costive obscurity, we beg leave to explain. There is no intention of calling the Doctor a jackass, we only mean that he makes an ass of Pegasus, and even when on poor Pegasus (so degraded) he is but a miserable rider. His trotting, pacing, nigglety-naggletty lines, put us often in mind of that pious but quaint expression about the "devil riding rough shod over a soul."

[10] *Half a poet.*] Oh, fie! friend Cockloft, this savors of sheer envy. Were there any doubts of the Doctor's being a whole poet—aye, and a *big* poet, the following verse would set them at rest. It shows that he is a complete jockey on Pegasus; and when the poor nag won't pace, he'll cudgel him as soundly as he does his own brains:

Yes, we were 'raptured when he said
We're all republican, all fed-
Ral fellow-citizens, Americans,
And hoped we'd done with factions' hurricanes!—*Costive.*

[Good lack, my friends, 'twould make you soon [17]
laugh,
To see this jolter-headed moon-calf,
From Hudibras his honors steal
And break Sam Butler on the wheel.] [18]

Is this poetic frenzy (alias idiotism), or is it turgid stupidity? Truly it is as smooth as a pine-log causeway; it confirms the Doctor's right to his *sir-name*, and can only be matched by a stave from the Doctor's contemporary bard and rival *rhymester*, Searson—videlicet:

From house to house soon took my departure,
And to the garden look'd for sweet nature.
The fishing very great at Mount Vernon,
When there with other scenes I look'd upon.
This pleasing seat hath its prospects so high,
That one would think 'twas for astronomy,
'Twould answer for an observatory.

The reader will perceive the similarity in taste, style, and ear of these rival poets. I have their works bound up together, and Minshull's into the bargain. It shall go hard but they shall all descend the gutter of immortality together.

[17] *His fac-simile famed Toney.*] The Doctor's abusing poor Toney Pasquin, brought forcibly to our recollection the vulgar cant saying about the pot and the kettle. Perhaps no two of the *great* poets of the day are more alike, in most particulars, than Doctor Costive and honest Toney. The Doctor is a true poetic blackguard—and so is Toney. The Doctor is an adept in the Billingsgate vocabulary—so is Toney. The Doctor has bespattered many a poor devil who never offended him—so has Toney. The Doctor has written a book—so has Toney. It may be said of each of them:

"*We will not rake the dunghill for his crimes,*
Who knows the man will never read his rhymes."

The only particular in which they disagree is, that Toney has occasionally been convicted of saying a good thing—the gentle stupidity of the Doctor being entirely innocent of anything of the kind.

Who drags like snail his filthy slime
Through many a ragged, hobbling rhyme,
Then calls his billingsgate—sarcastic!
His drabbling doggrel—Hudibrastic!

gby, alleging that what he wanted in years he made up in *bulk*; and ne lacked in brains, he atoned for all in *garbage*.

[8] *Did for hangman, etc.*] How the Doctor ever came to stumble on his unhappy idea, we are at a loss to imagine—it is an odd "whim-rham," for a fellow to dub himself with the humorous epithet of *hang-man*. "We would not have his enemies say so." Whether the Doctor has a *hanging look* or no, we leave others to determine. We are certain he is in no danger of the gallows himself; but we warn him to take care how he visits Connecticut—he may chance to be burnt for a witch. We give the Doctor's own claim to his *Tyburn title*.

Now since ye are a ruffian crew,
As honest Jack Ketch ever knew;
No threats nor growling shall prohibit
My hanging you on satire's gibbet. *Vide* Costive.

[9] *This clumsy jolter of jackasses.*] As this line partakes of the true Costive obscurity, we beg leave to explain. There is no intention of calling the Doctor a jackass, we only mean that he makes an ass of Pegasus, and even when on poor Pegasus (so degraded) he is but a miserable rider. His trotting, pacing, niggety-naggety lines, put us often in mind of that pious but quaint expression about the "devil riding rough shod over a soul."

[10] *Half a poet.*] Oh, fie! friend Cockloft, this savors of sheer envy. Were there any doubts of the Doctor's being a whole poet—aye, and a *big* poet, the following verse would set them at rest. It shows that he is a complete jockey on Pegasus; and when the poor nag won't pace, he'll cudgel him as soundly as he does his own brains:

Yes, we were 'raptured when he said
We're all republican, all fed-
Ral fellow-citizens, Americans,
And hoped we'd done with factions' hurricanes!—Costive.

This *sweetest* witling of the age, [16]
This hero, hangman, critic, sage, [17]
This poet of five hundred pound [18]
Has come to grace our hapless town.
And when he entered, every goose
Began to cackle like the deuce;
The asses brayed to one another—
'Twas plain—the creatures smelt a brother.

[15] *As big as an elephant.*] There is more truth than poetry in this comparison. The following curious anecdote was told me by the Doctor himself, when I breakfasted with him the other morning: The elephant which travelled lately through our country, was shown in New England; two simple country girls, desirous of seeing what kind of a beast it was, applied for admittance. On entering the room, the Doctor, who was stooping to tie his shoe-string with his back toward them, was for a moment taken for the elephant! They declared it was a clumsy creature—"they could not make head nor tail of it." No wonder, poor things, the critics were as much puzzled themselves, as we have already shown.

[16] *Sweetest witling.*] A poetic license, the Doctor certainly being none of the sweetest of personages. Many a fair flower, however, springs out of a dung-hill—and the Doctor is not the first poet who has written a *sweet* song in "marvellous dirty linen."

[17] *This hero, hangman, etc.*]

All hushed in mute attention sit,
To hear this critic, poet, wit,
Philosopher, all, all at once,
And to complete them, all this DUNCE.

LLOYD.

[18] *Five hundred pound.*] *i. e.* five hundred pounds weight; or in true avoirdupois, 4 cwt. 1 qu 24 lbs.

GENERAL REMARK.

We have endeavored to copy the Doctor's style and manner as correctly as possible throughout this charming poem; the *rhymes* are chiefly "filched" from his own *labors*, and jingle as harmoniously as sleigh bells—like him, we have sometimes risen and sometimes descended, with all his leaden profundity. Some poets sip in the heliconian stream, others dabble in it. The Doctor exceeds them all—he has a true poetic DIVING BELL—plunges boldly to the bottom, and there drabbles in the mud like a flounder. In the *gallows* part of his poem, the Doctor may truly be said to *rise;* and in our touch on the Hellion, we have almost equalled those profound sinkings of his genius, where the Doctor even descends *below himself*. We conclude with *borrowing* a speech from old Shakspeare—"Give me thy hand," Doctor, "I am sorry I beat thee; but while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head."

NOTICE.

While in a "state militant," waging war with folly and stupidity, and assailed on all sides by a combination of nincoms and numsculls, we are gratified to find that our careless effusions have received the approbation of men of wit and genius. We have expressed heretofore our contempt for the applause of *the million*, but we confess ourselves ambitious of the praises *the few;* we have read, therefore, with infinite self-congratulation the encomiums passed on our productions by the learned and liberal editor of the "People's Friend." The attacks of that *billingsgate droll*, Dr. Costive, and his whole *North River fraternity*, could not give us greater delight. We also publish with pride the

following Card from the authors of "THE ECHO,"* a work which we have commended to a conspicuous post in our library, and we do hereby shake its authors by the hand as a set of right merry wags, choice spirits, and, what we think better than all, genuine humorists.

CARD.

"The authors of 'THE ECHO' send a copy of it to the writers of 'SALMAGUNDI,' which they request them to accept, as a mark of the pleasure they have received from their Cervantic effusions."

Now we are in the humor of card writing, we would acknowledge the reception of several effusions in prose and verse, which, though they do great credit to the writers, and would doubtless be both pleasing and instructing to the public, yet do not come exactly within the intention of our work; the authors, therefore, will excuse our not publishing them.

We have likewise received a note written in a French hand, but in villainous bad English. Will Wizard has been at much pains to decipher it, but in vain; it is as unintelligible as a Herculanean manuscript. He has discovered, however, that it is a vindication of dancing, together with a long eulogy on the *pas de chat.*

As a considerable part of this paper is taken up with a stupid subject, viz., the Doctor, and we do not wish that our readers should pay for "flummery" merely, we have directed our publisher to give them eight pages extra; this will account

* The famous production of the Hartford wits, Alsop, Dwight, Hopkins & Co.

for the unusual size of the present number. We confess we *borrowed* this idea, among many others, from the Doctor, who lately finding that his readers were dissatisfied with the *contents* of his "*weakly*" paper, endeavored to put them in good humor by doubling its *bulk*; this he waggishly enough terms *doubling the dose*—oh, the droll dog!

NO. V.—SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

THE following letter from my friend Mustapha appears to have been written some time subsequent to the one already published. Were I to judge from its contents, I should suppose it was suggested by the splendid review of the twenty-fifth of last November, when a pair of colors were presented at the City Hall, to the regiments of artillery; and when a huge dinner was devoured by our corporation, in the honorable remembrance of the evacuation of this city. I am happy to find that the laudable spirit of military emulation which prevails in our city has attracted the attention of a stranger of Mustapha's sagacity; by military emulation I mean that spirited rivalry in the size of a hat, the length of a feather, and the gingerbread finery of a sword-belt.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, TO ABDALLAH EB'N AL RAHAB, SURNAMED THE SNORER, MILITARY SENTINEL AT THE GATE OF HIS HIGHNESS' PALACE.

THOU hast heard, oh Abdallah, of the great magician, MULEY FUZ, who could change a blooming land blessed with all the elysian charms of hill and dale, of glade and grove,

of fruit and flower, into a desert, frightful, solitary, and forlorn; who, with the wave of his wand could transform even the disciples of Mahomet into grinning apes and chattering monkeys. Surely, thought I to myself this morning, the dreadful Muley has been exercising his infernal enchantments on these unhappy infidels. Listen, oh Abdallah, and wonder! Last night I committed myself to tranquil slumber, encompassed with all the monotonous tokens of peace, and this morning I awoke enveloped in the noise, the bustle, the clangor, and the shouts of war. Everything was changed, as if by magic. An immense army had sprung up, like mushrooms, in a night, and all the cobblers, tailors, and tinkers of the city had mounted the nodding plume; had become in the twinkling of an eye, helmeted heroes and war-worn veterans.

Alarmed at the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, and the shouting of the multitude, I dressed myself in haste, sallied forth, and followed a prodigious crowd of people to a place called the Battery. This is so denominated, I am told, from having once been defended with formidable *wooden* bulwarks, which in the course of a hard winter were *thriftily* pulled to pieces by an *economic* corporation, to be distributed for firewood among the poor; this was done at the hint of a cunning old engineer, who assured them it was the only way in which their fortifications would ever be able to keep up a warm fire. Economy, my friend, is the watch-word of this nation; I have been studying for a month past to divine its meaning, but truly am as much perplexed as ever. It is a kind of national starvation; an experiment how many comforts and necessaries the body politic can be deprived of before it perishes. It has already arrived to a lamentable degree of debility, and promises to share the fate of the Arabian philosopher, who proved that

he could live without food, but unfortunately died just as he had brought his experiment to perfection.

On arriving at the Battery, I found an immense army of six HUNDRED MEN, drawn up in a true Mussulman crescent. At first I supposed this was in compliment to myself, but my interpreter informed me that i rely for want of room; the corporation not bei d them sufficient to display in a straight line. display of some grand evolutions and military m termined to remain a tranquil spectator, in hopes possibly collect some hints which might be of ghness.

This great body ived was under the command of a small *bashaw*, in yellow and gold, with white nodding plumes, and most formidable whiskers; which, contrary to the Tripolitan fashion, were in the neighborhood of his ears instead of his nose. He had two attendants called aid-de-camps (or *tails*), being similar to a bashaw with two tails. The bashaw, though commander-in-chief, seemed to have little more to do than myself; he was a spectator within the lines, and I without; he was clear of the rabble and I was encompassed by them; this was the only difference between us, except that he had the best opportunity of showing his clothes. I waited an hour or two with exemplary patience, expecting to see some grand military evolutions or a sham battle exhibited; but no such thing took place; the men stood stock still, supporting their arms, groaning under the fatigues of war, and now and then sending out a foraging party to levy contributions of beer and a favorite beverage which they denominated grog. As I perceived the crowd very active in examining the line, from one extreme to the other, and as I could see no other purpose for which these sunshine warriors should be exposed so long to the merciless

attacks of the wind and weather, I of course concluded that this must be *the review*.

In about two hours the army was put in motion, and marched through some narrow streets, there the economic corporation had carefully provided a soft carpet of mud, to a magnificent castle of painted brick, decorated with grand pillars of pine boards. By the ardor which brightened in each countenance, I soon perceived that this castle was to undergo a vigorous attack. As the ordnance of the castle was perfectly silent, and as they had nothing but a straight street to advance through, they made their approaches with great courage and admirable regularity, until within about a hundred feet of the castle a pump opposed a formidable obstacle in their way, and put the whole army to a nonplus. The circumstance was sudden and unlooked for: the commanding officer ran over all the military tactics with which his head was crammed, but none offered any expedient for the present awful emergency. The pump maintained its post, and so did the commander; there was no knowing which was most at a stand. The commanding officer ordered his men to wheel and take it in flank; the army accordingly wheeled and came full butt against it in the rear, exactly as they were before. "Wheel to the left!" cried the officer; they did so, and again as before the inveterate pump intercepted their progress. "Right about face!" cried the officer; the men obeyed, but bungled—they *faced back to back*. Upon this the bashaw with two tails, with great coolness, undauntedly ordered his men to push right forward, pell-mell, pump or no pump; they gallantly obeyed; after unheard-of acts of bravery the pump was carried, without the loss of a man, and the army firmly intrenched itself under the walls of the castle. The bashaw had then a council of war with his officers; the most vigorous measures were resolved on.

An advanced guard of musicians were ordered to attack the castle without mercy. Then the whole band opened a most tremendous battery of drums, fifes, tambourines, and trumpets, and kept up a thundering assault, as if the castle, like the walls of Jericho, spoken of in the Jewish Chronicles, would tumble down at the blowing of rams' horns. After some time a parley ensued. The grand bashaw of the city appeared on the battlements of the castle, and as far as I could understand from circumstances dared the little bashaw of two tails to single combat—this thou knowest was in the style of ancient chivalry—the little bashaw dismounted with great intrepidity, and ascended the battlements of the castle, where the great bashaw waited to receive him, attended by numerous dignitaries and worthies of his court, one of whom bore the splendid banners of the castle. The battle was carried on entirely by words, according to the universal custom of this country, of which I shall speak to thee more fully hereafter. The grand bashaw made a furious attack in a speech of considerable length; the little bashaw, by no means appalled, retorted with great spirit. The grand bashaw attempted to rip him up with an argument, or stun him with a solid fact; but the little bashaw parried them both with admirable adroitness, and run him clean through and through with a syllogism. The grand bashaw was overthrown, the banners of the castle yielded up to the little bashaw, and the castle surrendered after a vigorous defence of three hours, during which the besiegers suffered great extremity from muddy streets and a drizzling atmosphere.

On returning to dinner I soon discovered that as usual I had been indulging in a great mistake. The matter was all clearly explained to me by a fellow-lodger, who on ordinary occasions moves in the humble character of a tailor, but in the present

instance figured in a high military station, denominated *corporal*. He informed me that what I had mistaken for a castle was the splendid palace of the municipality, and that the supposed attack was nothing more than the delivery of a flag given by the authorities, to the army, for its magnanimous defence of the town for upward of twenty years past, that is, ever since the last war! Oh, my friend, surely everything in this country is on a great scale!——The conversation insensibly turned upon the military establishment of the nation; and I do assure thee that my friend, the tailor, though being, according to a national proverb, but the ninth part of a man, yet acquitted himself on military concerns as ably as the grand bashaw of the empire himself. He observed that their rulers had decided that wars were very useless and expensive, and ill befitting an economic, philosophic nation; they had therefore made up their minds never to have any wars, and consequently there was no need of soldiers or military discipline. As, however, it was thought highly ornamental to a city to have a number of men drest in fine clothes and *feathers*, strutting about the streets on a holiday—and as the women and children were particularly fond of such *raree shows*, it was ordered that the tailors of the different cities throughout the empire should, forthwith, go to work, and cut out and manufacture soldiers as fast as their shears and needles would permit.

These soldiers have no pecuniary pay; and their only recompense for the immense services which they render their country, in their voluntary parades, is the plunder of smiles, and winks, and nods which they extort from the ladies. As they have no opportunity, like the vagrant Arabs, of making inroads on their neighbors: and as it is necessary to keep up their military spirit, the town is therefore now and then, but particularly on two days

of the year, given up to their ravages. The arrangements are contrived with admirable address, so that every officer, from the bashaw down to the drum-major, the chief of the eunuchs, or musicians, shall have his share of that invaluable booty, the admiration of the fair. As to the soldiers, poor animals, they, like the privates in all great armies, have to bear the brunt of danger and fatigue, while their officers receive all the glory and reward. The narrative of a parade day will exemplify this more clearly.

The chief bashaw, in the plenitude of his authority, orders a grand review of the whole army at two o'clock. The bashaw with two tails, that he may have an opportunity of vaporing about, as greatest man on the field, orders the army to assemble at twelve. The kiay, or colonel, as he is called, that is, commander of one hundred and twenty men, orders his regiment or tribe to collect one mile at least from the place of parade at eleven. Each captain, or fag-rag, as we term them, commands his squad to meet at ten at least half a mile from the regimental parade ; and to close all, the chief of the eunuchs orders his infernal concert of fifes, trumpets, cymbals, and kettle-drums to assemble at ten ! from that moment the city receives no quarter. All is noise, hooting, hubbub, and combustion. Every window, door, crack, and loophole, from the garret to the cellar, is crowded with the fascinating fair of all ages and of all complexions. The mistress smiles through the windows of the drawing-room ; the chubby chambermaid lolls out of the attic casement, and a host of sooty wenches roll their white eyes and grin and chatter from the cellar door. Every nymph seems anxious to yield voluntarily that tribute which the heroes of their country demand. First struts the chief eunuch, or drum-major, at the head of his sable band, magnificently arrayed in tarnished

scarlet. Alexander himself could not have spurned the earth more superbly. A host of ragged boys shout in his train, and inflate the bosom of the warrior with tenfold self-complacency. After he has rattled his kettle-drums through the town, and swelled and swaggered like a turkey-cock before all the dingy Floras, and Dianas, and Junoes, and Didoes of his acquaintance, he repairs to his place of destination loaded with a rich booty of smiles and approbation. Next comes the FAG-RAG, or captain, at the head of his mighty band, consisting of one lieutenant, one ensign, or mute, four sergeants, four corporals, one drummer, one fifer, and if he has any privates so much the better for himself. In marching to the regimental parade, he is sure to paddle through the street or lane which is honored with the residence of his mistress or intended, whom he resolutely lays under a heavy contribution. Truly it is delectable to behold these heroes, as they march, cast side glances at the upper windows; to collect the smiles, the nods, and the winks, which the enraptured fair ones lavish profusely on the magnanimous defenders of their country.

The Fag-rags having conducted their squads to their respective regiments, then comes the turn of the colonel, a bashaw with no tails, for all eyes are now directed to him; and the fag-rags, and the eunuchs, and the kettle-drummers, having had their hour of notoriety, are confounded and lost in the military crowd. The colonel sets his whole regiment in motion; and mounted on a mettlesome charger, frisks and fidgets, and capers, and plunges in front, to the great entertainment of the multitude, and the great hazard of himself and his neighbors. Having displayed himself, his trappings, his horse, and his horsemanship, he at length arrives at the place of general rendezvous; blessed with the universal admiration of his country women. I should yet-

haps mention a squadron of hardy veterans, most of whom have seen a deal of service during the nineteen or twenty years of their experience, and who, most gorgeously equipped in tight green jackets and breeches, trot and amble, and gallop and scamper like little devils through every street and nook and corner and poke-hole of the city, to the great dread of all old people, and sage matrons with young children. This is truly sublime! this is what I call making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Oh, my friend, on what a great scale is everything done in this country. It is in the style of the wandering Arabs of the desert *El-tih*. Is a village to be attacked, or a hamlet to be plundered, the whole desert, for weeks beforehand, is in a buzz: such marching and counter-marching, ere they can concentrate their ragged forces! and the consequence is, that before they can bring their troops into action, the whole enterprise is blown.

The army being all happily collected on the Battery, though, perhaps, two hours after the time appointed, it is now the turn of the bashaw with two tails to distinguish himself. Ambition, my friend, is implanted alike in every heart, it pervades each bosom, from the bashaw to the drum-major. This is a sage truism, and I trust, therefore, it will not be disputed. The bashaw, fired with that thirst for glory, inseparable from the noble mind, is anxious to reap a full share of the laurels of the day and bear off his portion of female plunder. The drums beat, the fifes whistle, the standards wave proudly in the air. The signal is given! thunder roars the cannon! away goes the bashaw, and away go the tails! The review finished, evolutions and military manœuvres are generally dispensed with for three excellent reasons: first, because the army knows very little about them; second, because, as the country has determined to remain always at peace, there is no necessity for them to know

anything about them; and third, as it is growing late, the bashaw must dispatch, or it will be too dark for him to get his quota of the plunder. He, of course, orders the whole army to march; and now, my friend, now comes the tug of war, now is the city completely sacked. Open fly the Battery gates, forth sallies the bashaw with his two tails, surrounded by a shouting body-guard of boys and negroes! then pour forth his legions, potent as the pismires of the desert! the customary salutations of the country commence—these tokens of joy and admiration which so much annoyed me on first landing; the air is darkend with old hats, shoes, and dead cats; they fly in showers like the arrows of the Parthians. The soldiers, no ways disheartened, like the intrepid followers of Leonidas, march gallantly under their shade. On they push, splash, dash, mud or no mud. Down one lane, up another; the martial music resounds through every street; the fair ones throng to their windows; the soldiers look every way but straight forward. "Carry arms!" cries the bashaw—"tan-ta ra-ra," brays the trumpet—"rub-a-dub," roars the drum—"hurraw," shout the ragamuffins. The bashaw smiles with exultation—every fag-rag feels himself a hero—"none but the brave deserves the fair!" Head of the immortal Amrou, on what a great scale is everything in this country!

Ay, but you'll say, is not this unfair that the officers should share all the sports while the privates undergo all the fatigue? truly, my friend, I indulged the same idea, and pitied from my heart the poor fellows who had to drabble through the mud and the mire, toiling under ponderous cocked hats, which seemed as unwieldy, and cumbrous, as the shell which the snail lumbers along on his back. I soon found out, however, that they have their quantum of notoriety. As soon as the army is dismissed, the city swarms with little scouting parties, who fire off their

guns at every corner, to the great delight of all the women and children in their vicinity ; and woe unto any dog, or pig, or hog, that falls in the way of these magnanimous warriors ; they are shown no quarter. Every gentle swain repairs to pass the evening at the feet of his dulcinea, to play, " the soldier tired of war's alarms," and to captivate her with the glare of his regimentals ; excepting some ambitious heroes who strut to the theatre, flame away in the front boxes, and hector every old apple-woman in the lobbies.

Such, my friend, is the gigantic genius of this nation, and its faculty for swelling up nothings into importance. Our bashaw of Tripoli will review his troops of some thousands, by an early hour in the morning. Here a review of six hundred men is made the mighty work of a day ! with us a bashaw of two tails is never appointed to a command of less than ten thousand men ; but here we behold every grade, from the bashaw down to the drum-major, in a force of less than one-tenth of the number. By the beard of Mahomet ! but everything here is indeed on a great scale.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

I WAS not a little surprised the other morning at a request from Will Wizard that I would accompany him that evening to Mrs. ——'s ball. The request was simple enough in itself, it was only singular as coming from Will ; of all my acquaintance, Wizard is the least calculated and disposed for the society of ladies—not that he dislikes their company; on the contrary, like every man of pith and marrow, he is a professed admirer of the sex ; and had he been born a poet, would

undoubtedly have bespattered and be-rhymed some hard named goddess, until she became as famous as Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa; but Will is such a confounded bungler at a bow, has so many odd bachelor habits, and finds it so troublesome to be gallant, that he generally prefers smoking his cigar and telling his stories among cronies of his own gender—and thundering long stories they are, let me tell you; set Will once a-going about China or Crim Tartary, or the Hottentots, and heaven help the poor victim who has to endure his prolixity; he might better be tied to the tail of a jack-o'-lantern. In one word—Will talks like a traveller. Being well acquainted with his character, I was the more alarmed at his inclination to visit a party; since he has often assured me, that he considered it as equivalent to being stuck up for three hours in a steam engine. I even wondered how he had received an invitation; this he soon accounted for. It seems Will, on his last arrival from Canton, had made a present of a case of tea to a lady for whom he had once entertained a sneaking kindness when at grammar school; and she in return had invited him to come and drink some of it; a cheap way enough of paying off little obligations. I readily acceded to Will's proposition, expecting much entertainment from his eccentric remarks; and as he has been absent some few years, I anticipated his surprise at the splendor and elegance of a modern rout.

On calling for Will in the evening, I found him full dressed, waiting for me. I contemplated him with absolute dismay. As he still retained a spark of regard for the lady who once reigned in his affections, he had been at unusual pains in decorating his person, and broke upon my sight arrayed in the true style that prevailed among our beaux some years ago. His hair was turned up and tufted at the top, frizzled out at the ears, a pro-

fusion of powder puffed over the whole, and a long plaited club swung gracefully from shoulder to shoulder, describing a pleasing semicircle of powder and pomatum. His claret-colored coat was decorated with a profusion of gilt buttons, and reached to his calves. His white casimere small-clothes were so tight that he seemed to have grown up in them; and his ponderous legs, which are the thickest part of his body, were beautifully clothed in sky-blue silk stockings, once considered so becoming. But above all, he prided himself upon his waistcoat of China silk, which might almost have served a good housewife for a short-gown; and he boasted that the roses and tulips upon it were the work of *Nang-Fou*, daughter of the great *Chin-Chin-Fou*, who had fallen in love with the graces of his person, and sent it to him as a parting present; he assured me she was a remarkable beauty, with sweet obliquity of eyes, and a foot no larger than the thumb of an alderman; he then dilated most copiously on his silver-sprigged dickey, which he assured me was quite the rage among the dashing young mandarins of Canton.

I hold it an ill-natured office to put any man out of conceit with himself; so, though I would willingly have made a little alteration in my friend Wizard's picturesque costume, yet I politely complimented him on his rakish appearance.

On entering the room I kept a good look-out on Will, expecting to see him exhibit signs of surprise; but he is one of those knowing fellows who are never surprised at anything, or at least will never acknowledge it. He took his stand in the middle of the floor, playing with his great steel watch-chain; and looking round on the company, the furniture, and the pictures, with the air of a man "who has seen d——d finer things in his time;" and to my utter confusion and dismay, I saw him coolly pull out his villainous old japanned tobacco-box, ornamented with a bot-

tle, a pipe, and a scurvy motto, and help himself to a quid in face of all the company.

I knew it was all in vain to find fault with a fellow of Will's Socratic turn, who is never to be put out of humor with himself; so, after he had given his box its prescriptive rap and returned it to his pocket, I drew him into a corner where we might observe the company without being prominent objects ourselves.

"And pray who is that stylish figure," said Will, "who blazes away in red, like a volcano, and who seems wrapped in flames like a fiery dragon?" That, cried I, is Miss LAURELIA DASHAWAY —she is the highest flash of the ton—has much whim and more eccentricity, and has reduced many an unhappy gentleman to stupidity by her charms; you see she holds out the red flag in token of "no quarter." "Then keep me safe out of the sphere of her attractions," cried Will, "I would not e'en come in contact with her train, lest it should scorch me like the tail of a comet. But who, I beg of you, is that amiable youth who is handing a young lady, and at the same time contemplating his sweet person in a mirror as he passes?" His name, said I, is BILLY DIMPLE; he is a universal smiler, and would travel from Dan to Beersheba and smile on everybody as he passed. Dimple is a slave to the ladies—a hero at tea-parties, and is famous at the *pirouette* and the pigeon-wing; a fiddle-stick is his idol, and a dance his elysium. "A very pretty young gentleman, truly," cried Wizard, "he reminds me of a contemporary beau at Hayti. You must know that the magnanimous Dessalines gave a great ball to his court one fine sultry summer's evening; Dessy and me were great cronies—hand and glove—one of the most condescending great men I ever knew. Such a display of black and yellow beauties! such a show of Madras handkerchiefs, red beads, cocks' tails and peacocks' feathers!—it was, as here, who

should wear the highest top-knot, drag the longest tails, or exhibit the greatest variety of combs, colors, and gew-gaws. In the middle of the rout, when all was buzz, slipslop, crack, and perfume, who should enter but TUCKY SQUASH! The yellow beauties blushed blue, and the black ones blushed as red as they could, with pleasure; and there was a universal agitation of fans; every eye brightened and whitened to see Tucky; for he was the pride of the court, the pink of courtesy, the mirror of fashion, the adoration of all the sable fair ones of Hayti. Such breadth of nose, such exuberance of lip! his shins had the true cucumber curve; his face in dancing shone like a kettle; and, provided you kept to windward of him in summer, I do not know a sweeter youth in all Hayti than Tucky Squash. When he laughed, there appeared from ear to ear a chevaux-de-frise of teeth, that rivalled the shark's in whiteness; he could whistle like a northwester; play on a three-stringed fiddle like Apollo; and as to dancing, no Long Island negro could shuffle you 'double trouble,' or 'hoe corn and dig potatoes' more scientifically—in short, he was a second Lothario. And the dusky nymphs of Hayti, one and all, declared him a perpetual Adonis. Tucky walked about, whistling to himself, without regarding anybody; and his *nonchalance* was irresistible."

I found Will had got neck and heels into one of his travellers' stories; and there is no knowing how far he would have run his parallel between Billy Dimple and Tucky Squash, had not the music struck up from an adjoining apartment, and summoned the company to the dance. The sound seemed to have an inspiring effect on honest Will, and he procured the hand of an old acquaintance for a country dance. It happened to be the fashionable one of "the devil among the tailors," which is so vociferously demanded at every ball and assembly; and many a torn

gown, and many an unfortunate toe did rue the dancing of that night; for Will thundered down the dance like a coach and six, sometimes right, sometimes wrong; now running over half a score of little Frenchmen, and now making sad inroads into ladies' cobweb muslins and spangled tails. As every part of Will's body partook of the exertion, he shook from his capacious head such volumes of powder that, like pious Æneas on his first interview with Queen Dido, he might be said to have been enveloped in a cloud. Nor was Will's partner an insignificant figure in the scene; she was a young lady of most voluminous proportions, that quivered at every skip; and being braced up in the fashionable style, with whalebone, stay-tape, and buckram, looked like an apple-pudding tied in the middle; or, taking her flaming dress into consideration, like a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of red curtains. The dance finished, I would gladly have taken Will off; but no—he was now in one of his happy moods, and there was no doing anything with him. He insisted on my introducing him to Miss Sophy Sparkle, a young lady unrivalled for playful wit and innocent vivacity, and who, like a brilliant, adds lustre to the front of fashion. I accordingly presented him to her, and began a conversation in which, I thought, he might take a share; but no such thing. Will took his stand beside her, straddling like a Colossus, with his hands in his pockets, and an air of the most profound attention; nor did he pretend to open his lips for some time, until, upon some lively sally of hers, he electrified the whole company with a most intolerable burst of laughter. What was to done with such an incorrigible fellow? To add to my distress, the first word he spoke was to tell Miss Sparkle that something she had said reminded him of a circumstance that happened to him in China; and at it he went in the true traveller style—described the Chinese mode of eating

rice with chop-sticks; entered into a long eulogium on the succulent qualities of boiled bird's nests; and I made my escape at the very moment when he was on the point of squatting down on the floor, to show how the little Chinese *Joshes* sit cross-legged.

DIES.

FROM TH[illegible] COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH [illegible]wn the hill of life,
Without the comfort of a wife;
And though I ne'er a helpmate chose,
To stock my house and mend my hose;
With care my person to adorn;
And spruce me up on Sunday morn;
Still do I love the gentle sex,
And still with cares my brain perplex,
To keep the fair ones of the age
Unsullied as the spotless page;
All pure, all simple, all refined,
The sweetest solace of mankind.

I hate the loose insidious jest
To beauty's modest ear addrest,
And hold that frowns should never fail
To check each smooth, but fulsome tale;
But he whose impious pen should dare
Invade the morals of the fair;
To taint that purity divine
Which should each female heart enshrine;

Though soft his vicious strains should swell,
As those which erst from Gabriel fell,
Should yet be held aloft to shame,
And foul dishonor shade his name.
Judge then, my friends, of my surprise,
The ire that kindled in my eyes,
When I relate, that t'other day
I went a morning call to pay,
On two young nieces ; just come down
To take the polish of the town :
By which I mean no more or less
Than *à la Française* to undress ;
To whirl the modest waltz' rounds,
Taught by Duport for snug ten pounds.
To thump and thunder through a song,
Play *fortes* soft and *dolces* strong :
Exhibit loud *piano* feats,
Caught from that crotchet-hero, Meetz ;
To drive the rose-bloom from the face,
And fix the lily in its place ;
To doff the white, and in its stead
To bounce about in brazen red.
While in the parlor I delay'd
Till they their persons had array'd,
A dapper volume caught my eye,
That on the window chanced to lie :
A book 's a friend—I always choose
To turn its pages and peruse ;
It proved those poems known to fame
For praising every cyprian dame ;
The bantlings of a dapper youth,

Renown'd for gratitude and truth ;
A little pest, hight Tommy Moore,
Who hopp'd and skipp'd our country o'er ;
Who sipp'd our tea and lived on sops,
Revell'd on syllabubs and slops,
And when his brain, of cobweb fine,
Was fuddled with five drops of wine,
Would all his puny loves rehearse,
And many a maid debauch—in verse.
Surprised to meet in open view,
A book of such lascivious hue,
I chid my nieces—but they say,
'Tis all the passion of the day ;
That many a fashionable belle
Will with enraptured accents dwell
On the sweet *morceau* she has found
In this delicious, curst, compound !
Soft do the tinkling numbers roll,
And lure to vice the unthinking soul ;
They tempt by softer sounds away,
They lead entranced the heart astray ;
And Satan's doctrine sweetly sing,
As with a seraph's heavenly string.
Such sounds, so good, old Homer sung,
Once warbled from the Siren's tongue ;
Sweet melting tones were heard to pour
Along Ausonia's sun-gilt shore ;
Seductive strains in æther float,
And every wild deceitful note
That could the yielding heart assail,
Were wafted on the breathing gale ;

And every gentle accent bland
To tempt Ulysses to their strand.
And can it be this book so base,
Is laid on every window case?
Oh! fair ones, if you will profane
Those breasts where heaven itself should reign;
And throw those pure recesses wide,
Where peace and virtue should reside,
To let the holy pile admit
A guest unhallowed and unfit;
Pray, like the frail ones of the night,
Who hide their wanderings from the light,
So let your errors secret be,
And hide, as least, your fault from me;
Seek some by-corner to explore
The smooth polluted pages o'er:
There drink the insidious poison in,
There silly nurse your souls for sin:
And while that purity you blight
Which stamps you messengers of light,
And sap those mounds the gods bestow,
To keep you spotless here below;
Still in compassion to our race,
Who joy, not only in the face,
But in that more exalted part,
The sacred temple of the heart;
Oh! hide forever from our view,
The fatal mischief you pursue:
Let MEN your praises still exalt,
And none but ANGELS mourn your fault.

NO. VI.—FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

THE Cockloft family, of which I have made such frequent mention, is of great antiquity, if there be any truth in the genealogical tree which hangs up in my cousin's library. They trace their descent from a celebrated Roman knight, cousin to the progenitor of his majesty of Britain, who left his native country on occasion of some disgust, and coming into Wales became a great favorite of Prince Madoc, and accompanied that famous Argonaut in the voyage which ended in the discovery of this continent. Though a member of the family, I have sometimes ventured to doubt the authenticity of this portion of their annals, to the great vexation of Cousin Christopher, who is looked up to as the head of our house, and who, though as orthodox as a bishop, would sooner give up the whole decalogue than lop off a single limb of the family tree. From time immemorial, it has been the rule for the Cocklofts to marry one of their own name; and, as they always bred like rabbits, the family has increased and multiplied like that of Adam and Eve. In truth, their number is almost incredible; and you can hardly go into any part of the country without starting a warren of genuine Cocklofts. Every person of the least observation or experience, must have observed that where this practice of mar-

rying cousins, and second cousins, prevails in a family, every member, in the course of a few generations, becomes queer, humorous, and original; as much distinguished from the common race of mongrels as if he was of a different species. This has happened in our family, and particularly in that branch of it of which Mr. Christopher Cockloft, or, to do him justice, Mr. Christopher Cockloft, Esq., is the head. Christopher is, in fact, the only married man of the name who resides in town; his family is small, having lost most of his children, when young, by the excessive care he took to bring them up like vegetables. This was one of his first whim-whams, and a confounded one it was; as his children might have told, had they not fallen victims to this experiment before they could talk. He had got from some quack philosopher or other, a notion that there was a complete analogy between children and plants, and that they ought to be both reared alike. Accordingly he sprinkled them every morning with water; laid them out in the sun, as he did his geraniums; and, if the season was remarkably dry, repeated this wise experiment three or four times of a morning. The consequence was, that the poor little souls died one after the other, except Jeremy and his two sisters; who, to be sure, are a trio of as odd, runty, mummy-looking originals as ever Hogarth fancied in his most happy moments. Mrs. Cockloft, the larger if not the better half of my cousin, often remonstrated against this vegetable theory; and even brought the parson of the parish, in which my cousin's country house is situated, to her aid; but in vain: Christopher persisted, and attributed the failure of his plan to its not having been exactly conformed to. As I have mentioned Mrs. Cockloft, I may as well say a little more about her while I am in the humor. She is a lady of wonderful notability, a warm admirer of shining mahogany,

clean hearths, and her husband; who she considers the wisest man in the world, bating Will Wizard and the parson of our parish; the last of whom is her oracle on all occasions. She goes constantly to church every Sunday and Saint's-day; and insists upon it that no man is entitled to ascend a pulpit unless he has been ordained by a bishop; nay, so far does she carry her orthodoxy, that all the argument in the world will never persuade her that a Presbyterian or Baptist, or even a Calvinist, has any possible chance of going to Heaven. Above everything else, however, she abhors paganism; can scarcely refrain from laying violent hands on a pantheon when she meets with it; and was very nigh going into hysterics, when my cousin insisted one of his boys should be christened after our laureate, because the parson of the parish had told her that Pindar was the name of a pagan writer; famous for his love of boxing matches, wrestling, and horse-racing. To sum up all her qualifications in the shortest possible way, Mrs. Cockloft is, in the true sense of the phrase, a good sort of woman; and I often congratulate my cousin on possessing her. The rest of the family consists of Jeremy Cockloft, the younger, who has already been mentioned, and the two Miss Cocklofts, or rather the young ladies, as they have been called by the servants time out of mind; not that they are really young, the younger being somewhat on the shady side of thirty, but it has ever been the custom to call every member of the family young under fifty. In the southeast corner of the house, I hold quiet possession of an old-fashioned apartment, where myself and my elbow-chair are suffered to amuse ourselves undisturbed, save at meal-times. This apartment old Cockloft has facetiously denominated Cousin Launce's paradise; and the good old gentleman has two or three favorite jokes about it, which are served up as regularly as the standing

family dish of beef-steaks and onions, which every day maintains its station at the foot of the table, in defiance of mutton, poultry, or even venison itself.

Though the family is apparently small, yet like most old establishments of the kind it does not want for honorary members. It is the city rendezvous of the Cocklofts; and we are continually enlivened by the company of half a score of uncles, aunts, and cousins, in the fortieth remove, from all parts of the country, who profess a wonderful regard for Cousin Christopher, and overwhelm every member of his household, down to the cook in the kitchen, with their attentions. We have for three weeks past been greeted with the company of two worthy old spinsters, who came down from the country to settle a lawsuit. They have done little else but retail stories of their village neighbors, knit stockings and take snuff, all the time they have been here; the whole family are bewildered with church-yard tales of sheeted ghosts, white horses without heads, and with large goggle eyes in their buttocks; and not one of the old servants dare budge an inch after dark without a numerous company at his heels. My cousin's visitors, however, always return his hospitality with due gratitude, and now and then remind him of their fraternal regard, by a present of a pot of apple sweetmeats, or a barrel of sour cider at Christmas. Jeremy displays himself to great advantage among his country relations, who all think him a prodigy, and often stand astounded, in "gaping wonderment," at his natural philosophy. He lately frightened a simple old uncle almost out of his wits, by giving it as his opinion that the earth would one day be scorched to ashes by the eccentric gambols of the famous comet, so much talked of; and positively asserted that this world revolved round the sun, and that the moon was certainly inhabited.

The family mansion bears equal marks of antiquity with its inhabitants. As the Cocklofts are remarkable for their attachment to everything that has remained long in the family, they are bigoted toward their old edifice, and I dare say would sooner have it crumble about their ears than abandon it. The consequence is, it has been so patched up and repaired, that it has become as full of whims and oddities as its tenants; requires to be nursed and humored like a gouty old codger of an alderman, and reminds one of the famous ship in which a certain admiral circumnavigated the globe, which was so patched and timbered, in order to preserve so great a curiosity, that at length not a particle of the original remained. Whenever the wind blows, the old mansion makes a most perilous groaning; and every storm is sure to make a day's work for the carpenter, who attends upon it as regularly as the family physician. This predilection for everything that has been long in the family shows itself in every particular. The domestics are all grown grey in the service of our house. We have a little, old, crusty, grey-headed negro, who has lived through two or three generations of the Cocklofts, and of course has become a personage of no little importance in the household. He calls all the family by their Christian names; tells long stories about how he dandled them on his knee when they were children; and is a complete Cockloft chronicle for the last seventy years. The family carriage was made in the last French war, and the old horses were most indubitably foaled in Noah's ark: resembling marvellously in gravity of demeanor, those sober animals which may be seen any day of the year in the streets of Philadelphia walking their snail's pace, a dozen in a row, and harmoniously jingling their bells. Whim-whams are the inheritance of the Cocklofts, and every member of the household is a humorist *sui generis*, from

the master down to the footman. The very cats and dogs are humorists; and we have a little runty scoundrel of a cur, who, whenever the church bells ring, will run to the street door, turn up his nose in the wind, and howl most piteously. Jeremy insists that this is owing to a peculiar delicacy in the organization of his ears, and supports his position by many learned arguments which nobody can understand; but I am of opinion that it is a mere Cockloft whim-wham, which the little cur indulges, being descended from a race of dogs which has flourished in the family ever since the time of my grandfather. A propensity to save everything that bears the stamp of family antiquity, has accumulated an abundance of trumpery and rubbish with which the house is encumbered from the cellar to the garret; and every room, and closet, and corner, is crammed with three legged chairs, clocks without hands, swords without scabbards, cocked hats, broken candlesticks, and looking-glasses, with frames carved into fantastic shapes of feathered sheep, woolly birds, and other animals that have no name except in books of heraldry. The ponderous mahogany chairs in the parlors are of such unwieldy proportions that it is quite a serious undertaking to gallant one of them across the room, and sometimes make a most equivocal noise when you sit down in a hurry; the mantelpiece is decorated with little lacquered earthen shepherdesses; some of which are without toes, and others without noses; and the fire-place is garnished out with Dutch tiles, exhibiting a great variety of Scripture pieces, which my good old soul of a cousin takes infinite delight in explaining. Poor Jeremy hates them as he does poison; for, while a younker, he was obliged by his mother to learn the history of a tile every Sunday morning before she would permit him to join his playmates; this was a terrible affair for Jeremy, who, by the time he had learned the last, had

forgotten the first, and was obliged to begin again. He assured me the other day, with a round college oath, that if the old house stood out till he inherited it, he would have these tiles taken out, and ground into powder, for the perfect hatred he bore them.

My cousin Christopher enjoys unlimited authority in the mansion of his forefathers; he is truly what may be termed a hearty old blade; has a florid, sunshine countenance; and if you will only praise his wine and laugh at his long stories, himself and his house are heartily at your service. The first condition is indeed easily complied with; for, to tell the truth, his wine is excellent; but his stories, being not of the best, and often repeated, are apt to create a disposition to yawn—being, in addition to their other qualities, most unreasonably long. His prolixity is the more afflicting to me, since I have all his stories by heart; and when he enters upon one, it reminds me of Newark causeway, where the traveller sees the end at the distance of several miles. To the great misfortune of all his acquaintance, Cousin Cockloft is blest with a most provokingly retentive memory; and can give day and date, and name, and age, and circumstance, with the most unfeeling precision. These, however, are but trivial foibles, forgotten, or remembered only with a kind of tender, respectful pity, by those who know with what a rich redundant harvest of kindness and generosity his heart is stored. It would delight you to see with what social gladness he welcomes a visitor into his house; and the poorest man that enters his door never leaves it without a cordial invitation to sit down, and drink a glass of wine. By the honest farmers round his country-seat he is looked up to with love and reverence; they never pass him by without his inquiring after the welfare of their families, and receiving a cordial shake of his liberal hand. There are but two classes of people who are thrown out of the

reach of his hospitality, and these are Frenchmen and democrats. The old gentleman considers it treason against the majesty of good breeding to speak to any visitor with his hat on; but the moment a democrat enters his door, he forthwith bids his man Pompey bring his hat, puts it on his head, and salutes him with an appalling "Well, sir, what do you want of me?"

He has a profound contempt for Frenchmen, and firmly believes that they eat nothing but frogs and soupe-maigre in their own country. This unlucky prejudice is partly owing to my great-aunt PAMELA having been many years ago run away with by a French count, who turned out to be the son of a generation of barbers; and partly to a little vivid spark of toryism which burns in a secret corner of his heart. He was a loyal subject of the crown, has hardly yet recovered the shock of independence; and, though he does not care to own it, always does honor to his majesty's birthday, by inviting a few cavaliers, like himself, to dinner, and gracing his table with more than ordinary festivity. If by chance the Revolution is mentioned before him, my cousin shakes his head; and you may see, if you take good note, a lurking smile of contempt in the corner of his eye which marks a decided disapprobation of the sound. He once, in the fullness of his heart, observed to me that green peas were a month later than they were under the old government. But the most eccentric manifestation of loyalty he ever gave was making a voyage to Halifax for no other reason under heaven but to hear his Majesty prayed for in church, as he used to be here formerly. This he never could be brought fairly to acknowledge; but it is a certain fact, I assure you. It is not a little singular that a person, so much given to long story-telling as my cousin, should take a liking to another of the same

character; but so it is with the old gentleman. His prime favorite and companion is Will Wizard, who is almost a member of the family; and will sit before the fire, with his feet on the massy andirons, and smoke his cigar, and screw his phiz, and spin away tremendous long stories of his travels, for a whole evening, to the great delight of the old gentleman and lady, and especially of the young ladies, who, like Desdemona, do "seriously incline," and listen to him with innumerable "O dears," "Is it possibles," "Goody graciouses," and look upon him as a second Sinbad the sailor.

The Misses Cockloft, whose pardon I crave for not having particularly introduced them before, are a pair of delectable damsels, who, having purloined and locked up the family Bible, pass for just what age they please to plead guilty to. Barbara, the eldest, has long since resigned the character of a belle, and adopted that staid, sober, demure, snuff-taking air becoming her years and discretion. She is a good-natured soul, whom I never saw in a passion but once, and that was occasioned by seeing an old favorite beau of hers kiss the hand of a pretty blooming girl; and, in truth, she only got angry because, as she very properly said, it was spoiling the child. Her sister Margery, or Maggie, as she is familiarly termed, seemed disposed to maintain her post as a belle, until a few months since; when accidentally hearing a gentleman observe that she broke very fast, she suddenly left off going to the assembly, took a cat into high favor, and began to rail at the forward pertness of young misses. From that moment I set her down for an old maid; and so she is, "by the hand of my body." The young ladies are still visited by some half dozen of veteran beaux, who grew and flourished in the *haut ton*, when the Miss Cocklofts were quite children; but have been brushed rather rudely by the hand of time, who, to

say the truth, can do almost anything but make people young. They are, notwithstanding, still warm candidates for female favor; look venerably tender, and repeat over and over the same honeyed speeches and sugared sentiments to the little belles that they poured so profusely into the ears of their mothers. I beg leave here to give notice that by this sketch I mean no reflection on old bachelors; on the contrary, I hold that next to a fine lady, the *ne plus ultra*, an old bachelor to be the most charming being upon earth; in as much as by living in "single blessedness," he of course does just as he pleases; and if he has any genius, must acquire a plentiful stock of whims, and oddities, and whalebone habits; without which I esteem a man to be mere beef without mustard—good for nothing at all but to run on errands for ladies, take boxes at the theatre, and act the part of a screen at tea-parties, or a walking-stick in the streets. I merely speak of these old boys who infest public walks, pounce upon ladies from every corner of the street, and worry, and frisk, and amble, and caper before, behind, and round about the fashionable belles, like old ponies in a pasture, striving to supply the absence of youthful whim and hilarity, by grimaces and grins, and artificial vivacity. I have sometimes seen one of these "reverend youths" endeavoring to elevate his wintry passions into something like love, by basking in the sunshine of beauty; and it did remind me of an old moth, attempting to fly through a pane of glass toward a light, without ever approaching near enough to warm itself, or scorch its wings.

Never, I firmly believe, did there exist a family that went more by tangents than the Cocklofts. Everything is governed by whim; and if one member starts a new freak, away all the rest follow on like wild geese in a string. As the family, the servants, the horses, cats and dogs have all grown old together,

they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits completely ; and though every body of them is full of odd points, angles, rhomboids, and ins and outs, yet somehow or other they harmonize together like so many straight lines ; and it is truly a grateful and refreshing sight to see them agree so well. Should one, however, get out of tune, it is like a cracked fiddle, the whole concern is ajar ; you perceive a cloud over every brow in the house, and even the old chairs seem to creak affetuoso. If my cousin, as he is rather apt to do, betray any symptoms of vexation or uneasiness, no matter about what, he is worried to death with inquiries, which answer no other end but to demonstrate the good will of the inquirer, and put him in a passion ; for everybody knows how provoking it is to be cut short in a fit of the blues, by an impertinent question about "what is the matter ?" when a man can't tell himself. I remember a few months ago the old gentleman came home in quite a squall ; kicked poor Cæsar, the mastiff, out of his way, as he came through the hall ; threw his hat on the table with most violent emphasis, and pulling out his box, took three huge pinches of snuff, and threw a fourth into the cat's eyes as he sat purring his astonishment at the fireside. This was enough to set the body politic going ; Mrs. Cockloft began "my dearing" it as fast as tongue could move ; the young ladies took each a stand at an elbow of his chair ; Jeremy marshalled in the rear ; the servants came tumbling in ; the mastiff put up an inquiring nose ; and even grimalkin, after he had cleaned his whiskers and finished sneezing, discovered indubitable signs of sympathy. After the most affectionate inquiries on all sides, it turned out that my cousin, in crossing the street, had got his silk stockings bespattered with mud by a coach, which, it seems, belonged to a dashing gentleman who had formerly supplied the family with

hot rolls and muffins! Mrs. Cockloft thereupon turned up her eyes, and the young ladies their noses; and it would have edified a whole congregation to hear the conversation which took place concerning the insolence of upstarts, and the vulgarity of would-be gentlemen and ladies, who strive to emerge from low life by dashing about in carriages to pay a visit two doors off; giving parties to people who laugh at them, and cutting all their old friends.

THEATRICS.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

I WENT a few evenings since to the theatre, accompanied by my friend 'Sbidlikens, the cockney, who is a man deeply read in the history of Cinderella, Valentine and Orson, Blue Beard, and all those recondite works so necessary to enable a man to understand the modern drama. 'Sbidlikens is one of those intolerable fellows who will never be pleased with anything until he has turned and twisted it divers ways, to see if it corresponds with his notions of congruity; and as he is none of the quickest in his ratiocinations, he will sometimes come out with his approbation, when everybody else has forgotten the cause which excited it. 'Sbidlikens is, morever, a great critic, for he finds fault with everything; this being what I understand by modern criticism. He, however, is pleased to acknowledge that our theatre is not so despicable, all things considered; and really thinks Cooper one of our best actors. The play was OTHELLO, and to speak my mind freely, I think I have seen it performed much worse in my time. The actors, I firmly believe,

I always set him down as a great t
friend 'Sbidlikens.

Before the first act was over, 'Sl
his critical wooden sword like a harle
with Cooper for not having made hi
"for," said he, "that Othello was
from several expressions of the pla
lips,' 'sooty bosom,' and a variety of
think," continued he, "that Othello
from the circumstance of the handke
by a native of that country; and,
black as my hat; for Herodotus ha
tians had flat noses and frizzled hai
were all negroes." He did not co
single error of the actor, but went o
In this he was seconded by a red-hot
by a string of most eloquent logic
unquestionably in every respect a be

his name was the most fruitful in puns; but then, on the other side, it was contended that Fennel was the best Greek scholar. Scarcely was the town of Strasburgh in a greater hubbub about the courteous stranger's nose; and it was well that the doctors of the University did not get into the dispute, else it might have become a battle of folios. At length, after much excellent argument had been expended on both sides, recourse was had to Cocker's arithmetic and a carpenter's rule; the rival candidates were both measured by one of their most steady-handed critics, and by the most exact measurement it was proved that Mr. Fennel was the greater actor by three inches and a quarter. Since this demonstration of inferiority, Cooper has never been able to hold up his head in Philadelphia.

In order to change a conversation in which my favorite suffered so much, I made some inquiries of the Philadelphian concerning the two heroes of his theatre, Wood and Cain; but I had scarcely mentioned their names, when, whack! he threw a whole handful of puns in my face; 'twas like a bowl of cold water. I turned on my heel, had recourse to my tobacco-box, and said no more about Wood and Cain; nor will I ever more, if I can help it, mention their names in the presence of a Philadelphian. Would that they could leave off punning! for I love every soul of them, with a cordial affection, warm as their own generous hearts, and boundless as their hospitality.

During the performance, I kept an eye on the countenance of my friend, the cockney; because, having come all the way from England, and having seen Kemble once, on a visit which he made from the button-manufactory to *Lunnun*, I thought his phiz might serve as a kind of thermometer to direct my manifestations of applause or disapprobation. I might as well have looked at the back side of his head; for I could not, with all

my peering, perceive by his features that he was pleased with anything—except himself. His hat was twitched a little on one side, as much as to say, "demme, I'm your sorts!" he was sucking the end of a little stick; he was a "gemman" from head to foot; but as to his face, there was no more expression in it than in the face of a Chinese lady on a tea-cup. On Cooper's giving one of his gunpowder explosions of passion, I exclaimed, "fine, very fine!" "Pardon me," said my friend 'Sbidlikens, "this is damnable!—the gesture, my dear sir—only look at the gesture! how horrible! do you not observe that the actor slaps his forehead, whereas, the passion not having arrived at the proper height, he should only have slapped his—pocket-flap?—this figure of rhetoric is a most important stage-trick, and the proper management of it is what peculiarly distinguishes the great actor from the mere plodding mechanical buffoon. Different degrees of passion require different slaps, which we critics have reduced to a perfect mannal, improving upon the principle adopted by Frederic of Prussia, by deciding that an actor, like a soldier, is a mere machine; as thus—the actor, for a minor burst of passion, merely slaps his pocket-hole; good!—for a major burst, he slaps his breast; very good!—but for a burst maximus, he whacks away at his forehead, like a brave fellow; this is excellent!—nothing can be finer than an exit, slapping the forehead from one end of the stage to the other." "Except," replied I, "one of those slaps on the breast, which I have sometimes admired in some of our fat heroes and heroines, which make their whole body shake and quiver like a pyramid of jelly."

The Philadelphian had listened to this conversation with profound attention, and appeared delighted with 'Sbidlikens' mechanical strictures; 'twas natural enough in a man who

chose an actor as he would a grenadier. He took the opportunity of a pause, to enter into a long conversation with my friend; and was receiving a prodigious fund of information concerning the true mode of emphasizing conjunctions, shifting scenes, snuffing candles, and making thunder and lightning, better than you can get every day from the sky, as practised at the royal theatres; when, as ill luck would have it, they happened to run their heads full butt against a new reading. Now this was "a stumper," as our old friend Paddle would say; for the Philadelphians are as inveterate new-reading hunters as the cockneys; and, for aught I know, as well skilled in finding them out. The Philadelphian thereupon met the cockney on his own ground, and at it they went, like two inveterate curs at a bone. 'Sbidlikens quoted Theobald, Hanmer, and a host of learned commentators, who have pinned themselves on the sleeve of Shakspeare's immortality, and made the old bard, like General Washington, in General Washington's life, a most diminutive figure in his own book; his opponent chose Johnson for his bottle-holder, and thundered him forward like an elephant to bear down the ranks of the enemy. I was not long in discovering that these two precious judges had got hold of that unlucky passage of Shakspeare which, like a straw, has tickled, and puzzled, and confounded many a somniferous buzzard of past and present time. It was the celebrated wish of Desdemona, that heaven had made her such a man as Othello. 'Sbidlikens insisted, that "the gentle Desdemona" merely wished for such a man for a husband, which in all conscience was a modest wish enough, and very natural in a young lady who might possibly have had a predilection for flat noses; like a certain philosophical great man of our day. The Philadelphian contended with all the vehemence of a member of Congress, moving the House to have

"whereas," or "also," or "nevertheless," struck out of a bill, that the young lady wished heaven had made her a man instead of a woman, in order that she might have an opportunity of seeing the "anthropophagi, and the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" which was a very natural wish, considering the curiosity of the sex. On being referred to, I incontinently decided in favor of the honorable member who spoke last; inasmuch as I think it was a very foolish, and therefore very natural, wish for a young lady to make before a man she wished to marry. It was, moreover, an indication of the violent inclination she felt to wear the breeches, which was afterward, in all probability, gratified, if we may judge from the title of "our captain's captain," given her by Cassio—a phrase which, in my opinion, indicates that Othello was, at that time, most ignominiously hen-pecked. I believe my arguments staggered 'Sbidlikens himself, for he looked confoundedly queer, and said not another word on the subject.

A little while after, at it he went again on another tack, and began to find fault with Cooper's manner of dying; "it was not natural," he said; for it had lately been demonstrated by a learned doctor of physic, that when a man is mortally stabbed, he ought to take a flying leap of at least five feet, and drop down "dead as a salmon in a fishmonger's basket." Whenever a man, in the predicament above mentioned, departed from this fundamental rule, by falling flat down like a log, and rolling about for two or three minutes, making speeches all the time, the said learned doctor maintained that it was owing to the waywardness of the human mind, which delighted in flying in the face of nature, and dying in defiance of all her established rules. I replied, "for my part, I held that every man had a right of dying in whatever position he pleased; and that the

mode of doing it depended altogether on the peculiar character of the person going to die. A Persian could not die in peace unless he had his face turned to the east; a Mahometan would always choose to have his toward Mecca; a Frenchman might prefer this mode of throwing a somerset; but Mynheer Van Brumblebottom, the Roscius of Rotterdam, always chose to thunder down on his seat of honor whenever he received a mortal wound. Being a man of ponderous dimensions, this had a most electrifying effect, for the whole theatre 'shook like Olympus at the nod of Jove.'" The Philadelphian was immediately inspired with a pun, and swore that Mynheer must be great in a dying scene, since he knew how to make the most of his latter end.

It is the inveterate cry of stage critics, that an actor does not perform the character naturally, if, by chance, he happens not to die exactly as they would have him. I think the exhibition of a play at Pekin would suit them exactly; and I wish, with all my heart, that they would go there and see one; nature is there imitated with the most scrupulous exactness in every trifling particular. Here an unhappy lady or gentleman, who happens, unluckily, to be poisoned or stabbed, is left on the stage to writhe and groan, and make faces at the audience, until the poet pleases they should die; while the honest folks of the *dramatis personæ*, bless their hearts! all crowd round and yield most potent assistance, by crying and lamenting most vociferously! The audience, tender souls, pull out their white pocket-handkerchiefs, wipe their eyes, blow their noses, and swear it is natural as life, while the poor actor is left to die without common Christian comfort. In China, on the contrary, the first thing they do is to run for the doctor and *tchoouc*, or notary. The audience are entertained throughout the fifth act with a learned consultation

of physicians, and if the patient must die, he does it *secundum artem*, and always is allowed time to make his will. The celebrated Chow-Chow was the completest hand I ever saw at killing himself; he always carried under his robe a bladder of bull's blood, which, when he gave the mortal stab, spirted out to the infinite delight of the audience. Not that the ladies of China are more fond of the sight of blood than those of our own country; on the contrary, they are remarkably sensitive in this particular; and we are told by the great Linkum Fidelius, that the beautiful Ninny Consequa, one of the ladies of the emperor's seraglio, once fainted away on seeing a favorite slave's nose bleed; since which time, refinement has been carried to such a pitch that a buskined hero is not allowed to run himself through the body in the face of the audience. The immortal Chow-Chow, in conformity to this absurd prejudice, whenever he plays the part of Othello, which is reckoned his master-piece, always keeps a bold front, stabs himself slyly behind, and is dead before anybody suspects that he has given the mortal blow.

P. S.—Just as this was going to press, I was informed by Evergreen that Othello had not been performed here the Lord knows when; no matter, I am not the first that has criticised a play without seeing it, and this critique will answer for the last performance, if that was a dozen years ago.

NO. VII.—SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1807.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI.

I PROMISED in a former letter, good Asem, that I would furnish thee with a few hints respecting the nature of the government by which I am held in durance. Though my inquiries for that purpose have been industrious, yet I am not perfectly satisfied with their results; for thou mayst easily imagine that the vision of a captive is overshadowed by the mists of illusion and prejudice, and the horizon of his speculations must be limited indeed. I find that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature and proper character of their government. Even their dervises are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous disquisitions on the subject; some have insisted that it savors of an aristocracy; others maintain that it is a pure democracy; and a third set of theorists declare absolutely that it is nothing more or less than a mobocracy. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in error, have come nearest to the truth. You of course must understand the meaning of these different words, as they are derived from the ancient Greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead

languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue, is held in tolerable estimation in this country ; but a fool, who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb, is bowed down to as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain English, I was but little attended to ; but the moment I prosed away in Greek, every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars above mentioned, yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most pacific in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance, and smiling, at times, to see into what ridiculous errors those nations will wander, who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet, our divine prophet, and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation pacific ! Most preposterous ! it reminds me of the title assumed by the sheik of that murderous tribe of wild Arabs, that desolate the valleys of Belsaden, who styles himself STAR OF COURTESY—BEAM OF THE MERCY-SEAT.

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character ; for, according to the best of my observation, they are the most warlike, and I must say, the most savage nation that I have as yet discovered among all the barbarians. They are not only at war, in their own way, with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which ALLAH has denounced his malediction !

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure unadulterated LOGOCRACY, or government of words. The whole nation does

everything *vivâ voce*, or by word of mouth ; and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence. Every man who has what is here called the gift of the gab, that is, a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a soldier outright ; and is forever in a militant state. The country is entirely defended *vi et linguâ ;* that is to say, by force of tongues. The account which I lately wrote to our friend, the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation ; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed, only to amuse their fair countrywomen by their splendid appearance and nodding plumes ; and are, by way of distinction, denominated the " defenders of the fair."

In a logocracy thou well knowest there is little or no occasion for fire-arms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by wordy battle, and paper war ; he who has the longest tongue, or readiest quill, is sure to gain the victory—will carry horror, abuse, and ink-shed into the very trenches of the enemy ; and, without mercy or remorse, put men, women and children, to the point of the—pen !

There is still preserved in this country some remains of that gothic spirit of knight-errantry, which so much annoyed the faithful in the middle ages of the hegira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must, necessarily, at certain seasons be engaged in these employments, they have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriors, incessant brawlers, similar to those who, in former ages, swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine prophet. These knights, denominated editors or SLANG-WHANGERS, are appointed in every town, village, and district, to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing " in

words." Oh, my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise with horror and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast; and I do assure thee, I beheld one of these warriors attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin!

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence for some time past, in consequence of a conspiracy, among the higher classes, to dethrone his highness, the present bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this dissatisfaction arose from his wearing red breeches. It is true, the nation have long held that color in great detestation, in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since with the barbarians of the British islands. The color, however, is again rising into favor, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the bashaw's——body. The true reason, I am told, is, that the bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the deluge, and in the story of Balaam's ass; maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk except in a genuine logocracy; where, it is true, his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence, as "the voice of the sovereign people." Nay, so far did he carry his obstinacy, that he absolutely invited a professed antediluvian from the Gallic empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles—and his nose. This was enough to set the nation in a blaze—every slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen; and for seven years have they carried on a most inhuman war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed; nor has any mercy been shown to age, sex, or condition.

Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks on each other, and upon their respective adherents; discharging their heavy artillery, consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel! villain! liar! rascal! numscull! nincompoop! dunderhead! wiseacre! blockhead! jackass! and I do swear, by my beard, though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me, that in some of these skirmishes the grand bashaw himself has been woefully pelted! yea, most ignominiously pelted!—and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado!

Every now and then a slang-whanger, who has a longer head, or rather a longer tongue than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, levelled at the head of the emperor of France, the king of England, or, wouldst thou believe it, oh! Asem, even at his sublime highness the bashaw of Tripoli! These long pieces are loaded with single ball, or langrage, as tyrant! usurper! robber! tiger! monster!—and thou mayest well suppose they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvellously annoying to the crowned heads at which they are directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, "Well, sir, what do they think of me in Europe?" * This is sufficient to show you the manner

NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

* The sage Mustapha, when he wrote the above paragraph, had probably in his eye the following anecdote; related either by Linkum Fidelius, or Josephus Millerius, vulgarly called Joe Miller, of facetious memory.

The captain of a slave-vessel, on his first landing on the coast of Guinea, observed under a palm-tree, a negro chief, sitting most majestically

in which these bloody, or rather windy fellows fight ; it is the only mode allowable in a logocracy or government of words. I would also observe that their civil wars have a thousand ramifications.

While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it, like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a "wheel within a wheel."

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this government more evident, than in its grand national divan, or congress, where the laws are framed : this is a blustering, windy assembly, where everything is carried by noise, tumult and debate ; for thou must know, that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear themselves talk. When the congress opens, the bashaw first sends them a long message, *i. e.* a huge mass of words—*vox et preterea nihil*, all meaning nothing ; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a long talk about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message; and here

on a stump; while two women, with wooden spoons, were administering his favorite pottage of boiled rice ; which, as his imperial majesty was a little greedy, would part of it escape the place of destination and run down his chin. The watchful attendants were particularly careful to intercept these scape-grace particles, and return them to their proper port of entry. As the captain approached, in order to admire this curious exhibition of royalty, the great chief clapped his hands to his sides, and saluted his visitor with the following pompous question—"Well, sir! what do they say of me in England?"

arise many disputes about the correction and alteration of "if so be's," and "how so ever's." A month, perhaps, is spent in thus determining the precise number of words the answer shall contain; and then another, must probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the bashaw on foot, on horseback, or in coaches. Having settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself, and hold as much chattering over it as so many magpies over an addled egg. This done, they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little juntoes of talkers, called committees; these juntoes have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the grand divan, which forthwith falls to and retalks the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now after all, it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarrelling, and talking, is an affair of no importance, and ends entirely in smoke. May it not then be said, the whole nation have been talking to no purpose? The people, in fact, seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk, by which they are characterized, and have a favorite proverb on the subject, viz., "all talk and no cider;" this is particularly applied when their congress, or assembly of all the sage chatterers of the nation, have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads. This has been the case more than once, my friend; and to let thee into a secret, I have been told in confidence, that there have been absolutely several old women smuggled into congress from different parts of the empire; who, having once got on the breeches, as thou mayest well imagine, have taken the lead in debate, and overwhelmed the whole assembly with their garrulity; for my part,

as times go, I do not see why old women should not be as eligible to public councils as old men who possess their dispositions ;—they certainly are eminently possessed of the qualifications requisite to govern in a logocracy.

Nothing, as I have repeatedly insisted, can be done in this country without talking ; but they take so long to talk over a measure, that by the time they have determined upon adopting it, the period has elapsed which was proper for carrying it into effect. Unhappy nation! thus torn to pieces by intestine talks! never, I fear, will it be restored to tranquillity and silence. Words are but breath ; breath is but air ; and air put into motion is nothing but wind. This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more or less than a mighty windmill, and the orators, and the chatterers, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion ; unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways, and their blasts counteracting each other—the mill is perplexed, the wheels stand still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Everything partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestic grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz ;—town-meetings are immediately held where the quidnuncs of the city repair, each like an Atlas, with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey-cock ; puffed up with words, and wind, and nonsense. After bustling, and buzzing, and bawling for some time, and after each man has shown himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions, *i. e.* words, which were previously prepared for the purpose ; these resolutions are whimsically denominated the sense of the meeting, and are sent off for the instruction of the

reigning bashaw, who receives them graciously, puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them—and so the matter ends.

As to his highness, the present bashaw, who is at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary better qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He talks of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy: throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth, and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument! Is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces,—the bashaw of America—utters a speech. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbors, an insult which would induce his highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets,—his highness of America—utters a speech. Are the free citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country, and forcibly detained in the war ships of another—his highness utters a speech. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power, on the very shores of his country—his highness utters a speech. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire—his highness utters a speech!—nay, more, for here he shows his "energies:"—he most intrepidly dispatches a courier on horseback, and orders him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a day, with a most formidable army of proclamations, *i. e.* a collection of words, packed up in his saddle-bags. He is instructed to show no favor nor affection; but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy, and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence. Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here! It *reminds* me of a dunghill cock in a farm-

yard, who, having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling—calls around him his hen-hearted companions, who run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem! Asem! on what a prodigious great scale is everything in this country!

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each a separate characteristic trait, by which they may be distinguished from each other; the Spaniards, for instance, may be said to sleep upon every affair of importance; the Italians to fiddle upon everything; the French to dance upon everything; the Germans to smoke upon everything; the British islanders to eat upon everything; and the windy subjects of the American logocracy to talk upon everything.

For ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

HOW oft in musing mood my heart recalls,
From grey-beard father Time's oblivious halls,
The modes and maxims of my early day,
Long in those dark recesses stow'd away:
Drags once more to the cheerful realms of light
Those buckram fashions, long since lost in night,
And makes, like Endor's witch, once more to rise
My grogram grandames to my raptured eyes!
Shades of my fathers! in your pasteboard skirts,
Your broidered waistcoats and your plaited shirts,
Your formal bag-wigs—wide-extended cuffs,

Your five-inch chitterlings and nine-inch ruffs!
Gods! how ye strut, at times in all your state,
Amid the visions of my thoughtful pate!
I see ye move the solemn minuet o'er,
The modest foot scarce rising from the floor;
No thundering rigadoon with boisterous prance,
No pigeon-wing disturb your *contre-danse*.
But silent as the gentle Lethe's tide,
Adown the festive maze ye peaceful glide!
Still in my mental eye each name appears—
Each modest beauty of departed years;
Close by mamma I see her stately march,
Or sit, in all the majesty of starch;—
When for the dance a stranger seeks her hand,
I see her doubting, hesitating stand;
Yield to his claim with most fastidious grace,
And sigh for her intended in his place!
Ah! golden days; when every gentle fair
On sacred Sabbath conn'd with pious care
Her Holy Bible, or her prayer-book o'er,
Or studied honest Bunyan's drowsy lore;
Travell'd with him the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS through,
And storm'd the famous town of MAN-SOUL too:—
Beat Eye and Ear-gate up with thundering jar,
And fought triumphant through the HOLY WAR;
Or if, perchance, to lighter works inclined,
They sought with novels to relax the mind,
'Twas GRANDISON'S politely formal page,
Or CLELIA or PAMELA were the rage.
No plays were then—theatrics were unknown—
A learned pig—a dancing monkey shown—

The feats of Punch—a cunning juggler's sleight,
Were sure to fill each bosom with delight.
An honest, simple, humdrum race we were,
Undazzled yet by fashion's wildering glare;
Our manners unreserved, devoid of guile,
We knew not the nonster, Style:
Style, that with ty bosom swells,
Puffs boys to ma rls to belles.
Scarce from tl , our gentle fair
Are yielded to tl er's care;
And, ere the he ense can gain,
Are introduced ery train.
A stranger's grasp no longer gives alarms,
Our fair surrender to their very arms.
And in the insidious waltz[1] will swim and twine,
And whirl and languish tenderly divine!
Oh, how I hate this loving, hugging dance;
This imp of Germany brought up in France:
Nor can I see a niece its windings trace,
But all the honest blood glows in my face.
"Sad, sad refinement this," I often say;
"'Tis modesty indeed refined away!
"Let France its whim, its sparkling wit supply,
"The easy grace that captivates the eye;
"But curse their waltz—their loose lascivious arts,
"That smooth our manners, to corrupt our hearts!"
Where now those books, from which in days of yore
Our mothers gained their literary store?
Alas! stiff-skirted Grandison gives place
To novels of a new and rakish race;
And honest Bunyan's pious dreaming lore,

To the lascivious rhapsodies of MOORE.
And, last of all, behold the mimic stage,
Its morals lend to polish off the age,
With flimsy farce, a comedy miscall'd,
Garnished with vulgar cant, and proverbs bald,
With puns most puny, and a plenteous store
Of smutty jokes, to catch a gallery roar.
Or see, more fatal, graced with every art
To charm and captivate the female heart,
The false, "the gallant, gay Lothario" smiles,
And loudly boasts his base seductive wiles;—
In glowing colors paint Calista's wrongs,
And with voluptuous scenes the tale prolongs.
When COOPER lends his fascinating powers,
Decks vice itself in bright alluring flowers,
Pleased with his manly grace, his youthful fire,
Our fair are lured the villain to admire;
While humbler virtue, like a stalking horse,
Struts clumsily and croaks in honest MORSE.
Ah, hapless days! when trials thus combined,
In pleasing garb assail the female mind;
When every smooth, insidious snare is spread
To sap the morals and delude the head!
Not Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego,
To prove their faith and virtue here below,
Could more an angel's helping hand require
To guide their steps uninjured through the fire,
Where had but heaven its guardian aid denied,
The holy trio in the proof had died.
If, then, their manly vigor sought supplies
From the bright stranger in celestial guise,

Alas! can we from feebler natures claim,
To brave seduction's ordeal, free from blame;
To pass through fire unhurt like golden ore,
Though ANGEL MISSIONS bless the earth no more!

NOTES, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

[1] *Waltz.*] As many of the retired matrons of this city, unskilled in "gestic lore," are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavor to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut when from under their guardian wings.

On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist; the lady, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with one arm resting against his shoulder to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about, and about, and about—"About what, sir?"—about the room madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step: and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been positively assured that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable. In the course of this circumnavigation, the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative situations;—now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam, carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon, the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist with most ingennous modest languishment, to the great delight of numerous spectators and ama-

teurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mastiffs.

After continuing this divine interchange of hands, arms, et cetera, for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with "eyes upraised," in most bewitching languor petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder, their arms entwine in a thousand seducing mischievous curves—don't be alarmed, madam —closer and closer they approach each other, and in conclusion, the parties being overcome with ecstatic fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then—"Well, sir! and what then?"—Lord, madam, how should I know?

*.] My friend Pindar, and in fact our whole junto, has been accused of an unreasonable hostility to the French nation; and I am informed by a Parisian correspondent, that our first number played the very devil in the court of St. Cloud. His imperial majesty got into a most outrageous passion, and being withal a waspish little gentleman, had nearly kicked his bosom friend, Talleyrand, out of the cabinet, in paroxysms of his wrath. He insisted upon it that the nation was assailed in its most vital part, being, like Achilles, extremely sensitive to any attacks upon the heel. When my correspondent sent off his dispatches, it was still in doubt what measures would be adopted; but it was strongly suspected that vehement representations would be made to our government. Willing, therefore, to save our executive from any embarrassment on the subject, and above all, from the disagreeable alternative of sending an apology by the HORNET, we do assure Mr. Jefferson, that there is nothing further from our thoughts than the subversion of the Gallic empire, or any attack on the interests, tranquillity, or reputation of the nation at large, which we seriously declare possesses the highest rank in our estimation. Nothing less than the national welfare could have induced us to trouble ourselves with this explanation; and in the name of the junto, I once more declare, that when we toast a

Frenchman we merely mean one of these inconnus, who swarmed to this country from the kitchens and barbers' shops of Nantz, Bordeaux, and Marseilles—played game of leap-frog at all our balls and assemblies—set this unhappy town hopping mad—and passed themselves off on our tender-hearted damsels for unfortunate noblemen—ruined in the revolution! Such only can wince at the lash, and accuse us of severity; and we should be mortified in the extreme if they did not feel our well-intended castigation.

[3] *Fair Penitent.*] The story of this play if told in its native language, would exhibit a scene of guilt and shame, which no modest ear could listen to without shrinking with disgust; but, arrayed as it is, in all the splendor of harmonious, rich, and polished verse, it steals into the heart like some gay, luxurious, smooth-faced villain, and betrays it insensibly to immorality and vice; our very sympathy is enlisted on the side of guilt; and the piety of Altamont, and the gentleness of Lavinia, are lost in the splendid debaucheries of the "gallant, gay Lothario," and the blustering, hollow repentance of the fair Calista, whose sorrow reminds us of that of Pope's Heloise—"I mourn the lover, not lament the fault." Nothing is more easy than to banish such plays from our stage. Were our ladies, instead of crowding to see them again and again repeated, to discourage their exhibition by absence, the stage would soon be indeed the school of morality, and the number of "Fair Penitents," in all probability, diminish.

NO. VIII.—SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1807.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee—nor without thee."

"NEVER, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, has there been known a more backward spring." This is the universal remark among the almanac quidnuncs, and weather-wiseacres of the day; and I have heard it at least fifty-five times from old Mrs. Cockloft, who, poor woman, is one of those walking almanacs that foretell every snow, rain, or frost, by the shooting of corns, a pain in the bones, or an "ugly stitch in the side." I do not recollect, in the whole course of my life, to have seen the month of March indulge in such untoward capers, caprices, and coquetries, as it has done this year: I might have forgiven these vagaries, had they not completely knocked up my friend Langstaff; whose feelings are ever at the mercy of a weathercock, whose spirits sink and rise with the mercury of a barometer, and to whom an east wind is as obnoxious as a Sicilian *sirocco*. He was tempted some time since, by the fineness of the weather, to dress himself with more than ordinary care, and take his morning stroll; but before he had half finished his peregrination, he was utterly discomfited,

and driven home by a tremendous squall of wind, hail, rain, and snow, or, as he testily termed it, "a most villainous congregation of vapors."

This was too much for the patience of friend Launcelot; he declared he would humor the weather no longer in its whim-whams; and, according to his immemorial custom on these occasions, retreated in high dudgeon to his elbow-chair to lie in of the spleen and rail at nature for being so fantastical: "Confound the jade," he frequently exclaims, "what a pity nature had not been of the masculine instead of the feminine gender; the almanac-makers might then have calculated with some degree of certainty."

When Langstaff invests himself with the spleen, and gives audience to the blue devils from his elbow-chair, I would not advise any of his friends to come within gun-shot of his citadel with the benevolent purpose of administering consolation or amusement; for he is then as crusty and crabbed as that famous coiner of false money, Diogenes himself. Indeed his room is at such times inaccessible; and old Pompey is the only soul that can gain admission, or ask a question with impunity; the truth is, that on these occasions there is not a straw's difference between them, for Pompey is as grum and grim and cynical as his master.

Launcelot has now been above three weeks in this desolate situation, and has, therefore, had but little to do in our last number. As he could not be prevailed on to give any account of himself in our introduction, I will take the opportunity of his confinement, while his back is turned, to give a slight sketch of his character—fertile in whim-whams and bachelorisms, but rich in many of the sterling qualities of our nature. Annexed to this article, our readers will perceive a striking likeness of my

friend which was taken by that cunning rogue, Will Wizard, who peeped through the key-hole and sketched it off, as honest Launcelot sat by the fire, wrapped up in his flannel *robe de chambre*, and indulging in a mortal fit of the *hyp*. Now take my word for it, gentle reader, this is the most auspicious moment in which to touch off the phiz of a genuine humorist.

Of the antiquity of the Langstaff family I can say but little; except that I have no doubt it is equal to that of most families who have the privilege of making their own pedigree, without the impertinent interposition of a college of Heralds. My friend Launcelot is not a man to blazon anything; but I have heard him talk with great complacency of his ancestor, Sir Rowland, who was a dashing buck in the days of Hardiknute, and broke the head of a gigantic Dane, at a game of quarter-staff, in presence of the whole court. In memory of this gallant exploit, Sir Rowland was permitted to take the name of Langstoffe, and to assume as a crest to his arms a hand grasping a cudgel. It is, however, a foible so ridiculously common in this country for people to claim consanguinity with all the great personages of their own name in Europe, that I should put but little faith in this family boast of friend Langstaff, did I not know him to be a man of most unquestionable veracity.

The whole world knows already that my friend is a bachelor; for he is, or pretends to be, exceedingly proud of his personal independence, and takes care to make it known in all companies where strangers are present. He is forever vaunting the precious state of "single blessedness," and was, not long ago, considerably startled at a proposition of one of his great favorites, Miss Sophy Sparkle, "that old bachelors should be taxed as luxuries." Launcelot immediately hied him home and wrote a tremendous long representation in their behalf, which I am

resolved to publish if it is ever attempted to carry the measure into operation. Whether he is sincere in these professions, or whether his present situation is owing to choice or disappointment, he only can tell; but if he ever does tell, I will suffer myself to be shot by the first lady's eye that can twang an arrow. In his youth he was forever in love; but it was his misfortune to be continually crossed and rivalled by his bosom friend and contemporary beau, Pindar Cockloft, Esq., for as Langstaff never made a confidant on these occasions, his friend never knew which way his affections pointed; and so, between them both, the lady generally slipped through their fingers.

It has ever been the misfortune of Launcelot, that he could not for the soul of him restrain a good thing; and this fatality has drawn upon him the ill-will of many whom he would not have offended for the world. With the kindest heart under heaven, and the most benevolent disposition toward every being around him, he has been continually betrayed by the mischievous vivacity of his fancy, and the good-humored waggery of his feelings, into satirical sallies which have been treasured up by the invidious, and retailed out with the bitter sneer of malevolence, instead of the playful hilarity of countenance which originally sweetened and tempered and disarmed them of their sting. These misrepresentations have gained him many reproaches and lost him many a friend.

This unlucky characteristic played the mischief with him in one of his love affairs. He was, as I have before observed, often opposed in his gallantries by that formidable rival, Pindar Cockloft, Esq., and a most formidable rival he was; for he had Apollo, the nine muses, together with all the joint tenants of Olympus to back him; and everybody knows what important confederates they are to a lover. Poor Launcelot stood no

chance ; the lady was cooped up in the poet's corner of every weekly paper ; and at length Pindar attacked her with a sonnet, that took up a whole column, in which he enumerated at least a dozen cardinal virtues, together with innumerable others of inferior consideration. Launcelot saw his case was desperate, and that unless he sat down forthwith, be-cherubimed and be-angeled her to the skies, and put every virtue under the sun in requisition, he might as well go hang himself, and so make an end of the business. At it, therefore, he went ; and was going on very swimmingly, for in the space of a dozen lines he had enlisted under her command at least three score and ten substantial house-keeping virtues, when unlucklily for Launcelot's reputation as a poet and the lady's as a saint, one of those confounded good thoughts struck his laughter-loving brain—it was irresistible ; away he went, full sweep before the wind, cutting and slashing, and tickled to death with his own fun : the consequence was, that by the time he had finished, never was poor lady so most ludicrously lampooned since lampooning came into fashion. But this was not half ; so hugely was Launcelot pleased with this frolic of his wits, that nothing would do but he must show it to the lady, who, as well she might, was mortally offended, and forbid him her presence. My friend was in despair, but, through the interference of his generous rival, was permitted to make his apology, which, however, most unluckily happened to be rather worse than the original offence ; for though he had studied an eloquent compliment, yet as ill-luck would have it, a most preposterous whim-wham knocked at his pericranium, and inspired him to say some consummate good things, which, all put together, amounted to a downright hoax, and provoked the lady's wrath to such a degree, that sentence of eternal banishment was awarded against him.

Launcelot was inconsolable, and determined in the true style of novel heroics to make the tour of Europe, and endeavor to lose the recollection of this misfortune amongst the gaieties of France, and the classic charms of Italy ; he accordingly took passage in a vessel, and pursued his voyage prosperously as far as Sandy-Hook, where he was seized with a violent fit of sea-sickness ; at which he was so affronted that he put his portmanteau into the first pilot-boat, and returned to town completely cured of his love and his rage for travelling.

I pass over the subsequent amours of my friend Langstaff, being but little acquainted with them ; for, as I have already mentioned, he never was known to make a confidant of anybody. He always affirmed that a man must be a fool to fall in love, but an idiot to boast of it ; ever denominated it the villainous passion ; lamented that it could not be cudgelled out of the human heart ; and yet could no more live without being in love with somebody or other than he could without whim-whams.

My friend Launcelot is a man of excessive irritability of nerve, and I am acquainted with no one so susceptible of the petty "miseries of human life ;" yet its keener evils and misfortunes he bears without shrinking, and however they may prey in secret on his happiness, he never complains. This was strikingly evinced in an affair where his heart was deeply and irrevocably concerned, and in which his success was ruined by one for whom he had long cherished a warm friendship. The circumstance cut poor Langstaff to the very soul ; he was not seen in company for months afterward, and for a long time he seemed to retire within himself, and battle with the poignancy of his feelings ; but not a murmur or a reproach was heard to fall from his lips, though, at the mention of his friend's name, a shade of melancholy might be observed stealing across his face, and his

voice assumed a touching tone, that seemed to say, he remembered his treachery "more in sorrow than in anger." This affair has given a slight tinge of sadness to his disposition, which, however, does not prevent his entering into the amusements of the world; the only effect it occasions, is that you may occasionally observe him, at the end of a lively conversation, sink for a few minutes into an apparent forgetfulness of surrounding objects, during which time he seems to be indulging in some melancholy retrospection.

Langstaff inherited from his father a love of literature, a disposition for castle-building, a mortal enemity to noise, a sovereign antipathy to cold weather and brooms, and a plentiful stock of whim-whams. From the delicacy of his nerves he is peculiarly sensible to discordant sounds; the rattling of a wheelbarrow is "horrible;" the noise of children "drives him distracted;" and he once left excellent lodgings merely because the lady of the house wore high-heeled shoes, in which she clattered up and down stairs, till, to use his own emphatic expression, "they made life loathsome" to him. He suffers annual martyrdom from the razor-edged zephyrs of our "balmy spring," and solemnly declares that the boasted month of May has become a perfect "vagabond." As some people have a great antipathy to cats, and can tell when one is locked up in a closet, so Launcelot declares his feelings always announce to him the neighborhood of a broom; a household implement which he abominates above all others. Nor is there any living animal in the world that he holds in more utter abhorrence than what is ususally termed a notable housewife; a pestilent being, who, he protests, is the bane of goodfellowship, and has a heavy charge to answer for the many offences committed against the ease, comfort, and social enjoyments of sovereign man. He told me, not long ago,

"that he had rather see one of the weird sisters flourish through his key-hole on a broomstick, than one of the servant maids enter the door with a besom."

My friend Launcelot is ardent and sincere in his attachments, which are confined to a chosen few, in whose society he loves to give free scope to his whimsical imagination; he, however, mingles freely with the world, though more as a spectator than an actor; and without an anxiety, or hardly a care to please, is generally received with welcome and listened to with complacency. When he extends his hand it is in a free, open, liberal style; and when you shake it, you feel his honest heart throb in its pulsations. Though rather fond of gay exhibitions, he does not appear so frequently at balls and assemblies since the introduction of the drum, trumpet, and tamborine; all of which he abhors on account of the rude attack they make on his organs of hearing: in short, such is his antipathy to noise, that though exceedingly patriotic, yet he retreats every fourth of July to Cockloft Hall, in order to get out of the way of the hubbub and confusion which make so considerable a part of the pleasure of that splendid anniversary.

I intend this article as a mere sketch of Langstaff's multifarious character; his innumerable whim-whams will be exhibited by himself, in the course of this work, in all their strange varieties; and the machinery of his mind, more intricate than the most subtile piece of clock-work, be fully explained. And trust me, gentlefolk, his are the whim-whams of a courteous gentleman full of most excellent qualities; honorable in his disposition, independent in his sentiments, and of unbounded good nature, as may be seen through all his works.

ON STYLE.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

STYLE, *a manner of writing; title; pin of a dial; the pistil of plants.*
JOHNSON.

STYLE, *is.....style.* LINKUM FIDELIUS.

NOW I would not give a straw for either of the above definitions, though I think the latter is by far the most satisfactory; and I do wish sincerely every modern numskull, who takes hold of a subject he knows nothing about, would adopt honest Linkum's mode of explanation. Blair's Lectures on this article have not thrown a whit more light on the subject of my inquiries; they puzzled me just as much as did the learned and laborious expositions and illustrations of the worthy professor of our college, in the middle of which I generally had the ill luck to fall asleep.

This same word style, though but a diminutive word, assumes to itself more contradictions, and significations, and eccentricities, than any monosyllable in the language is legitimately entitled to. It is an arrant little humorist of a word, and full of whim-whams, which occasions me to like it hugely; but it puzzled me most wickedly on my first return from a long residence abroad, having crept into fashionable use during my absence; and had it not been for friend Evergreen, and that thrifty sprig of knowledge, Jeremy Cockloft the younger, I should have remained to this day ignorant of its meaning.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom, style, yet in

almost all of them there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes is essence ; and every different class, like the pagan nations, adore it under a different form. In England, for instance, an honest cit packs up himself, his family and his style, in a buggy or tim-whisky, and rattles away on Sunday with his fair partner blooming beside him, like an Eastern bride, and two chubby children, squatting like Chinese images at his feet. A baronet requires a chariot and pair ; a lord must needs have a barouche and four ; but a duke—oh ! a duke cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach and six, and half a score of footmen into the bargain. In China a puissant Mandarin loads at least three elephants with style; and an overgrown sheep at the Cape of Good Hope, trails along his tail and his style on a wheelbarrow. In Egypt, or at Constantinople, style consists in the quantity of fur and fine clothes a lady can put on without danger of suffocation ; here it is otherwise, and consists in the quantity she can put off without the risk of freezing. A Chinese lady is thought prodigal of her charms if she expose the tip of her nose, or the ends of her fingers, to the ardent gaze of bystanders ; and I recollect that all Canton was in a buzz in consequence of the great belle, Miss Nangfous, peeping out of the window with her face uncovered ! Here the style is to show not only the face, but the neck, shoulders, etc. ; and a lady never presumes to hide them except when she is not at home, and not sufficiently undressed to see company.

This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a worthy household ; for no sooner do they set up for style, but instantly all the honest old comfortable *sans cérémonie* furniture is discarded ; and you stalk cautiously about, amongst the uncomfortable splendor of Grecian chairs, Egyptian tables, Turkey carpets, and Etruscan vases. This vast improvement in fur-

niture demands an increase in the domestic establishment ; and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience, now employs half a dozen for style.

Bell Brazen, late favorite of my unfortunate friend Dessalines, was one of these patterns of style ; and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arcana. She was once seized with a whim-wham that tickled the whole court. She could not lay down to take an afternoon's loll, but she must have one servant to scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delectable person while she slumbered. The thing took—it became the rage, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned, and scratched, and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townswomen, for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd ?

Style, according to Evergreen's account, consists in certain fashions, or certain eccentricities, or certain manners of certain people, in certain situations, and possessed of a certain share of fashion or importance. A red cloak, for instance, on the shoulders of an old market-woman is regarded with contempt : it is vulgar, it is odious : fling, however, its usurping rival, a red shawl, over the fine figure of a fashionable belle, and let her flame away with it in Broadway, or in a ball-room, and it is immediately declared to be the style.

The modes of attaining this certain situation, which entitle its holder to style, are various and opposite : the most ostensible is the attainment of wealth, the possession of which changes at once the pert airs of vulgar ignorance into fashionable ease and elegant vivacity. It is highly amusing to observe the gradation of a family aspiring to style, and the devious windings

they pursue in order to attain it. While beating up against wind and tide, they are the most complaisant beings in the world; they keep "booing and booing," as M'Sycophant says, until you would suppose them incapable of standing upright; they kiss their hands to everybody who has the least claim to style; their familiarity is intolerable, and they absolutely overwhelm you with their friendship and loving kindness. But having once gained the envied prœminence, never were beings in the world more changed. They assume the most intolerable caprices: at one time, address you with importunate sociability; at another, pass you by with silent indifference; sometimes sit up in their chairs in all the majesty of dignified silence; and at another time bounce about with all the obstreperous ill-bred noise of a little hoyden just broke loose from a boarding-school.

Another feature which distinguishes these new-made fashionables, is the inveteracy with which they look down upon the honest people who are struggling to climb up to the same envied height. They never fail to salute them with the most sarcastic reflections; and like so many worthy hodmen, clambering a ladder, each one looks down upon his next neighbor below, and makes no scruple of shaking the dust off his shoes into his eyes. Thus by dint of perseverance, merely, they come to be considered as established denizens of the great world; as in some barbarous nations an oyster shell is of sterling value, and a copper washed counter will pass current for genuine gold.

In no instance have I seen this grasping after style more whimsically exhibited, than in the family of my old acquaintance, Timothy Giblet. I recollect old Giblet when I was a boy, and he was the most surly curmudgeon I ever knew. He was a perfect scare-crow to the small-fry of the day, and inhe-

rited the hatred of all these unlucky little shavers: for never could we assemble about his door of an evening to play, and make a little hubbub, but out he sallied from his nest like a spider, flourished his formidable horse-whip, and dispersed the whole crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I perfectly remember a bill he sent in to my father for a pane of glass I had accidentally broken, which came well-nigh getting me a sound flogging; and I remember as perfectly that the next night I revenged myself by breaking half a dozen.

Giblet was as arrant a grubworm as ever crawled; and the only rules of right and wrong he cared a button for, were the rules of multiplication and addition, which he practised much more successfully than he did any of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true golden rules; and he took special care to put Cocker's arithmetic in the hands of his children, before they had read ten pages in the Bible or the Prayer-book. The practice of these favorite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of success; and after a life of self-denial and starvation, and after enduring all the pounds, shillings, and pence miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself worth a plum, and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in contemplating his great wealth and accumulating mortages.

His children inherited his money; but they buried the disposition, and every other memorial of their father, in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for style, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried; and they blazed, and they whizzed, and they cracked about town, like a nest of squibs and devils in a firework. I can liken their sudden eclat to nothing but that of the locust, which is hatched in the dust, where it increases and

swells up to maturity, and after feeling for a moment the vivifying rays of the sun, bursts forth a mighty insect, and flutters, and rattles, and buzzes from every tree. The little warblers who have long cheered the woodlands with their dulcet notes, are stunned by the discordant racket of these upstart intruders, and contemplate, in contemptuous silence, their tinsel and their noise.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career, until they had run their full course, and arrived at the very tip top of style. Every tailor, every shoemaker, every coachmaker, every milliner, every mantuamaker, every paper-hanger, every piano teacher, and every dancing-master in the city, were enlisted in their service ; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call ; and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the young ladies could dance the waltz, thunder Lodoiska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water-colors, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem ; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church, with as much ease, and grace, and modesty, as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places ; but nobody noticed them except to honor them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion ; but nobody extolled them except the tailors, and the milliners who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever ; they

gave dinners, and they gave balls, they hired cooks, they hired fiddlers, they hired confectioners ; and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not all been bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing-men and the dancing-women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense ; and the dancing-men, and the dancing-women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers did come ; and they did make merry at their expense; and they eat, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life ; such rattling in coaches ! such flaunting in the streets ! such slamming of box doors at the theatre ! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared ! The Giblets were seen here and there and everywhere ; they visited everybody they knew, and everybody they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblet family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being forever pestered by visitors who cared nothing about them ; of being squeezed, and smothered, and parboiled at nightly balls and evening tea-parties ; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed ; they turned their noses up in the wind at everything that was not genteel ; and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in style.

——" Being, as it were, a small contentmente in a never contenting subjecte; a bitter pleasaunte taste of a sweete seasoned sower; and, all in all, a more than ordinarie rejoycing, in an extraordinarie sorrow of delyghts.

LINK. FIDELITS.

WE have been considerably edified of late by several letters of advice from a number of sage correspondents, who really seem to know more about our work than we do ourselves. One warns us against saying anything more about 'SamLIKENS, who is a very particular friend of the writer, and who has a singular disinclination to be laughed at. This correspondent in particular inveighs against personalities, and accuses us of ill-nature in bringing forward old Fungus and Billy Dimple, as figures of fun to amuse the public. Another gentleman, who states that he is a near relation of the Cocklofts, proses away most soporifically on the impropriety of ridiculing a respectable old family; and declares that if we make them and their whimwhams the subject of any more essays, he shall be under the necessity of applying to our theatrical champions for satisiaction. A third, who, by the crabbedness of the handwriting, and a few careless inaccuracies in the spelling, appears to be a lady, assures us that the Miss Cocklofts, and Miss Diana Wearwell, and Miss Dashaway, and Mrs. ——, Will Wizard's quondam flame, are so much obliged to us for our notice, that they intend in future to take no notice of us at all, but leave us out of all their tea-parties, for which we make them one of our best bows, and say, "thank you, ladies."

We wish to heaven these good people would attend to their own affairs, if they have any to attend to, and let us alone. It is one of the most provoking things in the world that we cannot tickle the public a little, merely for our own private amusement,

but we must be crossed and jostled by these meddling incendiaries, and, in fact, have the whole town about our ears. We are much in the same situation with an unlucky blade of a cockney, who, having mounted his bit of blood to enjoy a little innocent recreation, and display his horsemanship along Broadway, is worried by all those little yelping curs that infest our city, and who never fail to sally out and growl, and bark, and snarl, to the great annoyance of the Birmingham equestrian.

Wisely was it said by the sage Linkum Fidelius, "howbeit, moreover, nevertheless, this thrice-wicked towne is charged up to the muzzle with all manner of ill-natures and uncharitablenesses, and is, moreover, exceedinglie naughte." This passage of the erudite Linkum was applied to the city of Gotham, of which he was once Lord Mayor, as appears by his picture hung up in the hall of that ancient city; but his observation fits this best of all possible cities "to a hair." It is a melancholy truth that this same New York, though the most charming, pleasant, polished and praiseworthy city under the sun, and in a word the *bonne bouche* of the universe, is most shockingly ill-natured and sarcastic, and wickedly given to all manner of backslidings; for which we are very sorry, indeed. In truth, for it must come out like murder, one time or other, the inhabitants are not only ill-natured, but manifestly unjust; no sooner do they get one of our random sketches in their hands, but instantly they apply it most unjustifiably to some "dear friend," and then accuse us vociferously of the personality which originated in their own officious friendship! Truly it is an ill-natured town, and most earnestly do we hope it may not meet with the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

As, however, it may be thought incumbent upon us to make some apology for these mistakes of the town; and as our good-

nature is truly exemplary, we would certainly answer this expectation, were it not that we have an invincible antipathy to making apologies. We have a most profound contempt for any man who cannot give three good reasons for an unreasonable thing; and will therefore condescend, as usual, to give the public three special reasons for [illegible]: first, an apology implies that we are account[illegible] or another for our conduct; now, as we do not [illegible], as authors, for either public opinion or priva[illegible] be implying a falsehood to apologize; second, [illegible] indicate that we had been doing what we ou[illegible]ne. Now, as we never did and never intend t[illegible]ong, it would be ridiculous to make an apology; t[illegible] under the same incapacity in the art of apologizing that lost Langstaff his mistress; we never yet undertook to make an apology without committing a new offence, and making matters ten times worse than they were before; and we are, therefore, determined to avoid such predicaments in future.

But though we have resolved never to apologize, yet we have no particular objection to explain; and if this is all that's wanted, we will go about it directly:——*allons*, gentlemen!—— before, however, we enter upon this serious affair, we take this opportunity to express our surprise and indignation at the incredulity of some people. Have we not, over and over, assured the town that we are three of the best natured fellows living? And is it not astonishing, that having already given seven convincing proofs of the truth of this assurance, they should still have any doubts on the subject? But as it is one of the impossible things to make a knave believe in honesty, so, perhaps, it may be another to make this most sarcastic, satirical, and tea-drinking city believe in the existence of good nature. But to our explana-

tion. Gentle reader !—for we are convinced that none but gentle or genteel readers can relish our excellent productions—if thou art in expectation of being perfectly satisfied with what we are about to say, thou mayest as well "whistle lillebullero," and skip quite over what follows ; for never wight was more disappointed than thou wilt be, most assuredly. But to the explanation : We care just as much about the public and its wise conjectures, as we do about the man in the moon and his whimwhams ; or the criticisms of the lady who sits majestically in her elbow chair in the lobster ; and who, belying her sex, as we are credibly informed, never says anything worth listening to. We have launched our bark, and we will steer to our destined port with undeviating perseverance, fearless of being shipwrecked by the way. Good-nature is our steersman, reason our ballast, whim the breeze that wafts us along, and MORALITY our leading star.

NO. IX.— , APRIL 25, 1807.

FI W-CHAIR.

IT in some measu y humor to be "melancholy and gentleman y night, and I see no reason why I should not in or once. Away, then, with joke, with fun, and laughter, for a while; let my soul look back in mournful retrospect, and sadden with the memory of my good aunt CHARITY—who died of a Frenchman!

Stare not, oh, most dubious reader, at the mention of a complaint so uncommon; grievously hath it afflicted the ancient family of the Cocklofts, who carry their absurd antipathy to the French so far, that they will not suffer a clove of garlic in the house; and my good old friend Christopher was once on the point of abandoning his paternal country mansion of Cockloft Hall, merely because a colony of frogs had settled in a neighboring swamp. I verily believe he would have carried his whimwham into effect, had not a fortunate drought obliged the enemy to strike their tents, and, like a troop of wandering Arabs, to march off toward a moister part of the country.

My aunt Charity departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty, though I never could meet with anybody that remem-

bered when she was handsome; on the contrary, Evergreen's father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as he ever saw; and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would, like poor old *Acco*, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the heydey of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a Tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage, or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! her very paste shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds: in those days the person of a belle was sacred; it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger:——simple souls!—they had not the waltz among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this buckram delicacy; and if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it than it was worth; for she made a most gallant defence, and never surrendered until she saw her adversary inclined to give over his attack. Evergreen's father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and when they came to Kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on Miss Charity Cockloft, who after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow-bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This Latonian feat cost her a rheumatism, from which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt, though a great beauty, and

an heiress withal, never got married. The reason she alleged was, that she never met with a lover who resembled Sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy; but I am privately of opinion that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that for many years previous to her decease, she declined all attentions from the gentlemen, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, indeed, observed to take a considerable lean toward Methodism, was frequent in her attendance at love feasts, read Whitefield and Wesley, and even went so far as once to travel the distance of five-and-twenty miles to be present at a camp-meeting. This gave great offence to my cousin Christopher, and his good lady, who, as I have already mentioned, are rigidly orthodox; and had not my aunt Charity been of a most pacific disposition, her religious whim-wham would have occasioned many a family altercation. She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted; a lady of unbounded loving-kindness, which extended to man, woman, and child; many of whom she almost killed with good nature. Was any acquaintance sick? In vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat; my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience, and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, to keep up their spirits. The whole catalogue of *yerb* teas was at her fingers' ends, from formidable wormwood down to gentle balm; and she would descant by the hour on the healing qualities of hoarhound, catnip, and penny-royal. Woe be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity; he was sure, willy-nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin

Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence, through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her materia-medica. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy, for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year; and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce with more certainty, at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese, as an abominable slander on her favorite planet; and she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the American Philosophical Society. Hutching's Improved was her favorite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns, and consumptions.

But the truth must be told. With all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex—it was curiosity. How she came by it, I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know everybody's character, business, and mode of living, she was forever prying into the affairs of her neighbors; and got a great deal of ill-will from people toward whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would, forthwith, set off, full sail, and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got "to the bottom of it;" which meant nothing more than telling it to everybody she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a

most precious story about one of her good f
nately too late to give it immediate circula
absolutely miserable ; and she hardly slept a
fear her bosom-friend, Mrs. Sipkins, should
in the morning and blow the whole affair
there was always a contest between thes
should first give currency to the good-nature
everybody; and this unfortunate rivalship at
to their long and ardent friendship. My a
hours that morning before her usual time ;
dour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lamen
her dear friend. Would you believe it !—
Mrs. Sipkins had anticipated her ; and, inste
to with uplifted hands and open-mouthed w
aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and
affair, with numerous additions, alterations
Now, this was too bad; it would have almost
Grizzle or a saint. It was too much for my
bed for three days afterward, with a cold,
but I have no doubt it was owing to this aff
to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Cha
with the various calamities, and misfortunes
incident to those worthy old gentlewomen w
tic cares of the whole community upon t
hasten to relate the melancholy incident tha
existence in the full bloom of antiquated virg

In their frolicsome malice, the fates had ord
boarding-house, or *Pension Française*, as it
be established directly opposite my aunt'
event ! Unhappy Aunt Charity !—it threw

ing disorder denominated the fidgets; she did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight than she was at the beginning; she thought that neighbor Pension had a monstrous large family, and somehow or other they were all men! she could not imagine what business neighbor Pension followed to support so numerous a household; and wondered why there was always such a scraping of fiddles in the parlor, and such a smell of onions from neighbor Pension's kitchen; in short, neighbor Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts, and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever failed "to get at the bottom of a thing;" and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night, I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferreted neighbor Pension out, could she have spoken or understood French; but in those times people in general could make themselves understood in plain English; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn French.

My aunt Charity had lived, at her window, for some time in vain; when one day as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weazel-faced Frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive and pitiful proportions, arrive at neighbor Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched-up cocked hat; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, band-boxes, bidets, medicine-chests, *parrots* and monkeys; and at his heels ran a

yelping pack of little black-nosed pug-dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's afflictions; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great a display; what he could possibly do with so much baggage, and particularly with his parrots and monkeys; or how so small a carcass could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul! she had never had a peep into a Frenchman's wardrobe; that *dépôt* of old coats, hats, and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal arrival, my poor aunt was in a quandary;—all her inquiries were fruitless; no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger: she never held up her head afterward—drooped daily, took to her bed in a fortnight, and in "one little month" I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault:—being the seventh Cockloft that has died of a whim-wham!

Take warning, my fair countrywomen! and you, oh, ye excellent ladies, whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household—who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your own—remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

I FIND, by perusal of our last number, that WILL WIMBLE and EVERGREEN, taking advantage of my confinement, have been playing some of their gambols. I suspected these rogues

of some mal-practices, in consequence of their queer looks and knowing winks whenever I came down to dinner ; and of their not showing their faces at old Cockloft's for several days, after the appearance of their precious effusions. Whenever these two waggish fellows lay their heads together, there is always sure to be hatched some notable piece of mischief ; which, if it tickles nobody else, is sure to make its authors merry. The public will take notice that, for the purpose of teaching these my associates better manners, and punishing them for their high misdemeanors, I have, by virtue of my authority, suspended them from all interference in Salmagundi, until they show a proper degree of repentance ; or I get tired of supporting the burden of the work myself. I am sorry for Will, who is already sufficiently mortified in not daring to come to the old house, and tell his long stories and smoke his cigar ; but Evergreen, being an old beau, may solace himself in his disgrace by trimming up all his old finery and making love to the little girls.

At present, my right-hand man is Cousin Pindar, whom I have taken into high favor. He came home the other night all in a blaze like a sky-rocket—whisked up to his room in a paroxysm of poetic inspiration, nor did we see anything of him until late the next morning, when he bounced upon us at breakfast,

"Fire in each eye—and paper in each hand."

This is just the way with Pindar, he is like a volcano ; will remain for a long time silent without emitting a single spark, and then, all at once, burst out in a tremendous explosion of rhyme and rhapsody.

As the letters of my friend, Mustapha, seem to excite considerable curiosity, I have subjoined another. I do not vouch for the *justice of his remarks*, or the correctness of his conclusions ;

they are full of the blunders and errors in which strangers continually indulge, who pretend to give an account of this country before they well know the geography of the street in which they live. The copies of my friend's papers being confused and without date, I cannot pretend to give them in systematic order; in fact, they seem now and then to treat of matters which have occurred since his departure: whether these are sly interpolations of the meddlesome wight Will Wizard, or whether honest Mustapha was gifted with the spirit of prophecy or second sight, I neither know, nor in fact, do I care. The following seems to have been written when the Tripolitan prisoners were so much annoyed by the ragged state of their wardrobe. Mustapha feelingly depicts the embarrassments of his situation, traveller-like; makes an easy transition from his breeches to the seat of government, and incontinently abuses the whole administration; like a sapient traveller I once knew, who damned the French nation in toto—because they eat sugar with green-peas.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

CAPTAIN OF A KETCH, TO ASEM HACCHAM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI.

SWEET, oh, Asem! is the memory of distant friends! like the mellow ray of a departing sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert; and the fair shores of my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh, yet no one listens

to the sigh of the captive ; I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the turbaned stranger ! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation ; think not that my captivity is attended with the labors, the chains, the scourges, the insults, that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman ; but who can enter into the afflictions of the mind ?—who can describe the agonies of the heart ? They are mutable as the clouds of the air—they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have, of late, my dear Asem, labored under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys ? Alas, Asem ! thy friend Mustapha, the invincible captain of a ketch, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches ! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh, most grave Mussulman, to hear me indulge in ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied ; but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honored by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban ; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts ; the honor of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert ; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that daily overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches ! Oh, Allah ! Allah ! that thy disciples could come into the world all befeathered like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like

the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be forever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment, thou wilt say, is easily supplied; and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned to be remedied at once by any tailor of the land; little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort; and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious great scale on which everything is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must therefore be clothed at the expense of government; that as no provision had been made by Congress for any emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to talk over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great! this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense logocracy assembled together to talk about my breeches! Vain mortal that I am! I cannot but own that I was somewhat reconciled to the delay, which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that if they made the affair a national act, my "name must of course be embodied in history," and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

"But pray," said I, "how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance, as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation; and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle?" "Oh," replied the officer, who acts as our slave-driver, "it all proceeds from economy. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people who govern the bashaw and his divan would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed; the national finances squandered! Not a hostile slang-whanger throughout the logocracy, but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion; and ten chances to one but the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. My good Mussulman," continued he, "the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner assemble and talk away ten thousand dollars, than expend fifty silently out of the treasury; such is the wonderful spirit of economy that pervades every branch of this government." "But," said I, "how is it possible they can spend money in talking? surely words cannot be the current coin of this country?" "Truly," cried he, smiling, "your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of Congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary, or are paid by the day." "By the nine hundred tongues of the great beast of Mahomet's vision, but the murder is out—it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for talking, like day-laborers." "You are mistaken," said my driver; "it is nothing but economy!"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word, economy, always discomfits me; and when I flatter myself I grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'-lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire, sufficient of the philosophic policy of this government to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man was to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfangi, who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his economy, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America and the sages of his divan.

This economic disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit, and innumerable contests of the tongue in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more weighty part of the assembly, who held all wit and humor in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject upon which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place, except to say yes and no. These silent members are, by way of distinction, denominated

orator mums, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talent for silence—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

Fortunately for the public tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant Virginians, brimful of logic and philosophy, were measuring tongues, and syllogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one night slily sent a mason, with a hod of mortar, who, in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole, and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability, save his country as much money as would build a gunboat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of words. As it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy, I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine not to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior; yes, Asem, on that very hero who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne,* and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs; like I have sometimes seen a herculean mountebank exerting all his energies in balancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages behold the minutest object with the micro-

* General Eaton's famous adventure on the land expedition from Egypt to rescue Bainbridge and the prisoners at Tripoli.

scopic eyes of a pismire; mole-hills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hubbub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision or a diminutive mind, I leave thee to decide; for my part, I consider it as another proof of the great scale on which everything is transacted in this country.

I have before told [illegible] ng can be done without consulting the sages of t[illegible] compose the assembly called the Congress. This [illegible]y not improperly be termed the "mother of inven[illegible] most fruitful mother it is, let me tell thee, though [illegible] generally abortions. It has lately labored with w[illegible] the conception of a mighty navy. All the old we[illegible] good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies, hurried to headquarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery. All was anxiety, fidgeting, and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead or formidable first-rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gunboats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them—being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind—must always keep in with the land—are continually foundering or running ashore—and, in short, are only fit for smooth water. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to defend them; and they require as much nursing as so many rickety little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps, from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of economy. By the beard of Mahomet, but this word is truly inexplicable.

To this economic body, therefore, was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches! "Head of the immortal Amrou," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree; what! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the extremities of a solitary captive?" My exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querpo*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants, a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem; in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all-bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers; no great bashaw, who bestrides a gunboat for a hobby-

horse; where the word economy is unknown, and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation to cut him out a pair of breeches.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH entered on that sober age,
When men withdraw from fashion's stage,
And leave the follies of the day,
To shape their course a graver way;
Still those gay scenes I loiter round,
In which my youth sweet transport found;
And though I feel their joys decay,
And languish every hour away—
Yet like an exile doom'd to part
From the dear country of his heart,
From the fair spot in which he sprung,
Where his first notes of love were sung,
Will often turn to wave the hand,
And sigh his blessings on the land;
Just so my lingering watch I keep—
Thus oft I take my farewell peep.
And, like that pilgrim, who retreats,
Thus lagging from his parent seats,
When the sad thought pervades his mind,
That the fair land he leaves behind
Is ravaged by a foreign foe,
Its cities waste, its temples low,

And ruined all those haunts of joy
That gave him rapture when a boy ;
Turns from it with averted eye,
And while he heaves the anguish'd sigh,
Scarce feels regret that the loved shore
Shall beam upon his sight no more ;
Just so it grieves my soul to view,
While breathing forth a fond adieu,
The innovations pride has made,
The fustian, frippery, and parade,
That now usurp with mawkish grace
Pure tranquil pleasure's wonted place !
'Twas joy we looked for in my prime,
That idol of the olden time ;
When all our pastimes had the art
To please and not mislead the heart.
Style curs'd us not—that modern flash,
That love of racket and of trash,
Which scares at once all feeling joys,
And drowns delight in empty noise ;
Which barters friendship, mirth and truth,
The artless air, the bloom of youth,
And all those gentle sweets that swarm
Round nature in her simplest form,
For cold display, for hollow state,
The trappings of the would-be great.
Oh ! once again those days recall,
When heart met heart in fashion's hall,
When every honest guest would flock
To add his pleasure to the stock,
More fond his transports to express,

Than show the tinsel of his dress!—
These were the times that clasp'd the soul
In gentle friendship's soft control;
Our fair ones, unprofan'd by art,
Content to gain one honest heart,
No train of sighing swains desired,
Sought to be loved and not admired.
But now 'tis form, not love unites;
'Tis show, not pleasure that invites.
Each seeks the ball to play the queen,
To flirt, to conquer, to be seen:
Each grasps at universal sway,
And reigns the idol of the day;
Exults amid a thousand sighs,
And triumphs when a lover dies.
Each belle a rival belle surveys,
Like deadly foe, with hostile gaze;
Nor can her "dearest friend" caress,
Till she has slily scann'd her dress;
Ten conquests in one year will make,
And six eternal friendships break!
How oft I breathe the inward sigh,
And feel the dew-drop in my eye,
When I behold some beauteous frame,
Divine in everything but name,
Just venturing, in the tender age,
On fashion's late new fangled stage!
Where soon the guiltless heart shall cease
To beat in artlessness and peace;
Where all the flowers of gay delight
With which youth decks its prospects bright,

Shall wither 'mid the cares, the strife,
The cold realities of life!
  Thus lately, in my careless mood,
As I the world of fashion view'd,
While celebrating, great and small,
That great solemnity—a ball,
My roving vision chanced to light
On two sweet forms divinely bright;
Two sister nymphs, alike in face,
In mien, in loveliness, and grace;
Twin rosebuds, bursting into bloom,
In all their brilliance and perfume:
Like those fair forms that often beam
Upon the eastern poet's dream!
For Eden had each lovely maid
In native innocence arrayed—
And heaven itself had almost shed
Its sacred halo round each head!
  They seem'd, just entering hand-in-hand,
To cautious tread this fairy land:
To take a timid, hasty view,
Enchanted with a scene so new.
The modest blush, untaught by art,
Bespoke their purity of heart;
And every timorous act unfurl'd
Two souls unspotted by the world.
  Oh, how these strangers joy'd my sight
And thrilled my bosom with delight!
They brought the visions of my youth
Back to my soul in all their truth;
Recall'd fair spirits into day,

That time's rough hand had swept away!
Thus the bright natives from above,
Who come on messages of love,
Will bless, at rare and distant whiles,
Our sinful dwelling by their smiles!
Oh! my romance of youth is past,
Dear airy dreams too bright to last!
Yet when such forms as these appear,
I feel your soft remembrance here;
For, ah! the simple poet's heart,
On which fond love once play'd its part,
Still feels the soft pulsations beat,
As loath to quit their former seat.
Just like the harp's melodious wire,
Swept by a bard with heavenly fire,
Though ceased the loudly-swelling strain,
Yet sweet vibrations long remain.
Full soon I found the lovely pair
Had sprung beneath a mother's care,
Hard by a neighboring streamlet's side,
At once its ornament and pride,
The beauteous parent's tender heart
Had well fulfilled its pious part;
And, like the holy man of old,
As we're by sacred writings told,
Who, when he from his pupil sped,
Pour'd two-fold blessings on his head—
So this fond mother had imprest
Her early virtues in each breast,
And as she found her stock enlarge,
Had stampt new graces on her charge.

Shall wither 'mid the cares, the strife,
The cold realities of life!
  Thus lately, in my careless mood,
As I the world of fashion view'd,
While celebrating, great and small,
That great solemnity—a ball,
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Two souls unspotted by the world.
  Oh, how these strangers joy'd my sight
And thrilled my bosom with delight!
They brought the visions of my youth
Back to my soul in all their truth;
Recall'd fair spirits into day,

The faded cheek, the long-drawn sigh ;
And let it be your constant aim
To keep the fair ones still the same :
Two sister hearts, unsullied, bright
As the first beam of lucid light,
That sparkles from the youthful sun,
When first his jocund race begun.
So when these hearts shall burst their shrine
To wing their flight to realms divine,
They may to radiant mansions rise
Pure as when first they left the skies.

NO. X.—SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

THE long interval which has elapsed since the publication of our last nnmber, like many other remarkable events, has given rise to much conjecture and excited considerable solicitude. It is but a day or two since I heard a knowing young gentleman observe, that he suspected Salmagundi would be a nine days wonder, and had even prophesied that the ninth would be our last effort. But the age of prophecy, as well as that of chivalry, is past; and no reasonable man should now venture to foretell aught but what he is determined to bring about himself. He may then, if he please, monopolize prediction, and be honored as a prophet even in his own country.

Though I hold whether we write, or not write, to be none of the public's business, yet as I have just heard of the loss of three thousand votes at least to the Clintonians, I feel in a remarkably dulcet humor thereupon, and will give some account of the reasons which induced us to resume our useful labors, or rather our amusement; for if writing cost either of us a moment's labor, there is not a man but what would hang up his pen, to the great detriment of the world at large, and of our publisher in particular; who has actually bought himself a pair of trunk breeches, with the profits of our writings ! !

He informs me that several persons having called last Saturday for No. X. took the disappointment so much to heart that he really apprehended some terrible catastrophe; and one good-looking man, in particular, declared his intention of quitting the country if the work was not continued. Add to this, the town has grown quite m[illegible] last fortnight; and several young ladies have [illegible] hearing, that if another number did not make h[illegible]on, they would be obliged to amuse themselves [illegible]eir beaux and making them miserable. Now a[illegible]aders there was no flattery in this, for they no m[illegible]ne of being Launcelot Langstaff, than they susp[illegible]ing the emperor of China, or the man in the moon.

I have also received several letters complaining of our indolent procrastination; and one of my correspondents assures me, that a number of young gentlemen, who had not read a book through since they left school, but who have taken a wonderful liking to our paper, will certainly relapse into their old habits unless we go on.

For the sake therefore, of all these good people, and most especially for the satisfaction of the ladies, every one of whom we would love, if we possibly could, I have again wielded my pen with a most hearty determination to set the whole world to rights; to make cherubims and seraphs of all the fair ones of this enchanting town, and raise the spirits of the poor federalists, who, in truth, seem to be in a sad taking, ever since the American-Ticket met with the accident of being so unhappily thrown out.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR:

I felt myself hurt and offended by Mr. Evergreen's terrible philippic against modern music, in No. II. of your work, and was under serious apprehension that his strictures might bring the art, which I have the honor to profess, into contempt. The opinion of yourself and fraternity appears indeed to have a wonderful effect upon the town. I am told the ladies are all employed in reading Bunyan and Pamela, and the waltz has been entirely forsaken ever since the winter balls have closed. Under these apprehensions I should have addressed you before, had I not been sedulously employed, while the theatre continued open, in supporting the astonishing variety of the orchestra, and in composing a new chime or Bob-Major for Trinity Church, to be rung during the summer, beginning with ding-dong di-do, instead of di-do ding-dong. The citizens, especially those who live in the neighborhood of that harmonious quarter, will, no doubt, be infinitely delighted with this novelty.

But to the object of this communication. So far, sir, from agreeing with Mr. Evergreen in thinking that all modern music is but the mere dregs and drainings of the ancient, I trust, before this letter is concluded, I shall convince you and him that some of the late professors of this enchanting art have completely distanced the paltry efforts of the ancients; and that I, in particular, have at length brought it almost to absolute perfection.

The Greeks, simple souls! were astonished at the powers of Orpheus, who made the woods and rocks dance to his lyre;—of Amphion, who converted crotchets into bricks, and quavers into mortar; and of Arion, who won upon the compassion of the fishes. In the fervency of admiration, their poets fabled that

Apollo had lent them his lyre, and inspired them with his own spirit of harmony. What then would they have said had they witnessed the wonderful effects of my skill? had they heard me in the compass of a single piece, describe in glowing notes one of the most sublime operations of nature; and not only make inanimate objects dance, but even speak; and not only speak, but speak in strains of exquisite harmony?

Let me not, however, be understood to say that I am the sole author of this extraordinary improvement in the art, for I confess I took the hint of many of my discoveries from some of those meritorious productions that have lately come abroad and made so much noise under the title of overtures. From some of these, as, for instance, Lodoiska, and the battle of Marengo, a gentleman, or a captain in the city militia, or an amazonian young lady may indeed acquire a tolerable idea of military tactics, and become very well experienced in the firing of musketry, the roaring of cannon, the rattling of drums, the whistling of fifes, braying of trumpets, groans of the dying, the trampling of cavalry, without ever going to the wars; but it is more especially in the art of imitating inimitable things, and giving the language of every passion and sentiment of the human mind, so as entirely to do away the necessity of speech, that I particularly excel the most celebrated musicians of ancient and modern times.

I think, sir, I may venture to say there is not a sound in the whole compass of nature which I cannot imitate, and even improve upon—nay, what I consider the perfection of my art, I have discovered a method of expressing, in the most striking manner, that undefinable, indescribable silence which accompanies the falling of snow.

In order to prove to you that I do not arrogate to myself

what I am unable to perform, I will detail to you the different movements of a grand piece, which I pride myself upon exceedingly, called the "Breaking up of the Ice in the North River."

The piece opens with a gentle *andante affetuoso*, which ushers you into the Assembly-room in the State House at Albany, where the speaker addresses the farewell speech, informing the members that the ice is about breaking up, and thanking them for their great services and good behavior in a manner so pathetic as to bring tears into their eyes.—Flourish of Jack-a-donkies.—Ice cracks; Albany in a hubbub:—air, "Three children sliding on the ice, all on a summer's day."—Citizens quarrelling in Dutch;—chorus of a tin trumpet, a cracked fiddle, and a hand-saw!—*allegro moderato.*—Hard frost:—this, if given with proper spirit, has a charming effect, and sets everybody's teeth chattering.—Symptoms of snow—consultation of old women who complain of pains in the bones and *rheumatics;*—air, "There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket," etc.,—*allegro staccato;* wagon breaks into the ice;—people all run to see what is the matter;—air, *siciliano;*—"Can you row the boat ashore, Billy boy, Billy boy:"—*andante;*—frost fish froze up in the ice;—air—"Ho, why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray, and why does thy nose look so blue?"—Flourish of two-penny trumpets and rattles;—consultation of the North River Society;—determine to set the North River on fire, as soon as it will burn;—air—"O, what a fine kettle of fish."

Part II.—*Great Thaw.*—This consists of the most melting strains, flowing so smoothly as to occasion a great overflowing of scientific rapture; air—"One misty moisty morning." The House of Assembly breaks up—air—"The owls came out and flew about.—Assembly-men embark on their way to New York—air—"The ducks and geese they all swim over, fal, de ral," etc.—

Vessel sets sail—chorus of mariners—"Steer her up, and let her gang." After this a rapid movement conducts you to New York—the North River Society hold a meeting at the corner of Wall street, and determine to delay burning till all the Assembly-men are safe at home, for fear of consuming some of their own members, who belong to that respectable body. Return again to the capital.—Ice floats down the river;—lamentation of skaters; air, *affetuoso*—"I sigh and lament me in vain," etc.—Albanians cutting up sturgeon:—air—"O the roast beef of Albany."—Ice runs against Polopoy's island with a terrible crash.—This is represented by a fierce fellow travelling with his fiddlestick over a huge bass viol, at the rate of one hundred and fifty bars a minute, and tearing the music to rags; this being what is called execution. The great body of ice passes West Point, and is saluted by three or four dismounted cannon from Fort Putnam—"Jefferson's March," by a full band;—air, "Yankee Doodle," with seventy-six variations, never before attempted, except by the celebrated eagle which flutters his wings over the copper-bottomed angel at Messrs. Paff's in Broadway. Ice passes New York; conch-shell sounds at a distance—ferrymen call o-v-e-r;—people run down Courtlandt street—ferry-boat sets sail—air, accompanied by the conch-shell—"We'll all go over the ferry,"—Rondeau—giving a particular account of Brom, the Powles Hook admiral, who is supposed to be closely connected with the North River Society.—The Society make a grand attempt to fire the stream, but are utterly defeated by a remarkable high tide, which brings the plot to light; drowns upward of a thousand rats, and occasions twenty robins to break their necks.*—Society not being discou-

* *Vide*—Solomon Lang.

raged, apply to "Common Sense" for his lantern ;—air—"Nose, nose, jolly red nose." Flock of wild geese fly over the city ;—old wives chatter in the fog ;—cocks crow at Communipaw—drums beat on Governor's Island—The whole to conclude with the blowing up of Sand's powder-house.

Thus, sir, you perceive what wonderful powers of expression have been hitherto locked up in this enchanting art : a whole history is here told without the aid of speech, or writing ; and provided the hearer is in the least acquainted with music, he cannot mistake a single note. As to the blowing up of the powder-house, I look upon it as a *chef d'œuvre*, which I am confident will delight all modern amateurs, who very properly estimate music in proportion to the noise it makes, and delight in thundering canon and earthquakes.

I must confess, however, it is a very difficult part to manage, and I have already broken six pianos in giving it the proper force and effect. But I do not despair, and am quite certain that by the time I have broken eight or ten more, I shall have brought it to such perfection, as to be able to teach any young lady of tolerable ear, to thunder it away to the infinite delight of papa and mamma, and the great annoyance of those Vandals who are so barbarous as to prefer the simple melody of a Scots air, to the sublime effusions of modern musical doctors.

In my warm anticipations of future improvement I have sometimes almost convinced myself that music will, in time, be brought to such a climax of perfection as to supersede the necessity of speech and writing ; and every kind of social intercourse be conducted by the flute and fiddle. The immense benefits that will result from this improvement must be plain to every man of the least consideration. In the present unhappy situation of mortals, a man has but one way of making himself

perfectly understood ; if he loses his speech, he must inevitably be dumb all the rest of his life ; but having once learned this new musical language, the loss of speech will be a mere trifle not worth a moment's uneasiness. Not only this, Mr. L., but it will add much to the harmony of domestic intercourse ; for it is certainly much more agreeable to hear a lady give lectures on the piano than, *vivâ voce*, in the usual discordant measure. This manner of discoursing may also, I think, be introduced with great effect into our national assemblies, where every man, instead of wagging his tongue, should be obliged to flourish a fiddle-stick, by which means, if he said nothing to the purpose, he would at all events "discourse most eloquent music," which is more than can be said of most of them present. They might also sound their own trumpets without being obliged to a hireling scribbler, for an immortality of nine days, or subjected to the censure of egotism.

But the most important result of this discovery is that it may be applied to the establishment of that great desideratum, in the learned world, a universal language. Wherever this science of music is cultivated, nothing more will be more necessary than a knowledge of its alphabet ; which, being almost the same everywhere, will amount to a universal medium of communication. A man may thus, with his violin under his arm, a piece of rosin, and a few bundles of catcut, fiddle his way through the world, and never be at a loss to make himself understood.

I am etc.,

DEMY SEMIQUAVER.

THE STRANGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT, THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER I.

Cross the Delaware—knew I was in Pennsylvania, because all the people were fat and looked like the statue of William Penn—Bristol—very remarkable for having nothing in it worth the attention of the traveller—saw Burlington on the opposite side of the river—fine place for pigeon-houses—and why?—Pennsylvania famous for barns—cattle in general better lodged than the farmers—barns appear to be built, as the old Roman peasant planted his trees, "for posterity and the immortal gods." Saw several fine bridges of two or three arches, built over dry places—wondered what could be the use of them—reminded me of the famous bridge at Madrid, built over no water—Chamouny—floating bridge made of pine logs fastened together by ropes of walnut bark—strange that the people who have such a taste for bridges should not have taken advantage of this river to indulge in their favorite kind of architecture!—expressed my surprise to a fellow passenger, who observed to me with great gravity, "that nothing was more natural than that people who build bridges over dry places should neglect them where they are really necessary"—could not, for the head of me, see to the bottom of the man's reasoning—about half an hour after it struck me that he had been quizzing me a little—didn't care much about that—revenge myself by mentioning him in my book. Village of Washington—very pleasant, and remarkable for being built on each side of the road—houses all cast in the same mould—have a very Quakerish appearance,

being built of stone, plastered and white-washed, and green doors, ornamented with brass knockers, kept very bright—saw several genteel young ladies scouring them—which was no doubt the reason of their brightness. Breakfasted at the Fox Chase —recommend this house to all gentlemen travelling for information, as the landlady makes the best buckwheat cakes in the whole world; and because it bears the same name with a play, written by a young gentleman of Philadelphia, which, notwithstanding its very considerable merit, was received at that city with indifference and neglect, because it had no puns in it. Frankfort *in the mud*—very picturesque town, situated on the edge of a pleasant swamp—or meadow, as they call it—houses all built of turf, cut in imitation of stone—poor substitute—took in a couple of Princeton students, who were going on to the southward, to tell their papas (or rather their mammas), what fine manly little boys they were, and how nobly they resisted the authority of the trustees—both pupils of Godwin and Tom Paine—talked about the rights of man, the social compact, and the perfectibility of boys—hope their parents will whip them when they get home, and send them back to college without any spending money. Turnpike gates—direction to keep to the right, as the law directs—very good advice, in my opinion; but one of the students swore he had no idea of submitting to this kind of oppression, and insisted on the driver's taking the left passage, in order to show the world we were not to be imposed upon by such arbitrary rules—driver, who, I believe, had been a student at Princeton himself, shook his head like a professor, and said it would not do. Entered Philadelphia through the suburbs—four little markets in a herd—one turned into a school for young ladies—mem. young ladies early in the market here—pun—good.

CHAPTER II.

VERY ill—confined to my bed with a violent fit of the *pun* mania—strangers always experience an attack of the kind on their first arrival, and undergo a *seasoning* as Europeans do in the West Indies. In my way from the stage-office to Renshaw's I was accosted by a good-looking young gentleman from New Jersey, who had caught the infection—he took me by the button and informed me of a contest that had lately taken place between a tailor and shoemaker about I forget what ;—SNIP was pronounced a fellow of great *capability*, a man of gentlemanly *habits*, who would doubtless *suit* everybody The shoemaker *bristled* up at this, and *waxed* exceeding wroth—swore the tailor was but a *half-souled* fellow, and that it was to *shew* he was never *cut-out* for a gentleman. The *choler* of the tailor was up in an instant, he swore by his thimble that he would never *pocket* such an insult, but would *baste* any man who dared to repeat it.—Honest CRISPIN was now worked up to his proper *pitch*, and was determined to yield the tailor no *quarters* ;—he vowed he would lose his *all* but what he would gain his *ends*. He resolutely held on to the *last*, and on his threatening to *backstrap* his adversary, the tailor was obliged to *sheer* off, declaring, at the same time, that he would have him *bound over*. The young gentleman, having finished his detail, gave a most obstreperous laugh, and hurried off to tell his story to somebody else —*Licentia punica*, as Horace observes—it did my business—I went home, took to my bed, and was two days confined with this singular complaint.

Having, however, looked about me with the Argus eyes of a traveller, I have picked up enough in the course of my walk from the stage-office to the hotel, to give a full and impartial

account of this remarkable city. According to the good old rule, I shall begin with the etymology of its name, which according to Linkum Fidelius, Tom. LV. is clearly derived, either from the name of its first founder, viz. PHILO DRIPPING-PAN, or the singular taste of the aborigines, who flourished there on his arrival. Linkum, who is as shrewd a fellow as any theorist or F. S. A. for peeping with a dark lantern into the lumber garret of antiquity, and lugging out all the trash which was left there for oblivion by our wiser ancestors, supports his opinion by a prodigious number of ingenious and inapplicable arguments; but particularly rests his position on the known fact, that Philo Dripping-pan was remarkable for his predilection to eating, and his love of what the learned Dutch call *doup*. Our erudite author likewise observes that the citizens are to this day noted for their love of "a sop in the pan," and their portly appearance, "except, indeed," continues he, "the young ladies, who are perfectly genteel in their dimensions—this, however, he illnaturedly enough attributes to their eating pickles, and drinking vinegar.

The Philadelphians boast much of the situation and plan of their city, and well may they, since it is undoubtedly, as fair and square, and regular, and right angled, as any mechanical genius could possibly have made it. I am clearly of opinion that this hum drum regularity has a vast effect on the character of its inhabitants and even on their looks, "for you will observe," writes Linkum, "that they are an honest, worthy, square, good-looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight-forward, clock-work, clear-headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright, kind of people, who always go to work methodically, never put the cart before the horse, talk like a book, walk mathematically, never turn but in right angles, think syllogistically, and pun theoreti-

cally, according to the genuine rules of Cicero and Dean Swift; —whereas the people of New York—God help them—tossed about over hills and dales, through lanes and alleys, and crooked streets—continually mounting and descending, turning and twisting—whisking off at tangents, and left-angle-triangles, just like their own queer, odd, topsy-turvy rantipole city, are the most irregular, crazy headed, quicksilver, eccentric, whim-whamsical set of mortals that ever were jumbled together in this uneven, villainous revolving globe, and are the very antipodeans to the Philadelphians."

The streets of Philadelphia are wide and straight, which is wisely ordered, for the inhabitants having generally crooked noses, and most commonly travelling hard after them, the good folks would undoubtedly soon *go to the wall*, in the crooked streets of our city. This fact of the crooked noses has not been hitherto remarked by any of our American travellers, but must strike every stranger of the least observation. There is, however, one place which I would recommend to all my fellow-citizens, who may come after me, as a promenade—I mean Dock street—the only street in Philadelphia that bears any resemblance to New York—how tender, how exquisite are the feelings awakened in the breast of a traveller, when his eye encounters some object which reminds him of his far distant country! The pensive New Yorker, having drank his glass of porter, and smoked his cigar after dinner (by the way I would recommend Sheaff, as selling the best Philadelphia), may here direct his solitary steps and indulge in that mellow tenderness in which the sentimental Kotzebue erst delighted to wallow—he may recall the romantic scenery and graceful windings of Maiden Lane, and Pearl street, trace the tumultuous gutter in its harmonious meanderings, and almost fancy he beholds the moss-crowned roof

of the Bear Market, or the majestic steeple of St. Paul's towering to the clouds.—Perhaps, too, he may have left behind him some gentle fair one, who, all the live-long evening, sits pensively at the window, leaning on her elbows, and counting the lingering, lame and broken-winded moments that so tediously lengthen the hours which separate her from the object of her contemplations !—delightful Lethe of the soul—sunshine of existence—wife and children poking up the cheerful evening fire —paper windows, mud walls, love in a cottage—sweet sensibility—and all that.

Everybody has heard of the famous Bank of Pennsylvania, which, since the destruction of the tomb of Mausolus, and the Colossus of Rhodes, may fairly be estimated as one of the wonders of the world. My landlord thinks it unquestionably the finest building upon earth. The honest man has never seen the theatre in New York, or the new brick church at the head of Rector street, which, when finished, will beyond all doubt be infinitely superior to the Pennsylvania barns I noted before.

Philadelphia is a place of great trade and commerce—not but that it would have been much more so, that is had it been built on the site of New York : but as New York has engrossed its present situation, I think Philadelphia must be content to stand where it does at present—at any rate it is not Philadelphia's fault, nor is it any concern of mine, so I shall not make myself uneasy about the affair. Besides, to use Trim's argument, were that city to stand where New York does, it might perhaps have the misfortune to be called New York and not Philadelphia, which would be quite another matter, and this portion of my travels had undoubtedly been smothered before it was born—which would have been a thousand pities indeed.

Of the manufactures of Philadelphia, I can say but little,

except that the people are famous for an excellent kind of confectionery, made from the drainings of sugar. The process is simple as any in Mrs. Glass's excellent and useful work (which I hereby recommend to the fair hands of all young ladies, who are not occupied in reading Moore's poems)—you buy a pot—put your molasses in your pot—(if you can beg, borrow, or steal your molasses it will come much cheaper than if you buy it)—boil your molasses to a proper consistency; but if you boil it too much, it will be none the better for it—then pour it off and let it cool, or draw it out into little pieces about nine inches long, and put it by for use. This manufacture is called by the Bostonians *lasses candy*, by the New Yorkers, *cock-a-nee-nee*—but by the polite Philadelphians, by a name utterly impossible to pronounce.

The Philadelphia ladies are some of them beautiful, some of them tolerably good looking, and some of them, to say the truth, are not at all handsome. They are, however, very agreeable in general, except those who are reckoned witty, who, if I might be allowed to speak my mind, are very disagreeable, particularly to young gentlemen, who are travelling for information. Being fond of tea-parties, they are a little given to criticism—but are in general remarkably discreet, and very industrious as I have been assured by some of my friends. Take them all in all, however, they are much inferior to the ladies of New York, as plainly appears, from several young gentlemen having fallen in love with some of our belles, after resisting all the female attractions of Philadelphia. From this inferiority, I except one, who is the most amiable, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, and the most of everything that constitutes the divinity of woman—mem.—*golden apple!*

The amusements of the Philadelphians are dancing, punning, tea-parties, and theatrical exhibitions. In the first, they are far inferior to the young people of New York, owing to the misfortune of their mostly preferring to idle away time in the cultivation of the head instead of the heels. It is a melancholy fact that an infinite number of young ladies in Philadelphia, whose minds are elegantly accomplished in literature, have sacrificed to the attainment of such trifling acquisitions, the pigeon-wing, the waltz, the Cossack dance, and other matters of equal importance. On the other hand they excel the New Yorkers in punning, and in the management of tea-parties. In New York you never hear, except from some young gentleman just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, a single attempt at punning, and at a tea-party, the ladies in general are disposed close together, like a setting of jewels, or pearls round a locket, in all the majesty of good behavior—and if a gentleman wishes to have a conversation with one of them, about the backwardness of the spring, the improvements in the theatre, or the merits of his horse, he is obliged to march up in the face of such volleys of eye-shot! such a formidable artillery of glances! If he escapes annihilation, he should cry out a miracle! and never encounter such dangers again. I remember to have once heard a very valiant British officer, who had served with great credit for some years in the train-bands, declare with a veteran oath, that sooner than encounter such deadly peril, he would fight his way clear through a London mob, though he were pelted with brick-bats all the time. Some ladies who were present at this declaration of the gallant officer, were inclined to consider it a great compliment, until one, more knowing than the rest, declared, with a little piece of a sneer, "that they were very

obliged to him for likening the company to a London and their glances to brick-bats." The officer looked blue, l on his heel, made a fine retreat, and went home with a nination to quiz the American ladies as soon as he got to on.

NO. XI.—TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1807.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

CAPTAIN OF A KETCH, TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI.

THE deep shadows of midnight gather around me; the footsteps of the passengers have ceased in the streets, and nothing disturbs the holy silence of the hour save the sound of the distant drums, mingled with the shouts, the bawlings, and the discordant revelry of his majesty, the Sovereign Mob. Let the hour be sacred to friendship, and consecrated to thee, O thou brother of my inmost soul!

Oh, Asem! I almost shrink at the recollection of the scenes of confusion, of licentious disorganization which I have witnessed during the last three days. I have beheld this whole city, nay, this whole State, given up to the tongue and the pen; to the puffers, the bawlers, the babblers, and the slang-whangers. I have beheld the community convulsed with a civil war, or civil talk; individuals verbally massacred, families annihilated by whole sheets full, and slang-whangers coolly bathing their pens in ink and rioting in the slaughter of their thousands. I have seen, in short, that awful despot, the People, in the moment of unlimited power, wielding newspapers in one hand,

and with the other scattering mud and filth about, like some desperate lunatic relieved from the restraints of his strait waistcoat. I have seen beggars on horseback, ragamuffins riding in coaches, and swine seated in places of honor; I have seen liberty; I have seen equality; I have seen fraternity! I have seen that great political puppet-show—AN ELECTION.

A few days ago the friend, whom I have mentioned in some of my former letters, called upon me to accompany him to witness this grand ceremony; and we forthwith sallied out to the polls, as he called them. Though for several weeks before this splendid exhibition nothing else had been talked of, yet I do assure thee I was entirely ignorant of its nature; and when, on coming up to a church, my companion informed me we were at the polls, I supposed that an election was some great religious ceremony like the fast of Ramazan, or the great festival of Haraphat, so celebrated in the East.

My friend, however, undeceived me at once, and entered into a long dissertation on the nature and object of an election, the substance of which was nearly to this effect: "You know," said he, "that this country is engaged in a violent internal warfare, and suffers a variety of evils from civil dissensions. An election is the grand trial of strength, the decisive battle when the belligerents draw out their forces in martial array; when every leader, burning with warlike ardor, and encouraged by the shouts and acclamations of tatterdemalions, buffoons, dependents, parasites, toad-eaters, scrubs, vagrants, mumpers, ragamuffins, bravoes, and beggars, in his rear; and puffed up by his bellows-blowing slang-whangers, waves gallantly the banners of faction, and presses forward TO OFFICE AND IMMORTALITY!

"For a month or two previous to the critical period which is to decide this important affair, the whole community is in a

ferment. Every man, of whatever rank or degree—such is the wonderful patriotism of the people—disinterestedly neglects his business to devote himself to his country; and not an insignificant fellow but feels himself inspired, on this occasion, with as much warmth in favor of the cause he has espoused, as if all the comfort of his life, or even his life itself, was dependent on the issue. Grand councils of war are, in the first place, called by the different powers, which are dubbed general meetings, where all the head workmen of the party collect, and arrange the order of battle—appoint the different commanders, and their subordinate instruments, and furnish the funds indispensable for supplying the expenses of the war. Inferior councils are next called in the different classes or wards, consisting of young cadets, who are candidates for offices; idlers who come there for mere curiosity; and orators who appear for the purpose of detailing all the crimes, the faults, or the weaknesses of their opponents, and *speaking the sense of the meeting*, as it is called; for as the meeting generally consists of men whose quota of sense, taken individually, would make but a poor figure, these orators are appointed to collect it all in a lump; when, I assure you, it makes a very formidable appearance, and furnishes sufficient matter to spin an oration of two or three hours.

"The orators who declaim at these meetings are, with a few exceptions, men of most profound and perplexed eloquence; who are the oracles of barbers' shops, market-places, and porter-houses; and who you may see every day at the corners of the streets, taking honest men prisoners by the button, and talking their ribs quite bare without mercy and without end. These orators, in addressing an audience, generally mount a chair, a table, or an empty beer barrel, which last is supposed to afford considerable inspiration, and thunder away their combustible

sentiments at the heads of the audience, who are generally so busily employed in smoking, drinking, and hearing themselves talk, that they seldom hear a word of the matter. This, however, is of little moment; for as they come there to agree, at all events, to a certain set of resolutions, or articles of war, it is not at all necessary to hear the speech; more especially as few would understand it if they did. Do not suppose, however, that the minor persons of the meeting are entirely idle. Besides smoking and drinking, which are generally practised, there are few who do not come with as great a desire to talk as the orator himself; each has his little circle of listeners, in the midst of whom he sets his hat on one side of his head, and deals out matter-of-fact information, and draws self-evident conclusions with the pertinacity of a pedant, and to the great edification of his gaping auditors. Nay, the very urchins from the nursery, who are scarcely emancipated from the dominion of birch, on these occasions strut pigmy great men, bellow for the instruction of grey-bearded ignorance, and, like the frog in the fable, endeavor to puff themselves up to the size of the great object of their emulation—the principal orator."

"But is it not preposterous to a degree," cried I, "for those puny whipsters to attempt to lecture age and experience? They should be sent to school to learn better." "Not at all," replied my friend; "for as an election is nothing more than a war of words, the man that can wag his tongue with the greatest elasticity, whether he speaks to the purpose or not, is entitled to lecture at ward meetings and polls, and instruct all who are inclined to listen to him; you may have remarked a ward meeting of politic dogs, where, although the great dog is, ostensibly, the leader, and makes the most noise, yet every little scoundrel of a cur has something to say; and in proportion to his insigni-

ficance, fidgets, and worries, and puffs about mightily, in order to obtain the notice and approbation of his betters. Thus it is with these little, beardless, bread-and-butter politicians, who, on this occasion, escape from the jurisdiction of their mammas to attend to the affairs of the nation. You will see them engaged in dreadful wordy contest with old cartmen, cobblers, and tailors, and plume themselves not a little if they should chance to gain a victory. Aspiring spirits! how interesting are the first dawnings of political greatness! An election, my friend, is a nursery or hot-bed of genius in a logocracy; and I look with enthusiasm on a troop of these Lilliputian partisans, as so many chatterers, and orators and puffers, and slang-whangers in embryo, who will one day take an important part in the quarrels, and wordy wars of their country.

"As the time for fighting the decisive battle approaches, appearances become more and more alarming; committees are appointed, who hold little encampments from whence they send out small detachments of tattlers, to reconnoitre, harass, and skirmish with the enemy, and, if possible, ascertain their numbers; everybody seems big with the mighty event that is impending; the orators they gradually swell up beyond their usual size; the little orators they grow greater and greater; the secretaries of the ward committees strut about looking like wooden oracles; the puffers put on the airs of mighty consequence; the slang-whangers deal out direful innuendoes, and threats of doughty import, and all is buzz, murmur, suspense, and sublimity!

"At length the day arrives. The storm that has been so long gathering and threatening in distant thunders, bursts forth in terrible explosion; all business is at an end; the whole city is in a tumult; the people are running helter-skelter, they know

not whither, and they know not why: the hackney coaches rattle through the streets with thundering vehemence, loaded with recruiting sergeants who have been prowling in cellars and caves, to unearth some miserable minion of poverty and ignorance, who will barter his vote for a glass of beer, or a ride in a coach with such *fine gentlemen!*—the buzzards of the party scamper from poll to poll, on foot or on horseback; and they worry from committee to committee, and buzz, and fume, and talk big, and—*do nothing:* like the vagabond drone, who wastes his time in the laborious idleness of *see-saw-song*, and busy nothingness."

I know not how long my friend would have continued his detail, had he not been interrupted by a squabble which took place between two *old continentals*, as they were called. It seems they had entered into an argument on the respective merits of their cause, and not being able to make each other clearly understood, resorted to what is called knock-down arguments, which form the superlative degree of *argumentum ad hominem;* but are, in my opinion, extremely inconsistent with the true spirit of a genuine logocracy. After they had beaten each other soundly, and set the whole mob together by the ears, they came to a full explanation; when it was discovered that they were both of the same way of thinking; whereupon they shook each other heartily by the hand, and laughed with great glee at their humorous misunderstanding.

I could not help being struck with the exceeding great number of ragged, dirty-looking persons that swaggered about the place, and seemed to think themselves the bashaws of the land. I inquired of my friend if these people were employed to drive away the hogs, dogs, and other intruders that might thrust themselves in and interrupt the ceremony? "By no means,"

replied he ; these are the representatives of the sovereign people, who come here to make governors, senators, and members of assembly, and are the source of all power and authority in this nation." "Preposterous !" said I ; "how is it possible that such men can be capable of distinguishing between an honest man and a knave ; or, even if they were, will it not always happen that they are led by the nose by some intriguing demagogue, and made the mere tools of ambitious political jugglers ? Surely it would be better to trust to Providence, or even to chance, for governors, than resort to the discriminating powers of an ignorant mob. I plainly perceive the consequence. A man, who possesses superior talents, and that honest pride which ever accompanies this possession, will always be sacrificed by some creeping insect who will prostitute himself to familiarity with the lowest of mankind ; and, like the idolatrous Egyptian, worship the wallowing tenants of filth and mire."

"All this is true enough," replied my friend, "but after all, you cannot say but that this is a free country, and that the people can get drunk cheaper here, particularly at elections, than in the despotic countries of the East." I could not, with any degree of propriety or truth, deny this last assertion ; for just at that moment a patriotic brewer arrived with a load of beer, which, for a moment, occasioned a cessation of argument. The great crowd of buzzards, puffers, and "old continentals" of all parties, who throng to the polls, to persuade, to cheat, or to force the freeholders into the right way, and to maintain the freedom of suffrage, seemed for a moment to forget their antipathies, and joined heartily in a copious libation of this patriotic and argumentative beverage.

These beer-barrels, indeed, seem to be most able logicians, well stored with that kind of sound argument best suited to the

comprehension, and most relished by the mob, or sovereign people, who are never so tractable as when operated upon by this convincing liquor, which, in fact, seems to be imbued with the very spirit of a logocracy. No sooner does it begin its operation, than the tongue waxes exceeding valorous, and becomes impatient for some mighty conflict. The puffer puts himself at the head of his body-guard of buzzards, and his legion of ragamuffins, and woe then to every unhappy adversary who is uninspired by the deity of the beer-barrel—he is sure to be talked, and argued, into complete insignificance.

While I was making these observations, I was surprised to observe a bashaw, high in office, shaking a fellow by the hand, that looked rather more ragged than a scarecrow, and inquiring with apparent solicitude concerning the health of his family; after which he slipped a little folded paper into his hand and turned away. I could not help applauding his humility in shaking the fellow's hand, and his benevolence in relieving his distresses, for I imagined the paper contained something for the poor man's necessities; and truly he seemed verging toward the last stage of starvation. My friend, however, soon undeceived me by saying that this was an elector, and that the bashaw had merely given him the list of candidates for whom he was to vote. "Ho! ho!" said I, "then he is a particular friend of the bashaw?" "By no means," replied my friend, "the bashaw will pass him without notice, the day after the election, except, perhaps, just to drive over him with his coach."

My friend then proceeded to inform me that for some time before, and during the continuance of an election, there was a most delectable courtship, or intrigue carried on between the great bashaws and the mother mob. That mother mob generally preferred the attentions of the rabble, or of fellows of her

own stamp; but would sometimes condescend to be treated to a feasting, or anything of that kind, at the bashaw's expense! Nay, sometimes when she was in good humor, she would condescend to toy with him in her rough way: but woe to the bashaw who attempted to be familiar with her, for she was the most petulant, cross, crabbed, scolding, thieving, scratching, toping, wrongheaded, rebellious, and abominable termagant that ever was let loose in the world to the confusion of honest gentlemen bashaws.

Just then a fellow came round and distributed among the crowd a number of handbills, written by the ghost of Washington, the fame of whose illustrious actions, and still more illustrious virtues, have reached even the remotest regions of the East, and who is venerated by this people as the Father of his country. On reading this paltry paper, I could not restrain my indignation. "Insulted hero," cried I, "is it thus thy name is profaned, thy memory disgraced, thy spirit drawn down from heaven to administer to the brutal violence of party rage? It is thus the necromancers of the East, by their infernal incantations, sometimes call up the shades of the just, to give their sanction to frauds, to lies, and to every species of enormity." My friend smiled at my warmth, and observed, that raising ghosts, and not only raising them but making them speak, was one of the miracles of election. "And believe me," continued he, "there is good reason for the ashes of departed heroes being disturbed on these occasions, for such is the sandy foundation of our government, that there never happens an election of an alderman, or a collector, or even a constable, but we are in imminent danger of losing our liberties, and becoming a province of France, or tributary to the British islands." "By the hump of Mahomet's camel," said I, "but this is only another striking

example of the prodigious great scale on which everything is transacted in this country !"

By this time I had become tired of the scene ; my head ached with the uproar of voices, mingling in all the discordant tones of triumphant exclamation, nonsensical argument, intemperate reproach, and drunken absurdity. The confusion was such as no language can adequately describe, and it seemed as if all the restraints of decency, and all the bands of law, had been broken and given place to the wide ravages of licentious brutality. These, thought I, are the orgies of liberty ! these are manifestations of the spirit of independence ! these are the symbols of man's sovereignty ! Head of Mahomet ! with what a fatal and inexorable despotism do empty names and ideal phantoms exercise their dominion over the human mind ! The experience of ages has demonstrated, that in all nations, barbarous or enlightened, the mass of the people, the mob, must be slaves, or they will be tyrants ; but their tyranny will not be long : some ambitious leader, having at first condescended to be their slave, will at length become their master ; and in proportion to the vileness of his former servitude, will be the severity of his subsequent tyranny. Yet, with innumerable examples staring them in the face, the people still bawl out liberty ; by which they mean nothing but freedom from every species of legal restraint, and a warrant for all kinds of licentiousness ; and the bashaws and leaders, in courting the mob, convince them of their power ; and by administering to their passions, for the purposes of ambition, at length learn, by fatal experience, that he who worships the beast that carries him on his back, will sooner or later be thrown into the dust, and trampled under foot by the animal who has learnt the secret of its power, by this very adoration. Ever thine, MUSTAPHA.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

MINE UNCLE JOHN.

TO those whose habits of abstraction may have let them into some of their own minds, and whose freedom from daily em at leisure to analyze their feelings, it will be r ay that the present is peculiarly the season of The flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of sp after their tedious absence, bring naturally to ast times and buried feelings; and the whispers o d grove, fall on the ear of contemplation, like the sweet tones of far distant friends whom the rude jostlers of the world have severed from us and cast far beyond our reach. It is at such times, that, casting backward many a lingering look, we recall, with a kind of sweet-souled melancholy, the days of our youth, and the jocund companions who started with us the race of life, but parted midway in the journey to pursue some winding path that allured them with a prospect more seducing, and never returned to us again. It is then, too, if we have been afflicted with any heavy sorrow, if we have even lost—and who has not !—an old friend or chosen companion, that his shade will hover around us ; the memory of his virtues press on the heart ; and a thousand endearing recollections, forgotten amidst the cold pleasures and midnight dissipations of winter, arise to our remembrance.

These speculations bring to my mind, MY UNCLE JOHN, the history of whose loves, and disappointments, I have promised to the world. Though I must own myself much addicted to forgetting my promises, yet, as I have been so happily reminded of this I believe I must pay it at once, "and there is an end." Lest

my readers—good-natured souls that they are!—should, in the ardor of peeping into millstones, take my uncle for an old acquaintance, I here inform them, that the old gentleman died a great many years ago, and it is impossible they should ever have known him. I pity them—for they would have known a good-natured, benevolent man, whose example might have been of service.

The last time I saw my uncle John, was fifteen years ago, when I paid him a visit at his old mansion. I found him reading a newspaper—for it was election-time, and he was always a warm federalist, and had made several converts to the true political faith in his time; particularly one old tenant who always, just before the election, became a violent anti —— in order that he might be convinced of his errors by my uncle, who never failed to reward his conviction by some substantial benefit.

After we had settled the affairs of the nation, and I had paid my respects to the old family chroniclers in the kitchen—an indispensable ceremony—the old gentleman exclaimed, with heartfelt glee, "Well, I suppose you are for a trout-fishing; I have got everything prepared; but first you must take a walk with me to see my improvements." I was obliged to consent; though I knew my uncle would lead me a most villainous dance, and in all probability treat me to a quagmire, or a tumble into a ditch. If my readers choose to accompany me in this expedition, they are welcome; if not, let them stay at home like lazy fellows—and sleep—or be hanged.

Though I had been absent several years, yet there was very little alteration in the scenery, and every object retained the same features it bore when I was a school-boy: for it was in this spot that I grew up in the fear of ghosts, and in the breaking of many of the ten commandments. The brook, or river, as

they would call it in Europe, still murmured with its wonted sweetness through the meadow; and its banks were still tufted with dwarf willows, that bent down to the surface. The same echo inhabited the valley, and the same tender air of repose pervaded the whole scene. Even my good uncle was but little altered, except that rown a little greyer, and his forehead had lost sor smoothness. He had, however, lost nothing of vity, and laughed heartily at the difficulty I fou up with him as he stumped through bushes, an edges; talking all the time about his improve g what he would do with such a spot of groun ree. At length, after showing me his stone fences, his famous two-year-old bull, his new invented cart, which was to go before the horse, and his Eclipse colt, he was pleased to return home to dinner.

After dinner and returning thanks—which with him was not a ceremony merely, but an offering from the heart—my uncle opened his trunk, took out his fishing-tackle, and, without saying a word, sallied forth with some of those truly alarming steps which Daddy Neptune once took when he was in a great hurry to attend the affair of the siege of Troy. Trout-fishing was my uncle's favorite sport; and, though I always caught two fish for his one, he never would acknowledge my superiority; but puzzled himself often and often, to account for such a singular phenomenon.

Following the current of the brook, for a mile or two, we retraced many of our old haunts, and told a hundred adventures which had befallen us at different times. It was like snatching the hour-glass of time, inverting it, and rolling back again the sands that had marked the lapse of years. At length the shadows began to lengthen, the south wind gradually settled

into a perfect calm, the sun threw his rays through the trees on the hill-tops in golden lustre, and a kind of Sabbath stillness pervaded the whole valley, indicating that the hour was fast approaching which was to relieve for a while the farmer from his rural labor, the ox from his toil, the school urchin from his primer, and bring the loving ploughman home to the feet of his blooming dairy-maid.

As we were watching in silence the last rays of the sun, beaming their farewell radiance on the high hills at a distance, my uncle exclaimed, in a kind of half desponding tone, while he rested his arm over an old tree that had fallen: "I know not how it is, my dear Launce, but such an evening, and such a still quiet scene as this, always makes me a little sad; and it is at such a time I am most apt to look forward with regret to the period when this farm, on which 'I have been young but now am old,' and every object around me that is endeared by long acquaintance—when all these and I must shake hands and part. I have no fear of death, for my life has afforded but little temptation to wickedness; and when I die, I hope to leave behind me more substantial proofs of virtue than will be found in my epitaph, and more lasting memorials than churches built or hospitals endowed, with wealth wrung from the hard hand of poverty, by an unfeeling landlord or unprincipled knave; but still, when I pass such a day as this and contemplate such a scene, I cannot help feeling a latent wish to linger yet a little longer in this peaceful asylum; to enjoy a little more sunshine in this world, and to have a few more fishing matches with my boy." As he ended, he raised his hand a little from the fallen tree, and, dropping it languidly by his side, turned himself toward home. The sentiment, the look, the action, all seemed to be prophetic. And so they were, for when I shook him by

the hand, and bade him farewell the next morning—it was for the last time!

He died a bachelor, at the age of sixty-three, though he had been all his life trying to get married, and always thought himself on the point of accomplishing his wishes. His disappointments were not ow[illegible] he deformity of his mind or person; for in his [illegible] reckoned handsome, and I myself can witness [illegible] had as kind a heart as ever was fashioned by [illegible]er were they owing to his poverty—which son[illegible] in an honest man's way—for he was born to the [illegible] small estate which was sufficient to establish l[illegible]itle of "one well-to do in the world." The truth is, my uncle had a prodigious antipathy to doing things in a hurry. "A man should consider," said he to me once, "that he can always get a wife, but cannot always get rid of her. For my part," continued he, "I am a young fellow, with the world before me"—he was about forty!—"and am resolved to look sharp, weigh matters well, and know what's what, before I marry: in short, Launce, *I don't intend to do the thing in a hurry, depend upon it.*" On this whim-wham he proceeded. He began with young girls, and ended with widows. The girls he courted until they grew old maids, or married out of pure apprehension of incurring certain penalties hereafter; and the widows, not having quite as much patience, generally at the end of a year, while the good man thought himself in the high road to success, married some *harum-scarum* young fellow, who had not such an antipathy *to doing things in a hurry.*

My uncle would have inevitably sunk under these repeated disappointments—for he did not want sensibility—had he not hit upon a discovery which set all to rights at once. He consoled his vanity—for he was a little vain, and soothed his pride—

which was his master passion—by telling his friends very significantly, while his eye would flash triumph, "*that he might have had her.*" Those who know how much of the bitterness of disappointed affection arises from wounded vanity and exasperated pride, will give my uncle credit for this discovery.

My uncle had been told by a prodigious number of married men, and had read in an innumerable quantity of books, that a man could not possibly be happy except in the marriage state; so he determined at an early age to marry, that he might not lose his only chance for happiness. He, accordingly, forthwith paid his addresses to the daughter of a neighboring gentleman farmer, who was reckoned the beauty of the whole world; a phrase by which the honest country people mean nothing more than the circle of their acquaintance, or that territory of land which is within sight of the smoke of their own hamlet.

This young lady, in addition to her beauty, was highly accomplished, for she had spent five or six months at a boarding-school in town; where she learned to work pictures in satin and paint sheep, that might be mistaken for wolves; to hold up her head, sit straight in her chair, and to think every species of useful acquirement beneath her attention. When she returned home, so completely had she forgotten everything she knew before, that on seeing one of the maids milking a cow, she asked her father, with an air of most enchanting ignorance, "what that odd-looking thing was doing to that queer animal?" The old man shook his head at this; but the mother was delighted at these symptoms of gentility, and so enamored of her daughter's accomplishments that she actually got framed a picture worked in satin by the young lady. It represented the tomb scene in Romeo and Juliet. Romeo was dressed in an orange-colored cloak, fastened round his neck with a large

golden clasp; a white satin tamboured waistcoat, leather breeches, blue silk stockings, and white topped boots. The amiable Juliet shone in a flame-colored gown, most gorgeously bespangled with silver stars, a high crowned muslin cap that reached to the top of the tomb; on her feet she wore a pair of short-quartered high-heeled shoes, and her waist was the exact fac-simile of an inverted sugarloaf. The head of the "noble county Paris" looked like a chimney-sweeper's brush that had lost its handle; and the cloak of the good Friar hung about him as gracefully as the armor of a rhinoceros. The good lady considered this picture as a splendid proof of her daughter's accomplishments, and hung it up in the best parlor, as an honest tradesman does his certificate of admission into that enlightened body yclept the Mechanic Society.

With this accomplished young lady then did my uncle John become deeply enamored, and, as it was his first love, he determined to bestir himself in an extraordinary manner. Once at least in a fortnight, and generally on a Sunday evening, he would put on his leather breeches, for he was a great beau, mount his grey horse Pepper, and ride over to see his Miss Pamela, though she lived upward of a mile off, and he was obliged to pass close by a churchyard, which at least a hundred creditable persons would swear was haunted! Miss Pamela could not be insensible to such proofs of attachment, and accordingly received him with considerable kindness; her mother always left the room when he came, and my uncle had as good as made a declaration, by saying, one evening, very significantly, "that he believed that he should soon change his condition;" when, somehow or other, he began to think he was *doing things in too great a hurry*, and that it was high time to consider: so he considered near a month about it, and there is no saying how

much longer he might have spun the thread of his doubts had he not been roused from this state of indecision, by the news that his mistress had married an attorney's apprentice, whom she had seen the Sunday before at church; where he had excited the applauses of the whole congregation by the invincible gravity with which he listened to a Dutch sermon. The young people in the neighborhood laughed a good deal at my uncle on the occasion, but he only shrugged his shoulders, looked mysterious, and replied, "*Tut boys! I might have had her.*"

NOTE BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

Our publisher, who is busily engaged in printing a celebrated work, which is perhaps more generally read in this city than any other book, not excepting the Bible—I mean the New York Directory—has begged so hard that we will not overwhelm him with too much of a good thing, that we have, with Langstaff's approbation, cut short the residue of uncle John's amours. In all probability it will be given in a future number, whenever Launcelot is in the humor for it—he is such an odd——but mum, for fear of another suspension.

NO. XII.— , JUNE 27, 1807.

F OW-CHAIR.

SOME men de of plants, in the dissection of a leaf, or t omplexion of a tulip; others are charmed with the ... the feathered race, or the varied hues of the insect tribe. A naturalist will spend hours in the fatiguing pursuit of a butterfly, and a man of the ton will waste whole years in the chase of a fine lady. I feel a respect for their avocations, for my own are somewhat similar. I love to open the great volume of human character; to me the examination of a beau is more interesting than that of a daffodil or narcissus, and I feel a thousand times more pleasure in catching a new view of human nature, than in kidnapping the most gorgeous butterfly—even an Emperor of Morocco himself!

In my present situation I have ample room for the indulgence of this taste; for, perhaps, there is not a house in this city more fertile in subjects for the anatomist of human character, than my Cousin Cockloft's. Honest Christopher, as I have before mentioned, is one of those hearty old cavaliers who pride themselves upon keeping up the good, honest unceremonious hospitality of old times. He is never so happy as when he has drawn about him a knot of sterling-hearted associates, and sits at the head of his table dispensing a warm, cheering welcome to all. His

countenance expands at every glass and beams forth emanations of hilarity, benevolence, and good-fellowship, that inspire and gladden every guest around him. It is no wonder, therefore, that such excellent social qualities should attract a host of friends and guests; in fact, my cousin is almost overwhelmed with them; and they all, uniformly, pronounce old Cockloft to be one of the finest old fellows in the world. His wine also always comes in for a good share of their approbation; nor do they forget to do honor to Mrs. Cockloft's cookery, pronouncing it to be modelled after the most approved recipes of Heliogabalus and Mrs. Glasse. The variety of company thus attracted is particularly pleasing to me; for, being considered a privileged person in the family, I can sit in a corner, indulge in my favorite amusement of observation, and retreat to my elbow-chair like a bee to his hive, whenever I have collected sufficient food for meditation.

Will Wizard is particularly efficient in adding to the stock of originals which frequent our house; for he is one of the most inveterate hunters of oddities I ever knew; and his first care, on making a new acquaintance, is to gallant him to old Cockloft's, where he never fails to receive the freedom of the house in a pinch from his gold box. Will has, without exception, the queerest, most eccentric, and indescribable set of intimates that ever man possessed; how he became acquainted with them I cannot conceive, except by supposing there is a secret attraction or unintelligible sympathy that unconsciously draws together oddities of every soil.

Will's great crony for some time was Tom Straddle, to whom he took a great liking. Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather, as the most learned English would call it, *Brummagem*, so

famous for its manufactories of gimlets, penknives, and pepper-boxes; and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham, sometimes had the honor to hand his master's daughter into a tim-whisky, was the oracle of the [illegible] frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his ass[illegible] would take his word for it, in boxing, beer-drink[illegible]er chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and oper[illegible]ddle was, moreover, a member of a Catch Cl[illegible]reat hand at ringing bob-majors; he was, of [illegible]te connoisseur of music, and entitled to assume t[illegible]all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a [illegible]outing Club, had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drugger, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorized to turn up his nose at any American performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners, given to the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to get a taste of turtle and turbot; and a smack of champagne and Burgundy; and he had heard a vast deal of the roast-beef of Old England; he was therefore epicure sufficient to d—n every dish, and every glass of wine, he tasted in America, though, at the same time, he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the Atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half-a-dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a noble duke; he could, therefore, talk of nobility and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self-important "*gemmen*" who bounce upon us half beau half button-maker; undertake to

give us the true polish of the *bon ton*, and endeavor to inspire us with a proper and dignified contempt of our native country.

Straddle was quite in raptures when his employers determined to send him to America as an agent. He considered himself as going among a nation of barbarians, where he would be received as a prodigy ; he anticipated, with a proud satisfaction, the bustle and confusion his arrival would occasion ; the crowd that would throng to gaze at him as he passed through the streets ; and had little doubt but that he should occasion as much curiosity as an Indian chief or a Turk in the streets of Birmingham. He had heard of the beauty of our women, and chuckled at the thought of how completely he should eclipse their unpolished beaux, and the number of despairing lovers that would mourn the hour of his arrival. I am even informed by Will Wizard that he put good store of beads, spike-nails, and looking-glasses in his trunk to win the affections of the fair ones as they paddled about in their bark canoes. The reason Will gave for this error of Straddle's, respecting our ladies, was, that he had read in Guthrie's Geography that the aborigines of America were all savages ; and not exactly understanding the word aborigines, he applied to one of his fellow-apprentices, who assured him that it was the Latin word for inhabitants.

Wizard used to tell another anecdote of Straddle, which always put him in a passion : Will swore that the captain of the ship told him, that when Straddle heard they were off the banks of Newfoundland, he insisted upon going on shore there to gather some good cabbages, of which he was excessively fond. Straddle, however, denied all this, and declared it to be a mischievous *quiz* of Will Wizard ; who indeed often made himself merry at his expense. However this may be, certain it is, he kept his tailor and shoemaker constantly employed for a month

before his departure; equipped himself with a smart crooked stick about eighteen inches long, a pair of breeches of most unheard-of length, a little short pair of Hoby's white-topped boots, that seemed to stand on tip-toe to reach his breeches, and his hat had the true trans-Atlantic declination toward his right ear. The fact was- ake any secret of it—he was determined to "*ast* *a few!*"

Straddle was no pointed on his arrival, to find the Americans were vilized than he had imagined; he was suffered to ings unmolested by a crowd, and even unnoticed lividual; no love-letters came pouring in upon hi.. y in wait to assassinate him; his very dress excited no attention, for there were many fools dressed equally ridiculously with himself. This was mortifying indeed to an aspiring youth, who had come out with the idea of astonishing and captivating. He was equally unfortunate in his pretensions to the character of critic, connoisseur, and boxer; he condemned our whole dramatic corps, and everything appertaining to the theatre; but his critical abilities were ridiculed; he found fault with old Cockloft's dinner, not even sparing his wine, and was never invited to the house afterward; he scoured the streets at night, and was cudgelled by a sturdy watchman; he hoaxed an honest mechanic, and was soundly kicked. Thus disappointed in all his attempts at notoriety, Straddle hit on the expedient which was resorted to by the *Giblets*—he determined to take the town by storm. He accordingly bought horses and equipages, and forthwith made a furious dash at style in a gig and tandem.

As Straddle's finances were but limited, it may easily be supposed that his fashionable career infringed a little upon his consignment, which was indeed the case, for to use a true cockney

phrase, *Brummagem suffered.* But this was a circumstance that made little impression upon Straddle, who was now a lad of spirit, and lads of spirit always despise the sordid cares of keeping another man's money. Suspecting this circumstance, I never could witness any of his exhibitions of style, without some whimsical association of ideas. Did he give an entertainment to a host of guzzling friends, I immediately fancied them gormandizing heartily at the expense of poor Birmingham, and swallowing a consignment of hand-saws and razors. Did I behold him dashing through Broadway in his gig, I saw him, "in my mind's eye," driving tandem on a nest of tea-boards; nor could I ever contemplate his cockney exhibitions of horsemanship, but my mischievous imagination would picture him spurring a cask of hardware, like rosy Bacchus bestriding a beer barrel, or the little gentleman who bestraddles the world in the front of Hutching's almanac.

Straddle was equally successful with the Giblets, as may well be supposed; for though pedestrian merit may strive in vain to become fashionable in Gotham, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognized, and like Philip's ass, laden with gold, will gain admittance everywhere. Mounted in his curricle or his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated on a high pedestal, his merits are discernible from afar, and strike the dullest optics. Oh, Gotham, Gotham! most enlightened of cities!—how does my heart swell with delight when I beheld your sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment!

Thus Straddle became quite a man of ton, and was caressed, and courted, and invited to dinners and balls. Whatever was absurd or ridiculous in him before, was now declared to be the style. He criticised our theatre, and was listened to with reverence.

He pronounced our musical entertainments barbarous; and the judgment of Apollo himself would not have been more decisive. He abused our dinners: and the god of eating, if there be any such deity, seemed to speak through his organs. He became at once a man of taste, for he put his malediction on everything; and his arguments w[illegible] for he supported every assertion with a bet. [illegible] pronounced, by the learned in the fashionable v[illegible] man of great research and deep observation; f[illegible] home, as natural curiosities, an ear of Indian c[illegible] occasins a belt of wampum, and a four-leaved cl[illegible] taken great pains to enrich this curious collection [illegible]n and a cataract, but without success. In fine, the people talked of Straddle and his equipage, and Straddle talked of his horses, until it was impossible for the most critical observer to pronounce, whether Straddle or his horses were most admired, or whether Straddle admired himself or his horses most.

Straddle was now in the zenith of his glory. He swaggered about parlors and drawing-rooms with the same unceremonious confidence he used to display in the taverns at Birmingham. He accosted a lady as he would a bar-maid; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New York and Harlem, and no one stood a chance of being accommodated, until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He d——d the landlords and waiters with the best air in the world, and accosted them with the true gentlemanly familiarity. He staggered from the dinner-table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and staid long enough to be bored to death, and to bore all those who had the misfortune to be near *him*. From thence he dashed off to a ball time enough to

flounder through a cotillon, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depredations, and make the whole company sensible of his infinite condescension in coming amongst them. The people of Gotham thought him a prodigious fine fellow; the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity; and his retainers were sometimes complimented with a seat in his curricle, or a ride on one of his fine horses. The belles were delighted with the attentions of such a fashionable gentleman, and struck with astonishment at his learned distinctions between wrought scissors and those of cast-steel; together with his profound dissertations on buttons and horse flesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an Englishman, and their wives treated him with great deference because he had come from beyond seas. I cannot help here observing that your salt water is a marvellous great sharpener of men's wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my acquaintance in a particular essay.

Straddle continued his brilliant career for only a short time. His prosperous journey over the turnpike of fashion was checked by some of those stumbling-blocks in the way of aspiring youth, called creditors, or duns—a race of people who, as a celebrated writer observes, "are hated by gods and men." Consignments slackened, whispers of distant suspicion floated in the dark, and those pests of society, the tailors and shoemakers, rose in rebellion against Straddle. In vain were all his remonstrances, in vain did he prove to them that though he had given them no money, yet he had given them more custom, and as many promises as any young man in the city. They were inflexible, and the signal of danger being given, a host of other prosecutors pounced upon his back. Straddle saw there was but one way for it; he determined to do the thing genteelly, to go to smash like

a hero, and dashed into the limits in high style, being the fifteenth gentleman I have known to drive tandem to the—*ne plus ultra*—the d——l.

Unfortunate Straddle! May thy fate be a warning to all young gentlemen who come out from Birmingham to astonish the natives! I should [illegible] a the trouble to delineate his character had he not [illegible] e cockney, and worthy to be the representative of [illegible] tribe. Perhaps my simple countrymen may be [illegible] to distinguish between the real English gentlem [illegible] uals of the cast I have heretofore spoken of, as [illegible] springing at one bound from contemptible obscu [illegible] laylight and splendor in this good-natured land. The true-born and true-bred English gentleman is a character I hold in great respect; and I love to look back to the period when our forefathers flourished in the same generous soil, and hailed each other as brothers. But the cockney!—when I contemplate him as springing, too, from the same source, I feel ashamed of the relationship, and am tempted to deny my origin. In the character of Straddle is traced the complete outline of a true cockney, of English growth, and a descendant of that individual facetious character mentioned by Shakspeare, "*who, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.*" *

* An amusing verification of the fidelity of the character of Tom Straddle, to the type of the Brummagem tourist, is afforded in an anecdote related in a Memoir of Irving, prefixed to the Paris edition of his works. "Some years ago," it reads, "a man who was prosecuted in Jamaica for a libellous publication, produced a volume of 'Salmagundi' on his trial. This publication, it appeared, had been copied literally, word for word, from the character of Tom Straddle, printed, sold, sent abroad, mischievously enough, to be sure, while one of those English travellers, whom Irving had so delightfully hit off, was in Jamaica, exploring and astonishing the natives."

THE STRANGER AT HOME; OR, A TOUR IN BROADWAY.

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT, THE YOUNGER.

PREFACE.

YOUR learned traveller begins his travels at the commencement of his journey; others begin theirs at the end; and a third class begin any how and anywhere, which I think is the true way. A late facetious writer begins what he calls a "Picture of New York," with a particular description of Glen's Falls, from whence, with admirable dexterity, he makes a digression to the celebrated Mill Rock on Long Island! Now, this is what I like; and I intend, in my present tour, to digress as often and as long as I please. If, therefore, I choose to make a hop, skip, and jump to China, or New Holland, or Terra Incognita, or Communipaw, I can produce a host of examples to justify me, even in books that have been praised by the English reviewers, whose *fiat* being all that is necessary to give books a currency in this country, I am determined, as soon as I finish my edition of travels in seventy-five volumes, to transmit it forthwith to them for judgment. If these trans-Atlantic censors praise it, I have no fear of its success in this country, where their approbation gives, like the Tower stamp, a fictitious value, and makes tinsel and wampum pass current for classic gold.

CHAPTER I.

BATTERY—flag-staff kept by Louis Keaffee—Keaffee maintains two spy-glasses by subscriptions—merchants pay two shillings a year to look through them at the signal poles on Staten

Island—a very pleasant prospect; but not so pleasant as that from the hill of Howth—quere, ever been there? Young seniors go down to the flag-staff to buy peanuts and beer, after the fatigue of their morning studies, and sometimes to play at ball, or some other innocent amusement—digression to the Olympic, and Isthmi a description of the Isthmus of Corinth, and tha to conclude with a disserta- tion on the Indian c— g a whiff of tobacco smoke to their great spirit. urn to the Battery—delight- ful place to indulge of sentiment. How various are the mutations of ut a few days, a few hours —at least not above years ago, and this spot was inhabited by a race of aborigines, who dwelt in bark huts, lived upon oysters and Indian corn, danced buffalo dances, and were lords "of the fowl and the brute; but the spirit of time, and the spirit of brandy have swept them from their ancient inheritance: and as the white wave of the ocean, by its ever toiling assiduity, gains on the brown land, so the white man, by slow and sure degrees, has gained on the brown savage, and dispossessed him of the land of his forefathers.—Conjectures on the first peopling of America—different opinions on that subject, to the amount of near one hundred—opinion of Augustine Torniel —that they are the descendants of Shem and Japheth, who came by the way of Japan to America.—Juffridius Petre says they came from Frizeland.—mem. cold journey—Mons. Charron says they are descended from the Gauls—bitter enough—A. Milius from the Celtæ—Kircher from the Egyptians—L'Compte from the Phenicians—Lescarbort from the Canaanites, alias the Anthropophagi—Brerewood from Tartars—Grotius from the Norwegians—and Linkum Fidelius has written two folio volumes to prove that America was first of all peopled either by the anti-

podeans or the Cornish miners, who, he maintains, might easily have made a subterranean passage to this country, particularly the antipodeans, who, he asserts, can get along under ground as fast as moles—quere, which of these is in the right, or are they all wrong? For my part, I don't see why America had not as good a right to be peopled at first, as any little contemptible country in Europe, or Asia; and I am determined to write a book at my first leisure, to prove that Noah was born here—and that so far is America from being indebted to any other country for inhabitants, that they were every one of them peopled by colonies from her!—mem. Battery a very pleasant place to walk on a Sunday evening—not quite gentel though—everybody walks there, and a pleasure, however genuine, is spoiled by general participation—the fashionable ladies of New York turn up their noses if you ask them to walk on the Battery on Sunday—quere, have they scruples of conscience, or scruples of delicacy? Neither—they have only scruples of gentility, which are quite different things.

CHAPTER II.

Custom-house*—origin of duties on merchandise—this place much frequented by merchants—and why?—different classes of merchants—importers—a kind of nobility—wholesale merchants—have the privilege of going to the city assembly!—Retail traders cannot go to the assembly.—Some curious speculations on the vast distinction betwixt selling tape by the piece or by the yard.—Wholesale merchants look down upon the retailers,

* The old government-house facing Bowling Green, built for the President of the United States, afterwards the residence of George Clinton and John Jay.

who in return look down upon the green-grocers, who look down upon the market-women, who don't care a straw about any of them.—Origin of the distinctions of rank—Dr. Johnson once horribly puzzled to settle the point of precedence between a louse and a flea—good hint enough to humble purse-proud arrogance.—Custom-house partly used as a lodging-house for the pictures belonging to the Academy of Arts—couldn't afford the statues house-room, most of them in the cellar of the City Hall—poor place for the gods and goddesses—after Olympus.—Pensive reflections on the ups and downs of life—Apollo, and the rest of the set, used to cut a great figure in days of yore.—Mem. every dog has his day—sorry for Venus though, poor wench, to be cooped up in a cellar with not a single grace to wait on her!—Eulogy on the gentlemen of the Academy of Arts, for the great spirit with which they began the undertaking, and the perseverance with which they have pursued it—it is a pity, however, they began at the wrong end—maxim—If you want a bird and a cage, always buy the cage first—hem !—a word to the wise !

CHAPTER III.

Bowling Green—fine place for pasturing cows—a perquisite of the late corporation—formerly ornamented with a statue of George the Third—people pulled it down in the war to make bullets—great pity; it might have been given to the academy—it would have become a cellar as well as any other.—Broadway—great difference in the gentility of streets—a man who resides in Pearl street, or Chatham Row, derives no kind of dignity from his domicil ; but place him in a certain part of Broadway, anywhere between the Battery and Wall street, and he straightway becomes entitled to figure in the beau monde, and strut as

a person of prodigious consequence!—Quere, whether there is a degree of purity in the air of that quarter which changes the gross particles of vulgarity into gems of refinement and polish? A question to be asked, but not to be answered—New brick church!—What a pity it is the corporation of Trinity church are so poor!—if they could not afford to build a better place of worship, why did they not go about with a subscription?—even I would have given them a few shillings rather than our city should have been disgraced by such a pitiful specimen of economy—Wall street—City Hall, famous place for catch-poles, deputy sheriffs, and young lawyers; which last attend the courts, not because they have business there, but because they have no business anywhere else. My blood always curdles when I see a catch-pole, they being a species of vermin who feed and fatten on the common wretchedness of mankind, who trade in misery, and in becoming the executioners of the law, by their oppression and villainy, almost counterbalance all the benefits which are derived from its salutary regulations—Story of Quevedo about a catch-pole possessed by a devil, who, on being interrogated, declared that he did not come there voluntarily, but by compulsion; and that a decent devil would never of his own free will enter into the body of a catch-pole; instead, therefore, of doing him the injustice to say that here was a catch-pole bedevilled, they should say, it was a devil be-catch-poled; that being in reality the truth—Wonder what has become of the old crier of the court, who used to make more noise in preserving silence than the audience did in breaking it—if a man happened to drop his cane, the old hero would sing out "silence!" in a voice that emulated the "wide mouthed thunder"—On inquiring, found he had retired from business to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, as many a great man has done before. Strange that wise men, as they are thought,

should toil through a whole existence merely to enjoy a few moments of leisure at last! why don't they begin to be easy at first, and not purchase a moment's pleasure with an age of pain?—mem. posed some of the jockeys—eh!

v.

BARBER'S pole; t[illegible]ders of *shavers* in New York —those who shave [illegible]reshmen and sophomores,— those who cut bear[illegible]ho *shave notes of hand*; the last are the most res[illegible]se, in the course of a year, they make make more [illegible] that *honestly*, than the whole corps of other *shavers* can do in half a century; besides, it would puzzle a common barber to ruin any man, except by cutting his throat; whereas your higher order of *shavers*, your true bloodsuckers of the community, seated snugly behind the curtain, in watch for prey, live on the vitals of the unfortunate, and grow rich on the ruin of thousands. Yet this last class of *barbers* are held in high respect in the world; they never offend against the decencies of life, go often to church, look down on honest poverty walking on foot, and call themselves gentlemen: yea, men of honor!—Lottery offices—another set of capital shavers!—licensed gambling houses! good things enough, as they enable a few *honest industrious gentlemen* to humbug the people—according to law; besides, if the people will be such fools, whose fault is it but their own if they get *bit*?—Messrs. Paff—beg pardon for putting them in such bad company, because they are a couple of fine fellows—mem. to recommend Michael's antique snuff-box to all amateurs *in the art*.—Eagle singing Yankee-doodle—N.B.—Buffon, Pennant and the rest of the naturalists, all *naturals* not to know the eagle was a singing bird;

Linkum Fidelius knew better, and gives a long description of a bald eagle that serenaded him once in Canada ;—digression ; particular account of the Canadian Indians ;—story about Areskou learning to make fishing nets of a spider—don't believe it, though, because, according to Linkum, and many other learned authorities, Areskou is the same as *Mars*, being derived from his Greek name of *Ares ;* and if so, he knew well enough what *a net* was without consulting a spider;—story of Arachne being changed into a spider as a reward for having hanged herself ;—derivation of the word spinster from spider ;—Colophon, now Altobosco, the birthplace of Arachne, remarkable for a famous breed of spiders to this day ;—mem. nothing like a little scholarship—make the *ignoramus*, viz. the majority of my readers, stare like wild pigeons ;—return to New York a short cut—meet a dashing belle, in a little thick white veil—tried to get a peep at her face—saw she squinted a little—thought so at first ;—never saw a face covered with a veil that was worth looking at ;—saw some ladies holding a conversation across the street about going to church next Sunday—talked so loud they frightened a cartman's horse, who ran away, and over set a basket of gingerbread with a little boy under it ; mem. I don't much see the use of speaking-trumpets now-a-days.

CHAPTER V.

Bought a pair of gloves; dry-goods stores the genuine schools of politeness—true Parisian manners there—got a pair of gloves and a pistareen's worth of bows for a dollar—dog cheap !—Courtlandt street corner—famous place to see the belles go by —quere, ever been shopping with a lady ?—some account of it —ladies go into all the shops in the city to buy a pair of gloves

—good way of spending time, if they have nothing else to do. —Oswego Market—looks very much like a triumphal arch—some account of the manner of erecting them in ancient times; digression to the *arch*-duke Charles, and some account of the ancient Germans. N.B.—quote Tacitus on this subject.—Particular description of market-baskets, butchers' blocks, and wheelbarrows;—mem. queer things run upon one wheel!—Saw a cartman driving full tilt through Broadway—run over a child—good enough for it—what business had it to be in the way?—Hint concerning the laws against pigs, goats, dogs, and cartmen—grand apostrophe to the sublime science of jurisprudence;—comparison between legislators and tinkers; quere, whether it requires greater ability to mend a law than to mend a kettle? —injury into the utility of making laws that are broken a hundred times in a day with impunity;—my Lord Coke's opinion on the subject; my Lord a very great man—so was Lord Bacon: a good story about a criminal named Hog claiming relationship with him.—Hogg's porter-house;—a great haunt of Will Wizard; Will put down there one night by a sea-captain, in an argument concerning the era of the Chinese empire Whangpo;—Hogg's a capital place for hearing the same stories, the same jokes, and the same songs every night in the year—mem. except Sunday nights; fine school for young politicians too—some of the longest and thickest heads in the city come there to settle the nation.—Scheme of *Ichabod Fungus* to restore the balance of Europe;—digression;—some account of the balance of Europe; comparison between it and a pair of scales, with the Emperor Alexander in one and the Emperor Napoleon in the other: fine fellows—both of a weight, can't tell which will kick the beam:—mem. don't care much either—nothing to me:—*Ichabod* very unhappy about it—thinks Napo-

leon has an eye on this country—capital place to pasture his horses, and provide for the rest of his family.—Dey street—ancient Dutch name of it, signifying murderers' valley, formerly the site of a great peach orchard ; my grandmother's history of the famous *Peach war*—arose from an Indian stealing peaches out of this orchard ; good cause as need be for a war ; just as good as the balance of power. Anecdote of war between two Italian states about a bucket ; introduce some capital new truisms about the folly of mankind, the ambition of kings, potentates, and princes; particularly Alexander, Cæsar, Charles the XIIth, Napoleon, little King Pepin, and the great Charlemagne.—Conclude with an exhortation to the present race of sovereigns to keep the king's peace, and abstain from all those deadly quarrels which produce battle, murder, and sudden death:—mem. —ran my nose against a lamp-post—conclude in great dudgeon.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

OUR cousin Pindar, after having been confined for some time past with a fit of the gout, which is a kind of keepsake in our family, has again set his mill going, as my readers will perceive. On reading his piece I could not help smiling at the high compliments which, contrary to his usual style, he has lavished on the dear sex. The old gentleman, unfortunately observing my merriment, stumped out of the room with great vociferation of crutch, and has not exchanged three words with me since. I expect every hour to hear that he has packed up his movables, and, as usual in all cases of disgust, retreated to his old country-house.

Pindar, like most of the old Cockloft heroes, is wonderfully susceptible to the genial influence of warm weather. In winter he is one of the most crusty old bachelors under heaven, and is wickedly addicted to sarcastic reflections of every kind, particularly on the little enchanting foibles and whim-whams of women. But when the spring [illegible] d the mild influence of the sun releases nature [illegible]tters, the ice of his bosom dissolves into a ge[illegible]ich reflects the bewitching qualities of the fai[illegible] mild, clear evening, when nature reposes in sile[illegible]a bears in its pure bosom all the starry magnificer[illegible] It is under the control of this influence he has wr[illegible]ce; and I beg the ladies, in the plenitude of their harmless conceit, not to flatter themselves that because the good Pindar has suffered them to escape his censures he had nothing more to censure. It is but sunshine and zephyrs which have wrought this wonderful change; and I am much mistaken if the first northeaster don't convert all his good nature into most exquisite spleen.

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FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

HOW often I cast my reflections behind,
And call up the days of past youth to my mind,
When folly assails in habiliments new,
When fashion obtrudes some fresh whim-wham to view;
When the foplings of fashion bedazzle my sight,
Bewilder my feelings—my senses benight;
I retreat in disgust from the world of to-day,
To commune with the world that has mouldered away;

To converse with the shades of those friends of my love,
Long gather'd in peace to the angels above.

In my rambles through life should I meet with annoy,
From the bold, beardless stripling—the turbid pert boy—
One reared in the mode lately reckon'd genteel,
Which, neglecting the head, aims to perfect the heel ;
Which completes the sweet fopling while yet in his teens,
And fits him for fashion's light changeable scenes ;
Proclaims him a man to the near and the far,
Can he dance a cotillon or smoke a segar ;
And though brainless and vapid as vapid can be,
To routs and to parties pronounces him free :—
Oh, I think on the beaux that existed of yore,
On those rules of the *ton* that exist now no more !

I recall with delight how each yonker at first
In the cradle of science and virtue was nursed :
—How the graces of person and graces of mind,
The polish of learning and fashion combined,
Till softened in manners and strengthened in head,
By the classical lore of the living and dead,
Matured in his person till manly in size,
He *then* was presented a beau to our eyes !

My nieces of late have made frequent complaint
That they suffer vexation and painful constraint,
By having their circles too often distrest
By some three or four goslings just fledged from the nest,
Who, propp'd by the credit their fathers sustain,
Alike tender in years and in person and brain,
But plenteously stock'd with that substitute, brass,
For true wits and critics would anxiously pass.
They complain of that empty sarcastical slang,

So common to all the coxcombical gang,
Who the fair with their shallow experience vex,
By thrumming forever their weakness of sex;
And who boast of themselves, when they talk with proud air,
Of MAN's mental ascendency over the fair.

'Twas thus the young owlet produced in the nest,
Where the eagle of Jove her young eaglets had prest,
Pretended to boast of his royal descent,
And vaunted that force which to eagles is lent.
Though fated to shun with his dim visual ray,
The cheering delights and the brilliance of day;
To forsake the fair regions of æther and light,
For dull moping caverns of darkness and night:
Still talk'd of that eagle-like strength of the eye,
Which approaches unwinking the pride of the sky,
Of that wing which unwearied can hover and play
In the noon-tide effulgence and torrent of day.

Dear girls, the sad evils of which ye complain
Your sex must endure from the feeble and vain,
'Tis the common-place jest of the nursery scape-goat,
'Tis the common-place ballad that croaks from his throat;
He knows not that nature—that polish decrees,
That women should always endeavor to please:
That the law of their system has early imprest
The importance of fitting themselves to each guest;
And, of course, that full oft when ye trifle and play,
'Tis to gratify triflers who strut in your way.
The child might as well of its mother complain,
As wanting true wisdom and soundness of brain;
Because that, at times, while it hangs on her breast,
She with a "lulla-by-baby" beguiles it to rest.

'Tis its weakness of mind that induces the strain,
For wisdom to infants is prattled in vain.
'Tis true at odd times when in frolicsome fit,
In the midst of his gambols, the mischievous wit
May start some light foible that clings to the fair
Like cobwebs that fasten to objects most rare,—
In the play of his fancy will sportively say
Some delicate censure that pops in his way.
He may smile at your fashions, and frankly express
His dislike of a dance or a flaming red dress;
Yet he blames not your want of man's physical force,
Nor complains though ye cannot in Latin discourse.
He delights in the language of nature ye speak,
Though not so refined as true classic Greek.
He remembers that providence never design'd
Our females like suns to bewilder and blind;
But like the mild orb of pale ev'ning serene,
Whose radiance illumines, yet softens the scene,
To light us with cheering and welcoming ray,
Along the rude path when the sun is away.
I own in my scribblings I lately have nam'd
Some faults of our fair which I gently have blam'd,
But be it forever by all understood,
My censures were only pronounc'd for their good.
I delight in the sex; 'tis the pride of my mind.
To consider them gentle, endearing, refin'd;
As our solace below, in the journey of life,
To smooth its rough passes—to soften its strife:
As objects intended our joys to supply,
And to lead us in love to the temples on high.
How oft have I felt, when two lucid blue eyes,

As calm and as bright as the gems of the skies,
Have beam'd their soft radiance into my soul,
Impress'd with an awe like an angel's control!
  Yes, fair ones, by this is forever defin'd
The fop from the man of refinement and mind;
The latter believes ye in bounty were given
As a bond upon earth of our union with heaven;
And if ye are weak, and are frail in his view
'Tis to call forth fresh warmth and his fondness renew.
'Tis his joy to support these defects of your frame,
And his love at your weakness redoubles its flame;
He rejoices the gem is so rich and so fair,
And is proud that it claims his protection and care.

NO. XIII.—FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

I WAS not a little perplexed, a short time since, by the eccentric conduct of my knowing coadjutor Will Wizard. For two or three days, he was completely in a quandary. He would come into old Cockloft's parlor ten times a day, swinging his ponderous legs along, with his usual vast strides, clap his hands into his sides, contemplate the little shepherdesses on the mantel-piece for a few minutes, whistling all the while, and then sally out full sweep, without uttering a word. To be sure a pish or a pshaw occasionally escaped him; and he was observed once to pull out his enormous tobacco-box, drum for a moment upon its lid with his knuckles, and then return it into his pocket without taking a quid. 'Twas evident Will was full of some mighty idea:—not that his restlessness was any way uncommon; for I have often seen Will throw himself almost in a fever of heat and fatigue—doing nothing. But this inflexible taciturnity set the whole family, as usual, a wondering: as Will seldom enters the house without giving one of his "one thousand and one" stories. For my part, I began to think that the late *fracas* at Canton had alarmed Will for the safety of his friends, Kinglun, Chinqua, and Consequa; or, that something had gone wrong in the alterations of the theatre—or that some new outrage at Norfolk had put him in a worry; in short, I did not

know what to think; for Will is such a universal busybody, and meddles so much in everything going forward, that you might as well attempt to conjecture what is going on in the north star, as in his precious pericranium. Even Mrs. Cockloft who, like a worthy woman as she is, seldom troubles herself about anything in t ng the affairs of her household, and the corre of her female friends—was struck with the m behavior. She happened, when he came in a tenth time, to be busy darning the bottom of o d damask chairs; and notwithstanding this is of vast importance, yet she could not help turnin exclaiming, "I wonder what can be the matter with Mr. Wizard?" "Nothing," replied old Christopher, "only we shall have an eruption soon." The old lady did not understand a word of this, neither did she care; she had expressed her wonder; and that, with her, is always sufficient.

I am so well acquainted with Will's peculiarities that I can tell, even by his whistle, when he is about an essay for our paper, as certainly as a weather wisacre knows that it is going to rain when he sees a pig run squeaking about with his nose in the wind. I, therefore, laid my account with receiving a communication from him before long; and sure enough, the evening before last I distinguished his free-mason knock at my door. I have seen many wise men in my time, philosophers, mathematicians, astronomers, politicians, editors, and almanac-makers; but never did I see a man look half so wise as did my friend Wizard on entering the room. Had Lavater beheld him at that moment, he would have set him down, to a certainty, as a fellow who had just discovered the longitude or the philosopher's stone.

Without saying a word, he handed me a roll of paper ; after which he lighted his cigar, sat down, crossed his legs, folded his arms, and elevating his nose to an angle of about forty-five degrees, began to smoke like a steam engine—Will delights in the picturesque. On opening his budget, and perceiving the motto, it struck me that Will had brought me one of his confounded Chinese manuscripts, and I was forthwith going to dismiss it with indignation ; but accidentally seeing the name of our oracle, the sage Linkum, of whose inestimable folios we pride ourselves upon being the sole possessors, I began to think the better of it, and looked round to Will to express approbation. I shall never forget the figure he cut at that moment ! He had watched my countenance, on opening his manuscript, with the Argus eyes of an author ; and perceiving some tokens of disapprobation, began, according to custom, to puff away at his cigar, with such vigor that in a few minutes he had entirely involved himself in smoke, except his nose and one foot, which were just visible, the latter wagging with great velocity. I believe I have hinted before—at least I ought to have done so—that Will's nose is a very goodly nose ; to which it may be as well to add, that, in his voyages under the tropics, it has acquired a copper complexion, which renders it very brilliant and luminous. You may imagine what a sumptuous appearance it made, projecting boldly, like the celebrated *promontorium nasidium* at Samos, with a light-house upon it, and surrounded on all sides with smoke and vapor. Had my gravity been like the Chinese philosopher's " within one degree of absolute frigidity," here would have been a trial for it. I could not stand it, but burst into such a laugh as I do not indulge in above once in a hundred years. This was too much for Will ; he emerged from his cloud, threw his cigar *into* the fire-place, and strode out of the

room pulling up his breeches, muttering something which, I verily believe, was nothing more than a horrible, long Chinese malediction.

He however left his manuscript behind him, which I now give to the world. Whether he is serious on the occasion, or only bantering, no one, I believe, can tell; for, whether in speaking or writing, there is such an invincible gravity in his demeanor and style, that even I, who have studied him as closely as an antiquarian studies an old manuscript or inscription, am frequently at a loss to know what the rogue would be at. I have seen him indulge in his favorite amusement of quizzing for hours together, without any one having the least suspicion of the matter, until he would suddenly twist his phiz into an expression that baffles all description, thrust his tongue in his cheek and blow up in a laugh almost as loud as the shout of the Romans on a certain occasion; which honest Plutarch avers frightened several crows to such a degree that they fell down stone dead into the Campus Martius. Jeremy Cockloft the younger, who, like a true modern philosopher, delights in experiments that are of no kind of use, took the trouble to measure one of Will's risible explosions, and declared to me that, according to accurate measurement, it contained thirty feet square of solid laughter. What will the professors say to this?

PLANS FOR DEFENDING OUR HARBOR.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

Long-fong teko buss tor-pe-do,
Fudge—— CONFUCIUS.

We'll blow the villains all sky-high;
But do it with econo——my. LINK. PIN.

SURELY never was a town more subject to midsummer fancies and dog-day whim-whams, than this most excellent of cities; our notions, like our diseases, seem all epidemic; and no sooner does a new disorder or a new freak seize one individual but it is sure to run through all the community. This is particularly the case when the summer is at the hottest, and everybody's head is in a vertigo and his brain in a ferment; 'tis absolutely necessary then, the poor souls should have some bubble to amuse themselves with, or they would certainly run mad. Last year the poplar worm made its appearance most fortunately for our citizens; and everybody was so much in horror of being poisoned, and devoured, and so busied in making humane experiments on cats and dogs, that we got through the summer quite comfortably; the cats had the worst of it; every mouser of them was shaved, and there was not a whisker to be seen in the whole sisterhood. This summer everybody has had full employment in planning fortifications for our harbor. Not a cobbler or tailor in the city but has left his awl and his thimble, become an engineer outright, and aspired most magnanimously to the building of forts and the destruction of navies! Heavens! as my friend Mustapha would say, on what a great scale is everything in this country!

Among the various plans that have been offered, the most

conspicuous is one devised and exhibited, as I am informed, by that notable confederacy, THE NORTH RIVER SOCIETY.

Anxious to redeem their reputation from the foul suspicions that have for a long time overclouded it, these aquatic incendiaries have come forward, at the present alarming juncture, and announced a most [illegible]y which is to guarantee our port from the visits [illegible]marauders. The Society have, it seems, invented a [illegible]ine, shrewdly yclept a *Torpedo*,* by which t[illegible] of battle ship, even a *Santisima Trinidada*, n[illegible]apping and decomposed in a twinkling; a kind [illegible]rder-magazine to swim under water, like an aqu[illegible]er rat, and destroy the enemy in the moments of unsuspicious [illegible]urity.

This straw tickled the noses of all our dignitaries wonderfully; for to do our government justice, it has no objection to injuring and exterminating its enemies in any manner—provided the thing can be done economically.

It was determined the experiment should be tried, and an

* The allusion is here evidently to the experiment made by Fulton in New York harbor, on the 20th of July, 1807, shortly after his return from Europe, bringing with him the favorite plans of "torpedo warfare," as he called it, which he had laid before the governments of France and England. An old brig was, after some delay, blown up in the bay by one of Fulton's charged canisters. The affair, with Fulton's appeal to the Government, his previous lecture on Governor's Island to the magistracy of the city, when the audience was somewhat diminished on the production of one of the loaded torpedoes, with his declaration that it contained a hundred and seventy pounds of powder, and that if he were to suffer the clock-work to run fifteen minutes, he had no doubt it would blow the fortification to atoms—all this, with his letter to the Corporation the day after his successful experiment, was well calculated to produce the stir in the city so pleasantly set forth in this paper of Salmagundi.

old brig was purchased, for not more than twice its value, and delivered over into the hands of its tormentors, the North River Society, to be tortured, and battered, and annihilated, *secundum artem*. A day was appointed for the occasion, when all the good citizens of the wonder-loving city of Gotham were invited to the blowing-up; like the fat inn-keeper in Rabelais, who requested all his customers to come on a certain day and see him burst.

As I have almost as great a veneration as the good Mr. Walter Shandy for all kinds of experiments that are ingeniously ridiculous, I made very particular mention of the one in question at the table of my friend Christopher Cockloft; but it put the honest old gentleman in a violent passion. He condemned it in toto as attempt to introduce a dastardly and exterminating mode of warfare. "Already have we proceeded far enough," said he, "in the science of destruction; war is already invested with sufficient horrors and calamities. Let us not increase the catalogue; let us not, by these deadly artifices, provoke a system of insidious and indiscriminate hostility, that shall terminate in laying our cities desolate, and exposing our women, our children, and our infirm, to the sword of pitiless recrimination." Honest old cavalier!—it was evident he did not reason as a true politician—but he felt as a Christian and philanthropist; and that was perhaps just as well.

It may be readily supposed, that our citizens did not refuse the invitation of the Society to the blow-up; it was the first naval action ever exhibited in our port, and the good people all crowded to see the British navy blown up in effigy. The young ladies were delighted with the novelty of the show, and declared that if war could be conducted in this manner, it would become a fashionable amusement; and the destruction of a fleet be as

pleasant as a ball or a tea-party. The old folk were equally pleased with the spectacle—because it cost them nothing. Dear souls, how hard was it they should be disappointed! the brig most obstinately refused to be decomposed; the dinners were cold, and the puddings were overboiled, throughout the renowned city of Go sapient inhabitants, like the honest Strasburghers most of them are doubtless descended, who went courteous stranger and his nose, all-returned ho ; threatened to pull down the flag-staff by way of u ion for their disappointment. By the way, there is in the world more discriminating in its vengeanc born mob.

In the evening I repaired to friend Hogg's, to smoke a sociable cigar, but had scarcely entered the room when I was taken prisoner by my friend, Mr. Ichabod Fungus; who I soon saw was at his usual trade of prying into mill-stones. The old gentleman informed me that the brig had actually blown up, after a world of manœuvering, and had nearly blown up the society with it; he seemed to entertain strong doubts as to the objects of the Society in the invention of these infernal machines—hinted a suspicion of their wishing to set the river on fire and that he should not be surprised on waking one of these mornings to find the Hudson in a blaze. "Not that I disapprove of the plan," said he, "provided it has the end in view which they profess; no, no, an excellent plan of defence; no need of batteries, forts, frigates, and gun-boats; observe, sir, all that's necessary is that the ships must come to anchor in a convenient place; watch must be asleep, or so complacent as not to disturb any boats paddling about them—fair wind and tide—no moonlight—machines well-directed—mustn't flash in the pan—bang's the word, and the vessel's blown up in a moment!"

"Good," said I, "you remind me of a lubberly Chinese who was flogged by an honest captain of my acquaintance, and who, on being advised to retaliate, exclaimed: 'Hi yah! s'pose two men hold fast him captain, den very mush me bamboo he!'"

The old gentleman grew a little crusty, and insisted that I did not understand him; all that was requisite to render the effect certain was, that the enemy should enter into the project; or, in other words, be agreeable to the measure; so that if the machine did not come to the ship, the ship should go to the machine; by which means he thought the success of the machine would be inevitable—provided it struck fire. "But do not you think," said I, doubtingly, "that it would be rather difficult to persuade the enemy into such an agreement? Some people have an invincible antipathy to being blown up." "Not at all, not at all," replied he, triumphantly; "got an excellent notion for that; do with them as we have done with the brig—buy all the vessels we mean to destroy, and blow 'em up as best suits our convenience. I have thought deeply on that subject, and have calculated to a certainty that if our funds hold out we may in this way destroy the whole British navy—by contract."

By this time all the quidnuncs of the room had gathered around us, each pregnant with some mighty scheme for the salvation of his country. One pathetically lamented that we had no such men among us as the famous Toujoursdort and Grossitout; who, when the celebrated Captain Trenchement made war against the city of Kalacahabalaba, utterly discomcomfited the great king, Bigstaff, and blew up his whole army by sneezing. Another imparted a sage idea, which seems to have occupied more heads than one; that is, that the best way of fortifying the harbor was to ruin it at once—choke the channel with rocks and blocks; strew it with *chevaux-de-frise* and

torpedoes, and make it like a nursery-garden, full of man-traps and spring-guns. No vessel would then have the temerity to enter our harbor; we should not even dare to navigate it ourselves. Or, if no cheaper way could be devised, let Governor's Island be raised by levers and pulleys—floated with empty casks, etc., towed down to the Narrows, and dropped plump in the very mouth of the harbor! "But," said I, "would not the prosecution of these whim-whams be rather expensive and dilatory?" "Pshaw!" cried the other, "what's a million of money to an experiment? The true spirit of our economy requires that we should spare no expense in discovering the cheapest mode of defending ourselves; and then if all these modes should fail, why, you know the worst we have to do is to return to the old-fashioned hum-drum mode of forts and batteries." "By which time," cried I, "the arrival of the enemy may have rendered their erection superfluous."

A shrewd old gentleman who stood listening by, with a mischievously equivocal look, observed that the most effectual mode of repulsing a fleet from our ports would be to administer them a proclamation from time to time, till it operated.

Unwilling to leave the company without demonstrating my patriotism and ingenuity, I communicated a plan of defence; which, in truth, was suggested long since by that infallible oracle, MUSTAPHA, who had as clear a head for cobweb weaving as ever dignified the shoulders of a projector. He thought the most effectual mode would be to assemble all the *slang-whangers*, great and small, from all parts of the State, and marshal them at the Battery, where they should be exposed point-blank to the enemy, and form a tremendous body of scolding infantry, similar to the *poissards*, or doughty champions of Billingsgate. They should be exhorted to fire away without pity or remorse, in

sheets, half-sheets, columns, handbills, or squibs; great cannon, little cannon, pica, German text, stereotype, and to run their enemies through and through with sharp-pointed italics. They should have orders to show no quarter—to blaze away in their loudest epithets—"*miscreants!*" "*murderers!*" "*barbarians!*" *pirates!*" "*robbers!*" "BLACKGUARDS!" and to do away all fear of consequences, they should be guaranteed from all dangers of pillory, kicking, cuffing, nose-pulling, whipping-post, or prosecution for libels. If, continued Mustapha, you wish men to fight well and valiantly, they must be allowed those weapons they have been used to handle. Your countrymen are notoriously adroit in the management of the tongue and the pen, and conduct all their battles by speeches or newspapers. Adopt, therefore, the plan I have pointed out; and rely upon it that, let any fleet, however large, be but once assailed by this battery of slang-whangers, and if they have not entirely lost the sense of hearing, or a regard for their own characters and feelings, they will, at the very first fire, slip their cables, and retreat with as much precipitation as if they had unwarily entered into the atmosphere of the *Bohan upas*. In this manner may your wars be conducted with proper economy; and it will cost no more to drive off a fleet than to write up a party, or write down a bashaw with three tails.

The sly old gentleman I have before mentioned, was highly delighted with this plan; and proposed, as an improvement, that mortars should be placed on the Battery, which, instead of throwing shells and such trifles, might be charged with newspapers, Tammany addresses, etc., by way of red-hot shot, which would undoubtedly be very potent in blowing up any powder magazine they might chance to come in contact with. He concluded by informing the company, that in the course of a few evenings he

would have the honor to present them with a scheme for loading certain vessels with newspapers, resolutions of "numerous and respectable meetings," and other combustibles, which vessels were to be blown directly in the midst of the enemy by the bellows of the slang-whangers; and he was much mistaken if they would not be more ips, bomb-ketches, gunboats, or even torpedoes.

These are but tw imens of the nature and efficacy of the innum th which this city abounds. Everybody seems cu zzle with gunpowder—every eye flashes firework —and every corner is occupied by knots of in ectors, not one of whom but has some preposterous mode of destruction, which he has proved to be infallible by a previous experiment in a tub of water!

Even Jeremy Cockloft has caught the infection, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants of Cockloft Hall, whither he retired to make his experiments undisturbed. At one time all the mirrors in the house were unhung—their collected rays thrown into the hot-house, to try Archimedes' plan of burning-glasses; and the honest old gardener was almost knocked down by what he mistook for a stroke of the sun, but which turned out to be nothing more than a sudden attack of one of these tremendous jack-o'-lanterns. It became dangerous to walk through the courtyard for fear of an explosion; and the whole family was thrown into absolute distress and consternation, by a letter from the old housekeeper to Mrs. Cockloft, informing her of his having blown up a favorite Chinese gander, which I had brought from Canton, as he was majestically sailing in the duck-pond.

"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety;" if so, the

defenceless city of Gotham has nothing to apprehend ; but much do I fear that so many excellent and infallible projects will be presented, that we shall be at a loss which to adopt ; and the peaceable inhabitants fare like a famous projector of my acquaintance, whose house was unfortunately plundered while he was contriving a patent lock to secure his door.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

A RETROSPECT; OR, "WHAT YOU WILL."

LOLLING in my elbow-chair this fine summer noon, I feel myself insensibly yielding to that genial feeling of indolence the season is so well fitted to inspire. Every one who is blessed with a little of the delicious languor of disposition that delights in repose, must often have sported among the fairy scenes, the golden visions, the voluptuous reveries, that swim before the imagination at such moments, and which so much resemble those blissful sensations a Mussulman enjoys after his favorite indulgence of opium, which Will Wizard declares can be compared to nothing but "swimming in an ocean of peacocks' feathers." In such a mood everybody must be sensible it would be idle and unprofitable for a man to send his wits a gadding on a voyage of discovery into futurity, or even to trouble himself with a laborious investigation of what is actually passing under his eye. We are, at such times, more disposed to resort to the pleasures of memory than to those of the imagination; and like the wayfaring traveller, reclining for a moment on his staff, had rather contemplate the ground we have travelled, than the region which is yet before us.

I could here amuse myself, and stultify my readers, with a most elaborate and ingenious parallel between authors and travellers; but in this balmy season, which makes men stupid and dogs mad, and when, doubtless, many of our most strenuous admirers have great difficulty in keeping awake through the day, it would be cruel to saddle them with the formidable difficulty of putting two ideas together and drawing a conclusion, or, in

the learned phrase, forging *syllogisms in Baroco*—a terrible undertaking for the dogdays! To say the truth, my observations were only intended to prove that this, of all others, is the most auspicious moment, and my present, the most favorable mood for indulging in a retrospect. Whether, like certain great personages of the day, in attempting to prove one thing, I have exposed another; or whether, like certain other great personages, in attemping to prove a great deal, I have proved nothing at all, I leave to my readers to decide, provided they have the power and inclination so to do; but a RETROSPECT will I take, notwithstanding.

I am perfectly aware that in doing this I shall lay myself open to the charge of imitation, than which a man might be better accused of downright housebreaking; for it has been a standing rule with many of my illustrious predecessors, occasionally, and particularly at the conclusion of a volume, to look over their shoulder and chuckle at the miracles they had achieved. But, as I before professed, I am determined to hold myself entirely independent of all manner of opinions and criticisms, as the only method of getting on in this world in anything like a straight line. True it is, I may sometimes seem to angle a little for the good opinion of mankind, by giving them some excellent reasons for doing unreasonable things; but this is merely to show them, that although I may occasionally go wrong, it is not for want of knowing how to go right; and here I will lay down a maxim, which will forever entitle me to the gratitude of my inexperienced readers, namely, that a man always gets more credit in the eyes of this naughty world for sinning willfully than for sinning through sheer ignorance.

It will doubtless be insisted by many ingenious cavillers, who will be meddling with what does not at all concern them, that

this retrospect should have been taken at the commencement of our second volume ; it is usual, I know : moreover it is natural. So soon as a writer has once accomplished a volume, he forthwith becomes wonderfully increased in attitude ! he steps upon his book as upon a pedestal, and is elevated in proportion to its magnitude. A duodecimo makes him one inch taller—an octavo, three inches—a quarto, six; but he who has made out to swell a folio looks down upon his fellow creatures from such a fearful height that, ten to one, the poor man's head is turned for ever afterward. From such a lofty situation, therefore, it is natural an author should cast his eyes behind, and having reached the first landing-place on the stairs of immortality, may reasonably be allowed to plead his privilege to look back over the height he has ascended. I have deviated a little from this venerable custom, merely that our retrospect might fall in the dog days—of all days in the year most congenial to the indulgence of a little self-sufficiency, inasmuch as people have then little to do but to retire within the sphere of self, and make the most of what they find there.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we think ourselves a whit the wiser or better since we have finished our volume than we were before ; on the contrary, we seriously assure our readers that we were fully possessed of all the wisdom and morality it contains at the moment we commenced writing. It is the world which has grown wiser,—not us ; we have thrown our mite into the common stock of knowledge, we have shared our morsel with the ignorant multitude ; and so far from elevating ourselves above the world, our sole endeavor has been to raise the world to our own level, and make it as wise as we, its disinterested benefactors.

To a moral writer like myself, who, next to his own comfort

and entertainment, has the good of his fellow citizens at heart, a retrospect is but a sorry amusement. Like the industrious husbandman, he often contemplates in silent disappointment his labors wasted on a barren soil, or the seeds he has carefully sown, choked by a redundancy of worthless weeds. I expected long ere this to have seen a complete reformation in manners and morals, achieved by our united efforts. My fancy echoed to the applauding voices of a retrieved generation; I anticipated, with proud satisfaction, the period, not far distant, when our work would be introduced into the academies with which every lane and alley of our cities abounds; when our precepts would be gently inducted into every unlucky urchin by force of birch, and my iron-bound physiognomy, as taken by Will Wizard, be as notorious as that of Noah Webster, junr. Esq. or his no less renowned predecessor, the illustrious Dilworth of spelling-book immortality.* But, well-a-day! to let my readers into a profound secret—the expectations of man are like the varied hues that tinge the distant prospect; never to be realized, never to be enjoyed but in perspective. Luckless Launcelot, that the humblest of the many air castles thou hast erected should prove a "baseless fabric!" Much does it grieve me to confess, that

* Dr. Francis, in his remarks on the life and character of Washington Irving, before the Historical Society, alludes to this conflict of spelling-books at the school in which they were both instructed. "There was a curious conflict existing in the school between the principal and his assistant instructor; the former a legitimate burgher of the city, the latter a New England pedagogue. So far as I can remember, something depended on the choice of the boy's parents in the selection of his studies; but if not expressed otherwise, the principal stuck earnestly to Dilworth, while the assistant, for his section of instruction, held to Noah Webster."

after all our lectures, precepts, and excellent admonitions, the people of New York are nearly as much given to backsliding and ill-nature as ever; they are just as much abandoned to dancing, and tea-drinking; and as to scandal, Will Wizard informs me that, by a rough computation, since the last cargo of gunpowder-tea from Canton, no less than eighteen characters have been blown up, besides a number of others that have been woefully shattered.

The ladies still labor under the same scarcity of muslins, and delight in flesh-colored silk stockings; it is evident, however, that our advice has had very considerable effect on them, as they endeavor to act as opposite to it as possible; this being what Evergreen calls female independence. As to Straddles, they abound as much as ever in Broadway, particularly on Sundays; and Wizard roundly asserts that he supped in company with a knot of them a few evenings since, when they liquidated a whole Birmingham consignment, in a batch of imperial champagne. I have, furthermore, in the course of a month past, detected no less than three Giblet families making their first onset toward style and gentility in the very manner we have heretofore reprobated. Nor have our utmost efforts been able to check the progress of that alarming epidemic, the rage for punning, which, though doubtless originally intended merely to ornament and enliven conversation by little sports of fancy, threatens to overrun and poison the whole, like the baneful ivy which destroys the useful plant it first embellished. Now I look upon a habitual punster as a depredator upon conversation; and I have remarked sometimes one of these offenders, sitting silent on the watch for an hour together, until some luckless wight, unfortunately for the ease and quiet of the company, dropped a phrase susceptible of a double meaning:—when—

pop, our punster would dart out like a veteran mouser from her covert, seize the unlucky word, and after worrying and mumbling at it until it was capable of no further marring, relapse again into silent watchfulness, and lie in wait for another opportunity. Even this might be borne with, by the aid of a little philosophy; but the worst of it is, they are not content to manufacture puns and laugh heartily at them themselves; but they expect we should laugh with them, which I consider as an intolerable hardship, and a flagrant imposition good nature. Let those gentlemen fritter away conversation with impunity, and deal out their wits in sixpenny bits if they please; but I beg I may have the choice of refusing currency to their small change. I am seriously afraid, however, that our junto is not quite free from the infection—nay, that it has even approached so near as to menace the tranquillity of my elbow-chair; for, Will Wizard, as we were in caucus the other night, absolutely electrified Pindar and myself with a most palpable and perplexing pun; had it been a torpedo, it could not have more discomposed the fraternity. Sentence of banishment was unanimously decreed; but on his confessing that, like many celebrated wits, he was merely retailing other men's wares on commission, he was for that once forgiven on condition of refraining from such diabolical practices in future. Pindar is particularly outrageous against punsters; and quite astonished and put me to a nonplus a day or two since, by asking abruptly "whether I thought a punster could be a good Christian?" He followed up his question triumphantly by offering to prove, by sound logic and historical fact, that the Roman Empire owed its decline and fall to a pun; and that nothing tended so much to demoralize the French nation, as their abominable rage for *jeux de mots*.

But what, above everything else, has caused me much vexa-

tion of spirit, and displeased me most with this stiff-necked nation is, that in spite of all the serious and profound censures of the sage Mustapha, in his various letters—they *will talk!*—they will still wag their tongues, and chatter like very slang-whangers! This is a degree of obstinacy incomprehensible in the extreme; and is another proof how alarming is the force of habit, and how difficult it is to reduce beings, accustomed to talk, to that state of silence which is the very acme of human wisdom.

We can only account for these disappointments in our moderate and reasonable expectations, by supposing the world so deeply sunk in the mire of delinquency, that not even Hercules, were he to put his shoulder to the axletree, would be able to extricate it. We comfort ourselves, however, by the reflection that there are at least three good men left in this degenerate age to benefit the world by example, should precept ultimately fail. And borrowing, for once, an example from certain sleepy writers who, after the first emotions of surprise at finding their invaluable effusions neglected or despised, console themselves with the idea that 'tis a stupid age, and look forward to posterity for redress—we bequeath our volume to future generations—and much good may it do them. Heaven grant they may be able to read it! for, if our fashionable mode of education continues to improve, as of late, I am under serious apprehensions that the period is not far distant when the discipline of the dancing-master will supersede that of the grammarian: crotchets and quavers supplant the alphabet: and the heels, by an antipodean manœuvre, obtain entire preëminence over the head. How does my heart yearn for poor, dear posterity when this work shall become unintelligible to our grandchildren as it seems to be to their grandfathers and grandmothers.

In fact—for I love to be candid—we begin to suspect that many people read our numbers merely for their amusement, without paying any attention to the serious truths conveyed in every page. Unpardonable want of penetration! not that we wish to restrict our readers in the article of laughing, which we consider as one of the dearest prerogatives of man, and the distinguishing characteristic which raises him above all other animals: let them laugh, therefore, if they will, provided they profit at the same time, and do not mistake our object. It is one of our indisputable facts that it is easier to laugh ten follies out of countenance than to coax, reason, or flog a man out of one. In this odd, singular, and indescribable age—which is neither the age of gold, silver, iron, brass, chivalry, or *pills*, as Sir John Carr asserts—a grave writer who attempts to attack folly with the heavy artillery of moral reasoning, will fare like Smollett's honest pedant, who clearly demonstrated by angles, etc., after the manner of Euclid, that it was wrong to do evil—and was laughed at for his pains. Take my word for it, a little well-applied ridicule, like Hannibal's application of vinegar to rocks, will do more with certain hard heads and obdurate hearts, than all the logic or demonstrations in Longinus or Euclid. But the people of Gotham, wise souls! are so much accustomed to see morality approach them clothed in formidable wigs and sable garbs, "with leaden eye that loves the ground," that they can never recognize her when, drest in gay attire, she comes tripping toward them with smiles and sunshine in her countenance.——Well, let the rogues remain in happy ignorance, for "ignorance is bliss," as the poet says—and I put as implicit faith in poetry as I do in the almanac or the newspaper. We will improve them, without their being the wiser for it, and they shall become better in spite of their teeth, and without

their having the least suspicion of the reformation working within them.

Among all our manifold grievances, however, still some small but vivid rays of sunshine occasionally brighten along our path; cheering our steps, and inviting us to persevere.

The public have [illegible] regard to a few articles of our advice; they have [illegible]ur numbers freely—so much the better for our p[illegible]ave read them attentively—so much the better for [illegible] The melancholy fate of my dear aunt Charity ha[illegible]rful effect; and I have now before me a letter fr[illegible]an who lives opposite to a couple of old ladies, re[illegible] the interest they took in his affairs: his apartments were absolutely in a state of blockade, and he was on the point of changing his lodgings, or capitulating, until the appearance of our ninth number, which he immediately sent over with his compliments. The good ladies took the hint, and have scarcely appeared at their window since. As to the wooden gentlemen, our friend, Miss Sparkle, assures me, they are wonderfully improved by our criticisms, and sometimes venture to make a remark, or attempt a pun in company, to the great edification of all who happen to understand them. As to the red shawls, they are entirely discarded from the fair shoulders of our ladies—ever since the last importation of finery—nor has any lady, since the cold weather, ventured to expose her elbows to the admiring gaze of scrutinizing passengers. But there is one victory we have achieved which has given us more pleasure than to have written down the whole administration: I am assured, from unquestionable authority, that our young ladies doubtless in consequence of our weighty admonitions—have not once indulged in that intoxicating, inflammatory, and whirligig dance, the waltz—ever since hot weather commenced.

True it is, I understand, an attempt was made to exhibit it by some of the sable fair ones at the last African ball, but it was highly disapproved of by all the respectable elderly ladies present.

These are sweet sources of comfort to atone for the many wrongs and misrepresentations heaped upon us by the world—for even we have experienced its ill-nature. How often have we heard ourselves reproached for the insidious applications of the uncharitable!—how often have we been accused of emotions which never found an entrance into our bosoms!—how often have our sportive effusions been wrested to serve the purposes of particular enmity and bitterness!——Meddlesome spirits! little do they know our disposition; we "lack gall" to wound the feelings of a single innocent individual; we can even forgive them from the very bottom of our souls; may they meet as ready a forgiveness from their own consciences! Like true and independent bachelors, having no domestic cares to interfere with our general benevolence, we consider it incumbent upon us to watch over the welfare of society; and although we are indebted to the world for little else than left-handed favors, yet we feel a proud satisfaction in requiting evil with good, and the sneer of illiberality with the unfeigned smile of good humor. With these mingled motives of selfishness and philanthropy we commenced our work, and if we cannot solace ourselves with the consciousness of having done much good, yet there is still one pleasing consolation left, which the world can neither give nor take away. There are moments—lingering moments of listless indifference and heavy-hearted despondency—when our best hopes and affections slipping, as they sometimes will, from their hold on those objects to which they usually cling for support, seem abandoned on the wide waste of cheerless existence, with

out a place to cast anchor; without a shore in view to excite a single wish, or to give a momentary interest to contemplation. We look back with delight upon many of these moments of mental gloom, whiled away by the cheerful exercise of our pen, and consider every such triumph over the spleen as retarding the furrowing hand of [illegible] idious encroachments on our brows. If, in addition [illegible] amusements, we have, as we jogged carelessly la[illegible] brushed away one tear of dejection and called [illegible] in its place—if we have brightened the pale c[illegible] a child of sorrow—we shall feel almost as much j[illegible] ng as a slang-whanger does when he bathes his pen [illegible] art's blood of a patron and benefactor, or sacrifices one more illustrious victim on the altar of party animosity.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IT is our misfortune to be frequently pestered, in our peregrinations about this blessed city, by certain critical gad-flies; who buzz around and merely attack the skin, without ever being able to penetrate the body. The reputation of our promising *protégé*, Jeremy Cockloft the younger, has been assailed by these skin-deep critics; they have questioned his claims to originality, and even hinted that the ideas for his New-Jersey Tour were borrowed from a late work entitled "My Pocket-Book." As there is no literary offence more despicable in the eyes of the trio than borrowing, we immediately called Jeremy to an account; when he proved, by the dedication of the work in question, that it was first published in London in March, 1807; and that his

"Stranger in New-Jersey" had made its appearance on the 24th of the preceding February.

We were on the point of acquitting Jeremy with honor on the ground that it was impossible, knowing as he is, to borrow from a foreign work one month before it was in existence; when Will Wizard suddenly took up the cudgels for the critics, and insisted that nothing was more probable; for he recollected reading of an ingenious Dutch author who plainly convicted the ancients of stealing from his labors!——So much for criticism.

We have received a host of friendly and admonitory letters from different quarters, and among the rest a very loving epistle from Georgetown, Columbia, signed Teddy M'Gundy, who addresses us by the name of Saul M'Gundy, and insists that we are descended from the same Irish progenitors, and nearly related. As friend Teddy seems to be an honest, merry rogue, we are sorry that we cannot admit his claims to kindred; we thank him, however, for his good will, and should he ever be inclined to favor us with another epistle, we will hint to him, and at the same time to our other numerous correspondents, that their communications will be infinitely more acceptable if they will just recollect Tom Shuffleton's advice, "pay the post boy, Muggins."

NO. XIV.—S SEPT. 16, 1807.

LETTER FROM MUS -A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRE.. -DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS
THE B IPOLI.

HEALTH and joy to of my heart! May the angel of peace ever watch over thy dwelling, and the star of prosperity shed its benignant lustre on all thy undertakings. Far other is the lot of thy captive friend—his brightest hopes extend but to a lengthened period of weary captivity, and memory only adds to the measure of his griefs, by holding up a mirror which reflects with redoubled charms the hours of past felicity. In midnight slumbers my soul holds sweet converse with the tender objects its affections—it is then the exile is restored to his country—it is then the wide waste of waters that rolls between us disappears, and I clasp to my bosom the companion of my youth; I awake and find it but a vision of the night. The sigh will rise—the tear of dejection will steal adown my cheek—I fly to my pen, and strive to forget myself, and my sorrows, in conversing with my friend.

In such a situation, my good Asem, it cannot be expected that I should be able so wholly to abstract myself from my own feelings, as to give thee a full and systematic account of the singular people among whom my disastrous lot has been cast. I can only find leisure, from my own individual sorrows, to

entertain thee occasionally with some of the most prominent features of their character; and now and then a solitary picture of their most preposterous eccentricities.

I have before observed, that among the distinguishing characteristics of the people of this logocracy, is their invincible love of talking; and, that I could compare the nation to nothing but a mighty wind-mill. Thou art doubtless at a loss to conceive how this mill is supplied with grist; or, in other words, how it is possible to furnish subjects to supply the perpetual motion of so many tongues.

The genius of the nation appears in its highest lustre in this particular in the discovery, or rather the application, of a subject which seems to supply an inexhaustible mine of words. It is nothing more, my friend, than POLITICS; a word which, I declare to thee, has perplexed me almost as much as the redoubtable one of economy. On consulting a dictionary of this language, I found it denoted the science of government; and the relations, situations and dispositions of states and empires. Good! thought I; for a people who boast of governing themselves there could not be a more important subject of investigation. I therefore listened attentively, expecting to hear from "the most enlightened people under the sun,"—for so they modestly term themselves—sublime disputations on the science of legislation, and precepts of political wisdom that would not have disgraced our great prophet and legislator himself!—but, alas, Asem! how continually are my expectations disappointed! how dignified a meaning does this word bear in the dictionary; how despicable its common application; I find it extending to every contemptible discussion of local animosity, and every petty altercation of insignificant individuals. It embraces, alike, all manner of concerns; from the organization of a divan, the

election of a bashaw, or the levying of an army, to the appointment of a constable, the personal disputes of two miserable slang-whangers, the cleaning of the streets, or the economy of a dirt cart. A couple of politicians will quarrel, with the most vociferous pertinacity, about the character of a bum-bailiff whom nobody cares for ; or the deportment of a little great man whom nobody knows ; and this is called talking politics ; nay ! it is but few days since that I was annoyed by a debate between two of my fellow lodgers, who were magnanimously employed in condemning a luckless wight to infamy, because he chose to wear a red coat, and to entertain certain erroneous opinions some thirty years ago. Shocked at their illiberal and vindictive spirit, I rebuked them for thus indulging in slander and uncharitablenesses, about the color of a coat ; which had doubtless for many years been worn out ; or the belief in errors, which in all probability had been long since atoned for and abandoned ; but they justified themselves by alleging that they were only engaged in politics, and exerting that liberty of speech, and freedom of discussion, which was the glory and safeguard of their national independence. "Oh, Mahomet !" thought I, "what a country must that be, which builds its political safety on ruined characters and the persecution of individuals !"

Into what transports of surprise and incredulity am I continually betrayed, as the character of this eccentric people gradually develops itself to my observations. Every new research increases the perplexities in which I am involved, and I am more than ever at a loss where to place them in the scale of my estimation. Is is thus the philosopher, in pursuing truth through the labyrinth of doubt, error and misrepresentation, frequently finds himself bewildered in the mazes of contradictory experience ; and almost wishes he could quietly retrace his wandering

steps, steal back into the path of honest ignorance, and jog on once more in contented indifference.

How fertile in these contradictions is this extensive logocracy! Men of different nations, manners and languages, live in this country in the most perfect harmony; and nothing is more common than to see individuals, whose respective governments are at variance, taking each other by the hand and exchanging the offices of friendship. Nay, even on the subject of religion, which, as it affects our dearest interests, our earliest opinions and prejudices, some warmth and heart-burnings might be excused, which, even in our enlightened country, is so fruitful in difference between man and man!—even religion occasions no dissension among these people; and it has even been discovered, by one of their sages, that believing in one God or twenty Gods "neither breaks a man's leg nor picks his pocket." * The idolatrous Persian may here bow down before his everlasting fire, and prostrate himself toward the glowing east. The Chinese may adore his Fo, or his Josh; the Egyptian his stork; and the Mussulman practise, unmolested, the divine precepts of our immortal prophet. Nay, even the forlorn, abandoned Atheist, who lies down at night without committing himself to the protection of heaven, and rises in the morning without returning thanks for his safety; who hath no deity but his own will; whose soul, like the sandy desert, is barren of every flower of hope to throw a solitary bloom over the dead level of sterility and soften the wide extent of desolation; whose darkened views extend not beyond the horizon that bounds his

* Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," says, "The legislative powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. But it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty Gods or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg."

cheerless existence ; to whom no blissful perspective opens beyond the grave—even he is suffered to indulge in his desperate opinions, without exciting one other emotion than pity or contempt. But this mild and tolerating spirit reaches not beyond the pale of religion :—once differ in politics, in mere theories, visions and chimeras, the growth of interest, of folly, or madness, and deadly warfare ensues ; every eye flashes fire, every tongue is loaded with reproach, and every heart is filled with gall and bitterness.

At this period several unjustifiable and serious injuries on the part of the barbarians of the British Island, have given a new impulse to the tongue and the pen, and occasioned a terrible wordy fever. Do not suppose, my friend, that I mean to condemn any proper and dignified expression of resentment for injuries. On the contrary, I love to see a word before a blow : for "in the fullness of the heart the tongue moveth." But my long experience has convinced me, that people who talk the most about taking satisfaction for affronts, generally content themselves with talking instead of revenging the insult ; like the street women of this country, who after a prodigious scolding, quietly sit down and fan themselves cool as fast as possible. But to return :—the rage for talking has now, in consequence of the aggressions I alluded to, increased to a degree far beyond what I have observed heretofore. In the gardens of his highness of Tripoli are fifteen thousand bee-hives, three hundred peacocks, and a prodigious number of parrots and baboons ; and yet I declare to thee, Asem, that their buzzing, and squalling, and chattering is nothing compared to the wild uproar, and war of words, now raging within the bosom of this mighty and distracted logocracy. Politics pervade every city, every village, every temple, every porter-house—the universal question is,

"what is the news?" This is a kind of challenge to political debate; and as no two men think exactly alike, 'tis ten to one, but before they finish, all the polite phrases in the language are exhausted by way of giving fire and energy to argument. What renders this talking fever more alarming is, that the people appear to be in the unhappy state of a patient whose palate nauseates the medicine best calculated for the cure of his disease, and seem anxious to continue in the full enjoyment of their chattering epidemic. They alarm each other by direful reports and fearful apprehensions; like I have seen a lot of old wives in this country entertain themselves with stories of ghosts and goblins until their imaginations were in a most agonizing panic. Every day begets some new tale, big with agitation; and the busy goddess, Rumor, to speak in the poetic language of the Christians, is constantly in motion. She mounts her rattling stage-wagon, and gallops about the country, freighted with a load of "hints," "informations," "extracts of letters from respectable gentlemen," "observations of respectable correspondents," and "unquestionable authorities;"—which her high-priests, the slang-whangers, retail to their sapient followers, with all the solemnity—and all the authenticity of oracles. True it is the unfortunate slang-whangers are sometimes at a loss for food, to supply this insatiable appetite for intelligence; and are, not unfrequently, reduced to the necessity of manufacturing dishes suited to the taste of the times; to be served up as morning and evening repasts to their disciples.

When the hungry politician is thus full charged with important information, he sallies forth to give due exercise to his tongue; and tells all he knows, to everybody he meets. Now it is a thousand to one that every person he meets is just as wise as himself, charged with the same articles of information, and pos-

sessed of the same violent inclination to give it vent; for in this country every man adopts some particular slang-whanger, as the standard of his judgment, and reads everything he writes if he reads nothing else; which is doubtless the reason why the people of this logocracy are so marvellously enlightened. So away they tilt at each other with their borrowed lances, advancing to the combat with the opinions and speculations of their respective slang-whangers, which, in all probability, are diametrically opposite. Here then arises as fair an opportunity for a battle of words as heart could wish; and thou mayst rely upon it, Asem, they do not let it pass unimproved. They sometimes begin with argument; but in process of time, as the tongue begins to wax wanton, other auxiliaries become necessary; recrimination commences; reproach follows close at its heels—from political abuse they proceed to personal, and thus often is a friendship of years trampled down by this contemptible enemy, this gigantic dwarf of POLITICS, the mongrel issue of grovelling ambition and aspiring ignorance!

There would be but little harm indeed in all this, if it ended merely in a broken head; for this might soon be healed, and the scar, if any remained, might serve as a warning ever after against the indulgence of political intemperance; at the worst, the loss of such heads as these would be a gain to the nation. But the evil extends far deeper; it threatens to impair all social intercourse, and even to sever the sacred union of family and kindred. The convivial table is disturbed; the cheerful fire-side is invaded; the smile of social hilarity is chased away;—the bond of social love is broken by the everlasting intrusion of this fiend of contention, who lurks in the sparkling bowl, crouches by the fire-side, growls in the friendly circle, infests every avenue to pleasure; and, like the scowling incubus, sits on the bosom of

society, pressing down and smothering every throb and pulsation of liberal philanthropy.

But thou wilt perhaps ask, "What can these people dispute about? One would suppose that, being all free and equal, they would harmonize as brothers; children of the same parent, and equal heirs of the same inheritance." This theory is most exquisite, my good friend, but in practice it turns out the very dream of a madman. Equality, Asem, is one of most consummate scoundrels that ever crept from the brain of a political juggler—a fellow who thrusts his hand into the pocket of honest industry, or enterprising talent, and squanders their hard-earned profits on profligate idleness or indolent stupidity. There will always be an inequality among mankind so long as a portion of it is enlightened and industrious, and the rest idle and ignorant. The one will acquire a larger share of wealth, and its attendant comforts, refinements, and luxuries of life, and the influence and power which those will always possess who have the greatest ability of administering to the necessities of their fellow creatures. These advantages will inevitably excite envy; and envy as inevitably begets ill-will—hence arises that eternal warfare which the lower orders of society are waging against those who have raised themselves by their own merits, or have been raised by the merits of their ancestors, above the common level. In a nation possessed of quick feelings and impetuous passions, the hostility might engender deadly broils and bloody commotions; but here it merely vents itself in high-sounding words, which lead to continual breaches of decorum, or in the insidious assassination of character, and a restless propensity among the base to blacken every reputation which is fairer than their own.

I cannot help smiling sometimes to see the solicitude with which the people of America, so called from the country having

been first discovered by Christopher Columbus, battle about them when any election takes place, as if they had the least concern in the matter, or were to be benefited by an exchange of bashaws; they really seem ignorant that none but the bashaws and their dependents are at all interested in the event; and that the people at large will not find their situation altered in the least. I formerly gave thee an account of an election which took place under my eye. The result has been that the people, as some of the slang-whangers say, have obtained a glorious triumph, which, however, is flatly denied by the opposite slang-whangers, who insist that their party is composed of the true sovereign people; and that the others are all jacobins, Frenchmen, and Irish rebels. I ought to apprise thee that the last is a term of great reproach here; which, perhaps, thou wouldst not otherwise imagine, considering that it is not many years since this very people were engaged in a revolution; the failure of which would have subjected them to the same ignominious epithet, and a participation in which is now the highest recommendation to public confidence. By Mahomet, but it cannot be denied that the consistency of this people, like everything else appertaining to them, is on a prodigious great scale! To return, however, to the event of the election. The people triumphed; and much good has it done them. I, for my part, expected to see wonderful changes, and most magical metamorphoses. I expected to see the people all rich, that they would be all gentlemen bashaws, riding in their coaches and faring sumptuously every day, emancipated from toil, and revelling in luxurious ease. Wilt thou credit me, Asem, when I declare unto thee, that everything remains exactly in the same state it was before the last wordy campaign? except a few noisy retainers who have crept into office, and a few noisy patriots, on

the other side, who have been kicked out, there is not the least difference. The laborer toils for his daily support; the beggar still lives on the charity of those who have any charity to bestow; and the only solid satisfaction the multitude have reaped is, that they have got a new governor, or bashaw, whom they will praise, idolize, and exalt for a while, and afterward, notwithstanding the sterling merits he really possesses, in compliance with immemorial custom, they will abuse, calumniate, and trample him under foot.

Such, my dear Asem, is the way in which the wise people of "the most enlightened country under the sun," are amused with straws, and puffed up with mighty conceits; like a certain fish I have seen here, which having his belly tickled for a short time, will swell and puff himself up to twice his usual size, and become a mere bladder of wind and vanity.

The blessing of a true Mussulman light on thee, good Asem; ever, while thou livest, be true to thy prophet; and rejoice that, though the boasting political chatterers of this logocracy cast upon thy countrymen the ignominious epithet of slaves, thou livest in a country where the people, instead of being at the mercy of a tyrant with a million of heads, have nothing to do but submit to the will of a bashaw of only three tails.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

COCKLOFT HALL.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

THOSE who pass their time immured in the smoke of the city, amid the rattling of carts, the brawling of the multitude, and the variety of discordant sounds that prey insensibly upon the nerves, and beget a weariness of the spirits, can alone understand and feel that expansion of the heart, that physical renovation which a citizen experiences when he steals forth from his dusty prison, to breathe the free air of heaven, and enjoy the clear face of nature. Who that has rambled by the side of one of our majestic rivers, at the hour of sunset, when the wildly romantic scenery around is softened and tinted by the voluptuous mist of evening; when the bold and swelling outlines of the distant mountain seem melting into the glowing horizon, and a rich mantle of refulgence is thrown over the whole expanse of the heavens, but must have felt how abundant is nature in sources of pure enjoyment; how luxuriant in all that can enliven the senses or delight the imagination. The jocund zephyr, full freighted with native fragrance, sues sweetly to the senses; the chirping of the thousand varieties of insects with which our woodlands abound forms a concert of simple melody; even the barking of the farm dog, the lowing of the cattle, the tinkling of their bells, and the strokes of the woodman's axe from the opposite shore, seem to partake of the softness of the scene, and fall tunefully upon the ear; while the voice of the villager, chanting some rustic ballad, swells from a distance, in the semblance of the very music of harmonious love.

At such times I am conscious of the influence of nature upon the heart; a hallowed calm is diffused over my senses; I cast

my eyes around, and every object is serene, simple, and beautiful; no warring passion, no discordant string, there vibrates to the touch of ambition, self-interest, hatred, or revenge; I am at peace with the whole world, and hail all mankind as friends and brothers. Blissful moments! ye recall the careless days of my boyhood, when mere existence was happiness, when hope was certainly, this world a paradise, and every woman a ministering angel! Surely man was designed for a tenant of the universe, instead of being pent up in these dismal cages, these dens of strife, disease, and discord. We were created to range the fields, to sport among the groves, to build castles in the air, and have every one of them realized!

A whole legion of reflections like these insinuated themselves into my mind, and stole me from the influence of the cold realities before me, as I took my accustomed walk a few weeks since on the Battery. Here, watching the splendid mutations of one of our summer skies, which emulated the boasted glories of an Italian sunset, I all at once discovered that it was but pack up my portmanteau, bid adieu for awhile to my elbow-chair, and in a little time I should be transported from the region of smoke, and noise, and dust, to the enjoyment of a far sweeter prospect and a brighter sky. The next morning I was off full tilt to Cockloft Hall, leaving my man Pompey to follow at his leisure with my baggage. I love to indulge in rapid transitions, which are prompted by the quick impulse of the moment; 'tis the only mode of guarding against that intruding and deadly foe to all parties of pleasure—anticipation.

Having now made good my retreat, until the black frosts commence, it is but a piece of civility due to my readers, who I trust are, ere this, my friends, to give them a proper introduction to my present residence. I do this as much to gratify them as my-

self; well knowing a reader is always anxious to learn how his author is lodged, whether in a garret, a cellar, a hovel, or a palace; at least an author is generally vain enough to think so; and an author's vanity ought sometimes to be gratified. Poor devil! it is often the only gratification he ever tastes in this world!

COCKLOFT HALL is t residence of the family, or rather the paternal n ch, like the mother country, sends forth whole colo the face of the earth. Pindar whimsically denom family hive! and there is at least as much truth as y cousin's epithet; for many a swarm has it produce recollect whether I have at any time mentioned to my readers, for I seldom look back on what I have written, that the fertility of the Cocklofts is proverbial. The female members of the family are most incredibly fruitful; and to use a favorite phrase of old Cockloft, who is excessively addicted to backgammon, they seldom fail "to throw doublets every time." I myself have known three or four very industrious young men reduced to great extremities, by some of these capital breeders; heaven smiled upon their union, and enriched them with a numerous and hopeful offspring—who eat them out of doors.

But to return to the Hall. It is pleasantly situated on the bank of a sweet pastoral stream; not so near town as to invite an inundation of idle acquaintance, who come to lounge away an afternoon, nor so distant as to render it an absolute deed of charity or friendship to perform the journey. It is one of the oldest habitations in the country, and was built by my cousin Christopher's grandfather, who was also mine by the mother's side, in his latter days, to form, as the old gentleman expressed himself, "a snug retreat, where he meant to sit himself down in

his old days, and be comfortable for the rest of his life." He was at this time a few years over fourscore; but this was a common saying of his, with which he usually closed his airy speculations. One would have thought, from the long vista of years through which he contemplated many of his projects, that the good man had forgot the age of the patriarchs had long since gone by, and calculated living a century longer at least. He was for a considerable time in doubt, on the question of roofing his house with shingles or slates: shingles would not last above thirty years! but then they were much cheaper than slates. He settled the matter by a kind of compromise, and determined to build with shingles first; "and when they are worn out," said the old gentleman triumphantly, "'twill be time enough to replace them with more durable materials!" But his contemplated improvements surpassed everything; and scarcely had he a roof over his head, when he discovered a thousand things to be arranged before he could "sit down comfortably." In the first place, every tree and bush on the place was cut down or grubbed up by the roots, because they were not placed to his mind; and a vast quantity of oaks, chestnuts, and elms, set out in clumps, and rows, and labyrinths, which, he observed, in about five-and-twenty or thirty years at most, would yield a very tolerable shade, and, moreover, would shut out all the surrounding country; for he was determined, he said, to have all his views on his own land, and be beholden to no man for a prospect. This, my learned readers will perceive, was something very like the idea of Lorenzo de Medici, who gave as a reason for preferring one of his seats above all the others, "that all the ground within view of it was his own;" now, whether my grandfather ever heard of the Medici, is more than I can say; I rather think, however, from the characteristic ori-

ginality of the Cocklofts, that it was a whim-wham of his own begetting. Another odd notion of the old gentleman, was to blow up a large bed of rocks, for the purpose of having a fish-pond, although the river ran at about one hundred yards distance from the house, and was well stored with fish; but there was nothing, he said, like having things to one's self. So at it he went with all the ardor of a projector, who has just hit upon some splendid and useless whim-wham. As he proceeded, his views enlarged; he would have a summer-house built on the margin of the fish-pond; he would have it surrounded with elms and willows; and he would have a cellar dug under it, for some incomprehensible purpose, which remains a secret to this day.*

* The writer of the reminiscence, whom we have already cited in the previous mention of Cockloft Hall, Mr. W. A. Whitehead, of Newark, describes the recent condition of the summer-house. "The old man," who serves the purpose of the narrator, "sighed and turned away his head, while he led the way to a small building standing not far from the river's brink, and near an artificial basin or pond, into which, as the tide was full, the Passaic was pouring some of its surplus waters through a narrow sluice. It was octagonal in shape, about eighteen feet in diameter, containing only one apartment, with a door facing the river on the east, and having windows opening toward each of the other three cardinal points. It was built of stone, and had been originally weather-boarded, although most of the boards had fallen off. It had evidently been constructed with great care, being fully plaistered within, and papered, having an ornamental cornice and chair-board, an arched doorway, and cut stone steps: all indicating a fastidiousness of finish not ordinarily found elsewhere than in dwellings; but it was far gone toward utter ruin, the window sashes being all out, the door gone, and the mutilated wood-work showing it to be the resort only of the idle and the vicious. On looking to my companion for an explanation, he said:

"'This, sir, was the Cockloft summer-house, and this the fish-pond which Irving mentions when giving the portrait of the old proprietor.

"In a few years," he observed, "it would be a delightful piece of wood and water, where he might ramble on a summer's noon, smoke his pipe, and enjoy himself in his old days;" thrice honest old soul!—he died of an apoplexy in his ninetieth year, just as he had begun to blow up the fish-pond.

Let no one ridicule the whim-whams of my grandfather. If—and of this there is no doubt, for wise men have said it—if life be but a dream, happy is he who can make the most of the illusion.

Since my grandfather's death, the hall has passed through the hands of a succession of true old cavaliers, like himself, who gloried in observing the golden rules of hospitality; which, according to the Cockloft principle, consists in giving a guest the freedom of the house, cramming him with beef and pudding, and, if

You may remember the passage, "an odd notion of the old gentleman was to blow up a large bed of rocks for the purpose of having a fish-pond, although the river run at about one hundred yards' distance from the house, and was well stored with fish: but there was nothing, he said, like having things to one's self. And he would have a summer-house built on the margin of the fish-pond; he would have it surrounded with elms and willows; and he would have a cellar dug under it, for some incomprehensible purpose, which remains a secret to this day." As I remember it, in the days of youth,' continued my aged friend, 'with its window seats and lockers, I think it requires no "Will Wizard" to solve the mystery of the cellar, but that *there* the bottles were kept that were wont to surrender their exhilarating contents at the summons of the occupants of the comfortable apartment above.'

"As I commented on the peculiar position of the building, my companion remarked:

"'Here, too, you see an illustration of a peculiarity of the elder "Cockloft." "He was determined," says Irving, "to have all his views on his own land, and be beholden to no man for a prospect." So he placed, you see, the door of his summer-house on the side toward the water, while the windows all look inland.'"

possible, laying him under the table with prime port, claret, or London particular. The mansion appears to have been consecrated to the jolly god, and teems with monuments sacred to conviviality. Every chest of drawers, clothes-press, and cabinet, is decorated with enormous China punch-bowls, which Mrs. Cockloft has paraded with much ostentation, particularly in her favorite red damask bed-chamber, in which a projector might, with great satisfaction, practise his experiments on fleets, diving-bells, and submarine boats.

I have before mentioned Cousin Christopher's profound veneration for antique furniture; in consequence of which the old hall is furnished in much the same style with the house in town. Old-fashioned bedsteads, with high testers; massy clothes-presses, standing most majestically on eagles' claws, and ornamented with a profusion of shining brass handles, clasps, and hinges; and around the grand parlor are solemnly arranged a set of high-backed, leather-bottomed, massy mahogany chairs, that always remind me of the formal long-waisted belles, who flourished in stays and buckram, about the time they were in fashion.

If I may judge from their height, it was not the fashion for gentlemen in those days to loll over the back of a lady's chair, and whisper in her ear what—might be as well spoken aloud; at least, they must have been Patagonians to have effected it. Will Wizard declares, that he saw a little fat German gallant attempt once to whisper Miss Barbara Cockloft in this manner, but being unluckily caught by the chin, he dangled and kicked about for half a minute, before he could find terra firma—but Will is much addicted to hyperbole, by reason of his having been a great traveller.

But what the Cocklofts most especially pride themselves upon, is the possession of several family portraits, which exhibit as

honest a set of square, portly, well-fed looking gentlemen and gentlewomen, as ever grew and flourished under the pencil of a Dutch painter. Old Christopher, who is a complete genealogist, has a story to tell of each, and dilates with copious eloquence on the great services of the general in large sleeves, during the old French war; and on the piety of the lady in blue velvet, who so attentively peruses her book, and was once so celebrated for a beautiful arm; but, much as I reverence my illustrious ancestors, I find little to admire in their biography, except my cousin's excellent memory; which is most provokingly retentive of every uninteresting particular.

My allotted chamber in the hall is the same that was occupied in days of yore by my honored uncle John. The room exhibits many memorials which recall to my remembrance the solid excellence and amiable eccentricities of that gallant old lad. Over the mantel-piece hangs the portrait of a young lady dressed in a flaring, long-waisted, blue silk gown; be-flowered, and be-furbelowed, and be-cuffed, in a most abundant manner; she holds in one hand a book, which she very complaisantly neglects, to turn and smile on the spectator; in the other a flower, which I hope, for the honor of dame nature, was the sole production of the painter's imagination; and a little behind her is something tied to a blue riband, but whether a little dog, a monkey, or a pigeon, must be left to the judgment of future commentators. This little damsel, tradition says, was my uncle John's third flame; and he would infallibly have run away with her, could he have persuaded her into the measure; but at that time ladies were not quite so easily run away with as Columbine; and my uncle failing in the point, took a lucky thought, and with great gallantry ran off with her picture, which he conveyed in triumph to Cockloft Hall, and hung up in his bed-chamber as a monu-

ment of his enterprising spirit. The old gentleman prided himself mightily on this chivalric manœuvre ; always chuckled, and pulled up his stock when he contemplated the picture, and never related the exploit without winding up with—"I might, indeed, have carried off the original, had I chose to dangle a little longer after her chariot-wheels ; for, to do the girl justice, I believe she had a liking for me ; but I always scorned to coax, my boy —always—'twas my way." My uncle John was of a happy temperament ; I would give half I am worth for his talent at self-consolation.

The Miss Cocklofts have made several spirited attempts to introduce modern furniture into the Hall, but with very indifferent success. Modern style has always been an object of great annoyance to honest Christopher, and is ever treated by him with sovereign contempt, as an upstart intruder. It is a common observation of his, that your old-fashioned, substantial furniture bespeaks the respectability of one's ancestors, and indicates that the family has been used to hold up its head for more than the present generation ; whereas the fragile appendages of modern style seemed to be emblems of mushroom gentility, and, to his mind, predicted that the family dignity will molder away and vanish with its transient finery. The same whim-wham makes him averse to having his house surrounded with poplars ; which he stigmatizes as mere upstarts, just fit to ornament the shingle palaces of modern gentry, and characteristic of the establishments they decorate. Indeed, so far does he carry his veneration for antique trumpery, that he can scarcely see the dust brushed from its resting-place on the old-fashioned testers, or a grey-bearded spider dislodged from its ancient inheritance, without groaning ; and I once saw him in a transport of passion on Jeremy's knocking down a mouldering martin-coop with his ten-

nis-ball, which had been set up in the latter days of my grandfather. Another object of his peculiar affection is an old English cherry-tree, which leans against the corner of the Hall; and whether the house supports it, or it supports the house, would be, I believe, a question of some difficulty to decide. It is held sacred by friend Christopher because he planted and reared it himself, and had once well-nigh broken his neck by a fall from one of its branches. This is one of his favorite stories, and there is reason to believe, that if the tree was out of the way, the old gentleman would forget the whole affair—which would be a great pity. The old tree has long since ceased bearing, and is exceedingly infirm; every tempest robs it of a limb; and one would suppose from the lamentations of my old friend, on such occasions, that he had lost one of his own. He often contemplates it in a half-melancholy, half-moralizing humor—"together," he says, "have we flourished, and together shall we wither away; a few years, and both our heads will be laid low, and, perhaps, my mouldering bones may, one day or other, mingle with the dust of the tree I have planted." He often fancies, he says, that it rejoices to see him when he revisits the Hall, and that its leaves assume a brighter verdure, as if to welcome his arrival. How whimsically are our tenderest feelings assailed! At one time the old tree had obtruded a withered branch before Miss Barbara's window, and she desired her father to order the gardener to saw it off. I shall never forget the old man's answer, and the look that accompanied it. "What," cried he, "lop off the limbs of my cherry-tree in its old age? Why do you not cut off the grey locks of your poor old father?"

Do my readers yawn at this long family detail? They are welcome to throw down our work, and never resume it again. I have no care for such ungratified spirits, and will not throw

away a thought on one of them. Full often have I contributed to their amusement, and have not I a right, for once, to consult my own? Who is there that does not fondly turn, at times, to linger round those scenes which were once the haunt of his boyhood, ere his heart grew heavy and his head waxed grey; and to dwell with fond affection on the friends who have twined themselves round his heart—mingled in all his enjoyments—contributed to all his felicities? If there be any, who cannot relish these enjoyments, let them despair; for they have been so soiled in their intercourse with the world, as to be incapable of tasting some of the purest pleasures that survive the happy period of youth.

To such as have not yet lost the rural feeling, I address this simple family picture; and in the honest sincerity of a warm heart, I invite them to turn aside from bustle, care, and toil, to tarry with me for a season, in the hospitable mansion of the Cocklofts.

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[I WAS really apprehensive, on reading the following effusion of Will Wizard, that he still retained that pestilent hankering after puns of which we lately convicted him. He, however, declares that he is fully authorized by the example of the most popular critics and wits of the present age, whose manner and matter he has closely, and he flatters himself successfully, copied in the subsequent essay.]

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

THE uncommon healthiness of the season, occasioned, as several learned physicians assure me, by the universal prevalence of the influenza, has encouraged the chieftain of our dramatic corps to marshal his forces, and to commence the campaign at a much earlier day than usual. He has been induced to take the field, thus suddenly, I am told, by the invasion of certain foreign marauders, who pitched their tents at Vauxhall Garden during the warm months; and taking advantage of his army being disbanded and dispersed in summer quarters, committed sad depredations upon the borders of his territories, carrying off a considerable portion of his winter harvest, and murdering some of his most distinguished characters.

It is true, these hardy invaders have been reduced to great extremity by the late heavy rains, which injured and destroyed much of their camp equipage, besides spoiling the best part of their wardrobe. Two cities, a triumphal car, and a new moon for Cinderella, together with the barber's boy who was employed every night to powder and make it shine white, have been entirely washed away, and the sea has become very wet and moldy; insomuch that great apprehensions are entertained that it will never be dry enough for use. Add to this the noble county Paris had the misfortune to tear his corduroy breeches, in the scuffle with Romeo, by reason of the tomb being very wet, which occasioned him to slip; and he and his noble rival possessing but one pair of satin ones between them, were reduced to considerable shifts to keep up the dignity of their respective houses. In

spite of these disadvantages, and the untoward circumstances, they continued to enact most intrepidly; performing with much ease and confidence, inasmuch as they were seldom pestered with an audience to criticise and put them out of countenance. It is rumored that the last heavy shower absolutely dissolved the company, and that ou[illegible]s nothing further to apprehend from that quarte[illegible]

The theatre opened [illegible]y last, with great eclat, as we critics say, and an[illegible] brilliancy with that of my superb friend Conseqn[illegible] where the castles were all ivory, the sea mother [illegible]ies gold and silver leaf, and the outside of the box [illegible] scollop shell-work. Those who want a better description of the theatre, may as well go and see it, and then they can judge for themselves. For the gratification of a highly respectable class of readers, who love to see everything on paper, I had indeed prepared a circumstantial and truly incomprehensible account of it, such as your traveller always fills his book with, and which I defy the most intelligent architect, even the great Sir Christopher Wren, to understand. I had jumbled cornices, and pilasters, and pillars, and capitals, and trigylphs, and modules, and plinths, and volutes, and perspectives, and fore-shortenings, helter-skelter; and had set all the orders of architecture, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, etc., together by the ears, in order to work out a satisfactory description; but the manager having sent me a polite note requesting that I would not take off the sharp edge, as he whimsically expressed it, of public curiosity, thereby diminishing the receipts of his house, I have willingly consented to oblige him, and have left my description at the store of our publisher, where any person may see it—provided he applies at a proper hour.

I cannot refrain here from giving vent to the satisfaction I

received from the excellent performances of the different actors, one and all ; and particularly the gentlemen who shifted the scenes, who acquitted themselves throughout with great celerity, dignity, pathos, and effect. Nor must I pass over the peculiar merits of my friend JOHN, who gallanted off the chairs and tables in the most dignified and circumspect manner. Indeed, I have had frequent occasion to applaud the correctness with which this gentleman fulfills the parts allotted him, and consider him as one of the best general performers in the company. My friend, the cockney, found considerable fault with the manner in which John shoved a huge rock from behind the scenes ; maintaining that he should have put his left foot forward, and pushed it with his right hand, that being the method practised by his contemporaries of the royal theatres, and universally approved by their best critics. He also took exception to John's coat, which he pronounced too short by a foot at least, particularly when he turned his back to the company. But I look upon these objections in the same light as new readings, and insist that John shall be allowed to manœuvre his chairs and tables, shove his rocks, and wear his skirts in that style which his genius best affects. My hopes in the rising merit of this favorite actor daily increase ; and I would hint to the manager the propriety of giving him a benefit, advertising in the usual style of playbills, as a "springe to catch woodcocks," that, between the play and farce, John will MAKE A BOW—for that night only !

I am told that no pains have been spared to make the exhibitions of this season as splendid as possible. Several expert ratcatchers have been sent into different parts of the country to catch white mice for the grand pantomime of CINDERELLA. A nest full of little squab Cupids have been taken in the neighborhood of Communipaw ; they are as yet but half fledged, of the

true Holland breed, and it is hoped will be able to fly about by the middle of October; otherwise they will be suspended about the stage by the waistband, like little alligators in an apothecary's shop, as the pantomime must positively be performed by that time. Great pains and expense have been incurred in the importation of one of rtly pumpkins in New England; and the public n there is now one on board a vessel from New Haven, ntain Cinderella's coach and six with perfect ease, we mice even ten times as large.

Also several barrels brimstone, and gunpowder, are in store for melo- which a number are to be played off this winter. more whispered me that the great thunder drum has been new braced, and an expert performer on that instrument engaged, who will thunder in plain English, so as to be understood by the most illiterate hearer. This will be infinitely preferable to the miserable Italian thunderer, employed last winter by Mr. Ciceri, who performed in such an unnatural and outlandish tongue, that none but the scholars of signor Da Ponte could understand him. It will be a further gratification to the patriotic audience to know, that the present thunderer is a fellow-countryman, born at Dunderberg, among the echoes of the Highlands, and that he thunders with peculiar emphasis and pompous enunciation, in the true style of a fourth of July orator.

In addition to all these additions, the manager has provided an entire new snow-storm, the very sight of which will be quite sufficient to draw a shawl over every naked bosom in the theatre; the snow is perfectly fresh, having been manufactured last August.

N.B. The outside of the theatre has been ornamented with a new chimney ! !

NO. XV.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1807.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

THE brisk northwesters, which prevailed not long since, had a powerful effect in arresting the progress of belles, beaux, and wild pigeons in their fashionable northern tour, and turning them back to the more balmy region of the south. Among the rest, I was encountered, full butt, by a blast which set my teeth chattering, just as I doubled one of the frowning bluffs of the Mohawk Mountains, in my route to Niagara, and facing about incontinently, I forthwith scud before the wind, and a few days since arrived at my old quarters in New York. My first care, on returning from so long an absence, was to visit the worthy family of the Cocklofts, whom I found safe burrowed in their country mansion. On inquiring for my highly-respected coadjutor, Langstaff, I learned with great concern that he had relapsed into one of his eccentric fits of the spleen, ever since the era of a turtle dinner given by old Cockloft to some of the neighboring squires, wherein the old gentleman had achieved a glorious victory in laying honest Launcelot fairly under the table. Langstaff, although fond of the social board and cheerful glass, yet abominates any excess, and has an invincible aver-

sion to getting mellow, considering it a wilful outrage on the sanctity of imperial mind, a senseless abuse of the body, and an unpardonable, because a voluntary, prostration of both mental and personal dignity. I have heard him moralize on the subject, in a style that would do honor to Michael Cassio himself; but I believe, if the truth were known, this antipathy rather rises from his having, as the phrase is, but a weak head, and nerves so extremely sensitive, that he is sure to suffer severely from a frolic, and will groan and make resolutions against it for a week afterward. He therefore took this waggish exploit of old Christopher's, and the consequent quizzing which he underwent, in high dudgeon; had kept aloof from company for a fortnight, and appeared to be meditating some deep plan of retaliation upon his mischievous old crony. He had, however, for the last day or two, shown some symptoms of convalescence: had listened, without more than half a dozen twitches of impatience, to one of Christopher's unconscionable long stories, and even was seen to smile, for the one hundred and thirtieth time, at a venerable joke originally borrowed from Joe Miller, but which, by dint of long occupancy, and frequent repetition, the old gentleman now firmly believes happened to himself somewhere in New England.

As I am well acquainted with Launcelot's haunts, I soon found him out. He was lolling on his favorite bench, rudely constructed at the foot of an old tree, which is full of fantastical twists, and with its spreading branches forms a canopy of luxuriant foliage. This tree is a kind of chronicle of the short reigns of his uncle John's mistresses; and its trunk is sorely wounded with carvings of true lovers' knots, hearts, darts, names, and inscriptions!—frail memorials of the variety of the fair dames who captivated the wandering fancy of that old cavalier in the

days of his youthful romance. Launcelot holds this tree in particular regard, as he does everything else connected with the memory of his good uncle John. He was reclining, in one of his usual brown studies, against its trunk, and gazing pensively upon the river that glided just by, washing the drooping branches of the dwarf willows that fringed its bank. My appearance roused him; he grasped my hand with his usual warmth, and with a tremulous but close pressure, which spoke that his heart entered into the salutation. After a number of affectionate inquiries and felicitations, such as friendship, not form, dictated, he seemed to relapse into his former flow of thought, and to resume the chain of ideas my appearance had broken for a moment.

"I was reflecting," said he, "my dear Anthony, upon some observations I made in our last number; and considering whether the sight of objects once dear to the affections, or of scenes where we have passed different happy periods of early life, really occasions most enjoyment or most regret. Renewing our acquaintance with well-known but long separated objects, revives, it is true, the recollection of former pleasures, and touches the tenderest feelings of the heart; as the flavor of a delicious beverage will remain upon the palate long after the cup has parted from the lips. But on the other hand, my friend, these same objects are too apt to awaken us to a keener recollection of what we were, when they once delighted us; and to provoke a mortifying and melancholy contrast with what we are at present. They act, in a manner, as milestones of existence, showing us how far we have travelled in the journey of life—how much of our weary but fascinating pilgrimage is accomplished. I look round me, and my eye fondly recognizes the fields I once sported over, the river in which I once swam, and

the orchard I intrepidly robbed in the halcyon days of boyhood The fields are still green, the river still rolls unaltered and undiminished, and the orchard is still flourishing and fruitful ;— it is I only am changed. The thoughtless flow of mad-cap spirits that nothing c[illegible] the elasticity of nerve that enabled me to bound [illegible]d, to stem the stream and climb the tree—the ' [illegible]he breast' that beamed an illusive charm over ev[illegible]d created a paradise around me !—where are they [illegible]h lapse of years has stolen them away, and left [illegible]hing but grey hairs, and a repining spirit." My [illegible]elot concluded his harangue with a sigh, and as I saw [illegible] till under the influence of a whole legion of the blues, and just on the point of sinking into one of his whimsical and unreasonable fits of melancholy abstraction, I proposed a walk. He consented, and slipping his left arm in mine, and waving in the other a gold-headed thorn cane, bequeathed him by his uncle John, we slowly rambled along the margin of the river.

Langstaff, though possessing great vivacity of temper, is most woefully subject to these "thick coming fancies ;" and I do not know a man whose animal spirits do insult him with more jiltings, and coquetries, and slippery tricks. In these moods he is often visited by a whim-wham which he indulges in common with the Cocklofts. It is that of looking back with regret, conjuring up the phantoms of good old times, and decking them out in imaginary finery, with the spoils of his fancy ; like a good lady widow, regretting the loss of the "poor dear man ;" for whom, while living, she cared not a rush. I have seen him and Pindar, and old Cockloft, amuse themselves over a bottle with their youthful days, until by the time they had become what is termed merry, they were the most miserable beings in existence.

In a similar humor was Launcelot at present, and I knew the only way was to let him moralize himself out of it.

Our ramble was soon interrupted by the appearance of a personage of no little importance at Cockloft Hall—for, to let my readers into a family secret, friend Christopher is notoriously henpecked by an old negro, who has whitened on the place; and is his master, almanac, and counsellor. My readers, if haply they have sojourned in the country, and become conversant in rural manners, must have observed, that there is scarce a little hamlet but has one of these old weather-beaten wisacres of negroes, who ranks among the great characters of the place. He is always resorted to as an oracle to resolve any question about the weather, fishing, shooting, farming, and horse-doctoring; and on such occasions will slouch his remnant of a hat on one side, fold his arms, roll his white eyes and examine the sky, with a look as knowing as Peter Pindar's magpie when peeping into a marrow-bone. Such a sage curmudgeon is old Cæsar, who acts as friend Cockloft's prime minister or grand vizier; assumes, when abroad, his master's style and title; to wit, Squire Cockloft; and is, in effect, absolute lord and ruler of the soil.

As he passed us, he pulled off his hat with an air of something more than respect; it partook, I thought, of affection. "There, now, is another memento of the kind I have been noticing," said Launcelot; "Cæsar was a bosom friend and chosen playmate of Cousin Pindar and myself, when we were boys. Never were we so happy as when, stealing away on a holiday to the Hall, we ranged about the fields with honest Cæsar. He was particularly adroit in making our quail-traps and fishing-rods; was always the ring-leader in all the schemes of frolicsome mischief perpetrated by the urchins of the neighborhood;

considered himself on an equality with the best of us; and many a hard battle have I had with him, about the division of the spoils of an orchard, or the title to a bird's nest. Many a summer evening do I remember when, huddled together on the steps of the Hall door, Cæsar, with his stories of ghosts, goblins, and witches, would put us a[illegible]d people every lane, and churchyard, and solitary [illegible]aginary beings. In process of time, he became [illegible]ttendant and Man Friday of Cousin Pindar, whene[illegible] sparking among the rosy country girls of the nei[illegible]; and brought up his rear at every rustic dance, [illegible] mingle in the sable group that always thronged t[illegible]iment; and it was enough to put to the rout a host of splenetic imps to see his mouth gradually dilate from ear to ear, with pride and exultation, at seeing how neatly master Pindar footed it over the floor. Cæsar was likewise the chosen confidant and special agent of Pindar in all his love affairs, until, as his evil stars would have it, on being intrusted with the delivery of a poetic billet-doux to one of his patron's sweethearts, he took an unlucky notion to send it to his own sable dulcinea, who, not being able to read it, took it to her mistress; and so the whole affair was blown. Pindar was universally roasted, and Cæsar discharged forever from his confidence.

"Poor Cæsar!—he has now grown old, like his young masters, but he still remembers old times; and will, now and then, remind me of them as he lights me to my room, and lingers a little while to bid me a good-night. Believe me, my dear Evergreen, the honest, simple old creature has a warm corner in my heart; I don't see, for my part, why a body may not like a negro as well as a white man!"

By the time these biographical anecdotes were ended we

had reached the stable, into which we had involuntarily strolled, and found Cæsar busily employed in rubbing down the horses; an office he would not intrust to anybody else, having contracted an affection for every beast in the stable, from their being descendants of the old race of animals, his youthful contemporaries. Cæsar was very particular in giving us their pedigrees, together with a panegyric on the swiftness, bottom, blood, and spirit of their sires. From these he digressed into a variety of anecdotes in which Launcelot bore a conspicuous part, and on which the old negro dwelt with all the garrulity of age. Honest Langstaff stood leaning with his arm over the back of his favorite steed, old Killdeer; and I could perceive he listened to Cæsar's simple details with that fond attention with which a feeling mind will hang over narratives of boyish days. His eye sparkled with animation, a glow of youthful fire stole across his pale visage; he nodded with smiling approbation at every sentence; chuckled at every exploit; laughed heartily at the story of his once having smoked out a country singing-school with brimstone and assafœtida; and slipping a piece of money into old Cæsar's hand to buy himself a new tobacco-box, he seized me by the arm and hurried out of the stable brimful of good nature. "'Tis a pestilent old rogue for talking, my dear fellow," cried he, "but you must not find fault with him—the creature means well." I knew at the very moment that he made this apology, honest Cæsar could not have given him half the satisfaction had he talked like a Cicero or a Solomon.

Launcelot returned to the house with me in the best possible humor—the whole family, who in truth love and honor him from their very souls, were delighted to see the sunbeams once more play in his countenance. Every one seemed to vie who should talk the most, tell the longest stories, and be most agreeable;

and Will Wizard, who had accompanied me in my visit, declared, as he lighted his cigar—which had gone out forty times in the course of one of his oriental tales—that he had not passed so pleasant an evening since the birthnight ball of the beauteous empress of Hayti.

[THE following essay was written by my friend Langstaff, in one of the paroxysms of his splenetic complaint; and, for aught I know, may have been effectual in restoring him to good humor. A mental discharge of the kind has a remarkable tendency toward sweetening the temper—and Launcelot is, at this moment, one of the best-natured men in existence.

A. EVERGREEN.]

ON GREATNESS.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WE have more than once, in the course of our work, been most jocosely familiar with great personages; and, in truth, treated them with as little ceremony, respect, and consideration, as if they had been our most particular friends. Now, we would not suffer the mortification of having our readers even suspect us of any intimacy of the kind; assuring them we are extremely choice in our intimates and uncommonly circumspect in avoiding connections with all doubtful characters; particularly pimps, bailiffs, lottery-brokers, chevaliers of industry, and great men. The world, in general, is pretty well aware of what is to be understood by the former classes of delinquents; but as the latter has never, I believe, been specifically defined, and as

we are determined to instruct our readers to the extent of our abilities, and their limited comprehension, it may not be amiss here to let them know what we understand by a great man.

First, therefore, let us—editors and kings are always plural—premise, that there are two kinds of greatness: one conferred by heaven—the exalted nobility of the soul—the other, a spurious distinction, engendered by the mob and lavished upon its favorites. The former of these distinctions we have already contemplated with reverence; the latter, we will take this opportunity to strip naked before our unenlightened readers; so that if by chance any of them are held in ignominious thralldom by this base circulation of false coin, they may forthwith emancipate themselves from such inglorious delusion.

It is a fictitious value given to individuals by public caprice, as bankers give an impression to a worthless slip of paper: thereby gaining it a currency for infinitely more than its intrinsic value. Every nation has its peculiar coin, and peculiar great men; neither of which will, for the most part, pass current out of the country where they are stamped. Your true mob-created great man, is like a note of one of the little New England banks, and his value depreciates in proportion to the distance from home. In England, a great man is he who has most ribands and gew-gaws on his coat, most horses to his carriage, most slaves in his retinue, or most toad-eaters at his table; in France, he who can most dexterously flourish his heels above his head—Duport is most incontestably the greatest man in France!—when the emperor is absent. The greatest man in China, is he who can trace his ancestry up to the moon; and in this country, our great men may generally hunt down their pedigree until it burrow in the dirt like a rabbit. To be concise: our great men are those who are most expert at crawling on all fours, and have the

happiest facility of dragging and winding themselves along in the dirt. This may seem a parodox to many of my readers, who, with great good nature be it hinted, are too stupid to look beyond the mere surface of our invaluable writings; and often pass over the knowing allusions, and poignant meaning, that is slily couching beneath. It is for the benefit of such helpless ignorants, who have no other creed but the opinion of the mob, that I shall trace, as far as it is possible to follow him in his progress from insignificance—the rise, progress, and completion of a LITTLE GREAT MAN.

In a logocracy, to use the sage Mustapha's phrase, it is not absolutely necessary to the formation of a great man that he should be either wise or valiant, upright or honorable. On the contrary, daily experience shows, that these qualities rather impede his preferment; inasmuch as they are prone to render him too inflexibly erect, and directly at variance with that willow suppleness which enables a man to wind, and twist, through all the nooks and turns and dark winding passages that lead to greatness. The grand requisite for climbing the rugged hill of popularity—the summit of which is the seat of power—is to be useful. And here, once more, for the sake of our readers, who are, of course, not so wise as ourselves, I must explain what we understand by usefulness. The horse, in his native state, is wild, swift, impetuous, full of majesty, and of a most generous spirit. It is then the animal is noble, exalted, and useless. But entrap him, manacle him, cudgel him, break down his lofty spirit, put the curb into his mouth, the load upon his back, and reduce him into servile obedience to the bridle and the lash, and it is then he becomes useful. Your jackass is one of the most useful animals in existence. If my readers do not now understand what I mean by usefulness, I give them all up for most absolute nincoms.

To rise in this country a man must first descend. The aspiring politician may be compared to that indefatigable insect, called the tumbler, pronounced by a distinguished personage to be the only industrious animal in Virginia, which buries itself in filth, and works ignobly in the dirt, until it forms a little ball, which it rolls laboriously along, like Diogenes in his tub; sometimes head, sometimes tail foremost, pilfering from every rut and mud hole, and increasing its ball of greatness by the contributions of the kennel. Just so the candidate for greatness;—he buries himself in the mob; labors in dirt and oblivion, and makes unto himself the rudiments of a popular name from the admiration and praises of rogues, ignoramuses, and blackguards. His name once started, onward he goes struggling and puffing, and pushing it before him; collecting new tribute from the dregs and offals of society, as he proceeds, until having gathered together a mighty mass of popularity, he mounts it in triumph; is hoisted into office, and becomes a great man, and a ruler in the land. All this will be clearly illustrated by a sketch of a worthy of the kind, who sprung up under my eye, and was hatched from the dirt by the broad rays of popularity, which, like the sun, can "breed maggots in a dead dog."

Timothy Dabble was a young man of very promising talents; for he wrote a fair hand, and had thrice won the silver medal at a country academy; he was also an orator, for he talked with emphatic volubility, and could argue a full hour, without taking either side, or advancing a single opinion; he had still further requisites for eloquence, for he made very handsome gestures, had dimples in his cheeks when he smiled, and enunciated most harmoniously through his nose. In short, nature had certainly marked him out for a great man; for though he was not tall, yet he added at least half an inch to his stature by elevating his

head, and assumed an amazing expression of dignity by turning up his nose and curling his nostrils, in a style of conscious superiority. Convinced by these unequivocal appearances, Dabble's friends, in full caucus, one and all, declared that he was undoubtedly born to be a great man, and it would be his own fault if he were not one. Dabble was tickled with an opinion which coincided so happily with his own—for vanity, in a confidential whisper, had given him the like intimation—and he reverenced the judgment of his friends because they thought so highly of himself. Accordingly he set out with a determination to become a great man, and to start in the scrub-race for honor and renown. How to attain the desired prize was however the question. He knew by a kind of instinctive feeling, which seems peculiar to grovelling minds, that honor, and its better part—profit, would never seek him out ; that they would never knock at his door and crave admittance ; but must be courted, and toiled after, and earned. He therefore strutted forth into the highways, and market-places, and the assemblies of the people; ranted like a true cockerel orator about virtue, and patriotism, and liberty, and equality, and himself. Full many a political wind-mill did he battle with ; and full many a time did he talk himself out of breath and his hearers out of patience. But Dabble found, to his vast astonishment, that there was not a notorious political pimp at a ward meeting but could out-talk him ; and what was still more mortifying, there was not a notorious political pimp but was more noticed and caressed than himself. The reason was simple enough; while he harangued about principles, the others ranted about men ; where he reprobated a political error, they blasted a political character. They were, consequently, the most useful ; for the great object of our political disputes is not who shall have the honor of emancipating

the community from the leading-strings of delusion, but who shall have the profit of holding the strings and leading the community by the nose.

Dabble was likewise very loud in his professions of integrity, incorruptibility, and disinterestedness; words which, from being filtered and refined through newspapers and election handbills, have lost their original signification; and in the political dictionary are synonymous with empty pockets, itching palms, and interested ambition. He, in addition to all this, declared that he would support none but honest men; but unluckily as but few of these offered themselves to be supported, Dabble's services were seldom required. He pledged himself never to engage in party schemes, or party politics, but to stand up solely for the broad interests of his country—so he stood alone; and what is the same thing, he stood still; for, in this country, he who does not side with either party, is like a body in a *vacuum* between two planets, and must forever remain motionless.

Dabble was immeasurably surprised that a man so honest, so disinterested, and so sagacious withal, and one too who had the good of his country so much at heart, should thus remain unnoticed and unapplauded. A little worldly advice, whispered in his ear by a shrewd old politician, at once explained the whole mystery. "He who would become great," said he, "must serve an apprenticeship to greatness; and rise by regular gradation, like the master of a vessel, who commences by being scrub and cabin-boy. He must fag in the train of great men, echo all their sentiments, become their toad-eater and parasite—laugh at all their jokes, and, above all, endeavor to make them laugh; if you only make a great man laugh now and then your fortune is made. Look about you, youngster, and you will

not see a single little great man of the day, but his herd of retainers, who yelp at his heels, come at his whistle, worry whoever he points at, and think themselves fully rewarded by sometimes snapping up a crumb that falls from his table. Talk of patriotism and virtue, and incorruptibility!—tut, man! they are the very qualiti munificence, and keep patronage at a distance. well attempt to entice crowds with red rags and ay all these scarecrow virtues aside, and let this l that a candidate for political eminence is like a ; he never becomes luminous until he is corrupt."

Dabble caught wit lity these congenial doctrines, and turned into his predestined channel of action with the force and rapidity of a stream which has for a while been restrained from its natural course. He became what nature had fitted him to be: his tone softened down from arrogant self-sufficiency, to the whine of fawning solicitation. He mingled in the caucuses of the sovereign people; assumed a patriotic slovenliness of dress; argued most logically with those who were of his own opinion; and slandered, with all the malice of impotence, exalted characters whose orbit he despaired ever to approach—just as that scoundrel midnight thief, the owl, hoots at the blessed light of the sun, whose glorious lustre he dares never contemplate. He likewise applied himself to discharging, faithfully, the honorable duties of a partisan; he poached about for private slanders and ribald anecdotes; he folded handbills; he even wrote one or two himself, which he carried about in his pocket and read to everybody; he became secretary at ward-meetings, set his hand to divers resolutions of patriotic import, and even once went so far as to make a speech, in which he proved that patriotism was a virtue—that the reigning bashaw

was a great man—that this was a free country, and he himself an arrant and incontestable buzzard!

Dabble was now very frequent and devout in his visits to those temples of politics, popularity, and smoke—the ward porter-houses; those true dens of equality where all ranks, ages, and talents, are brought down to the level of rude familiarity. 'Twas here his talents expanded, and his genius swelled up to its proper size—like the toad, which, shrinking from balmy airs and jocund sunshine, finds his congenial home in caves and dungeons, and there nourishes his venom and bloats his deformity. 'Twas here he revelled with the swinish multitude in their debauches on patriotism and porter; and it became an even chance whether Dabble would turn out a great man or a great drunkard. But Dabble in all this kept steadily in his eye the only deity he ever worshipped—his interest. Having by this familiarity ingratiated himself with the mob, he became wonderfully potent and industrious at elections—knew all the dens and cellars of profligacy and intemperance—brought more negroes to the polls, and knew to a greater certainty where votes could be bought for beer, than any of his contemporaries. His exertions in the cause, his persevering industry, his degrading compliance, his unresisting humility, his steadfast dependence, at length caught the attention of one of the leaders of the party, who was pleased to observe that Dabble was a very useful fellow, who would go all lengths. From that moment his fortune was made—he was hand and glove with orators and slang-whangers; basked in the sunshine of great men's smiles, and had the honor, sundry times, of shaking hands with dignitaries during elections, and drinking out of the same pot with them at a porter-house!!

I will not fatigue myself with tracing this caterpillar in his

slimy progress from worm to butterfly : suffice it that Dabble bowed and bowed, and fawned, and sneaked, and smirked, and libelled, until one would have thought perseverance itself would have settled down into despair. There was no knowing how long he might have lingered at a distance from his hopes had he not luckily got tarred and feathered for some electioneering manœuvre. This was the making of him ! Let not my readers stare ; tarring and feathering here is equal to pillory and cropped ears in England ; and either of these kinds of martyrdom will insure a patriot the sympathy and support of his faction. His partisans—for even he had his partisans—took his case into consideration. He had been kicked, and cuffed, and disgraced, and dishonored in the cause ; he had licked the dust at the feet of the mob; he was a faithful drudge, slow to anger, of invincible patience, of incessant assiduity ; a thorough-going tool, who could be curbed, and spurred, and directed at pleasure —in short, he had all the important qualifications for a little great man, and he was accordingly ushered into office amid the acclamations of the party. The leading men complimented his usefulness, the multitude his republican simplicity, and the slang-whangers vouched for his patriotism. Since his elevation he has discovered indubitable signs of having been destined for a great man. His nose has acquired an additional elevation of several degrees, so that now he appears to have bidden adieu to this world and to have set his thoughts altogether on things above; and he has swelled and inflated himself to such a degree that his friends are under apprehensions that he will one day or other explode and blow up like a torpedo.

NO. XVI.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1807.

STYLE, AT BALLSTON.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

NOTWITHSTANDING Evergreen has never been abroad, nor had his understanding enlightened, or his views enlarged by that marvellous sharpener of the wits, a salt water voyage, yet he is tolerably shrewd, and correct, in the limited sphere of his observations; and now and then astounds me with a right pithy remark, which would do no discredit even to a man who had made the grand tour.

In several late conversations at Cockloft Hall, he has amused us exceedingly by detailing sundry particulars concerning that notorious slaughter-house of time, Ballston Springs, where he spent a considerable part of the last summer. The following is a summary of his observations.

Pleasure has passed through a variety of significations at Ballston. It originally meant nothing more than a relief from pain and sickness; and the patient who had journeyed many a weary mile to the Springs, with a heavy heart and emaciated form, called it pleasure when he threw by his crutches, and danced away from them with renovated spirits and limbs jocund with vigor. In process of time, pleasure underwent a refine-

ment, and appeared in the likeness of a sober, unceremonious country-dance, to the flute of an amateur or the three-stringed fiddle of an itinerant country musician. Still everything bespoke that happy holiday which the spirits ever enjoy, when emancipated from the shackles of formality, ceremony, and modern politeness; things went on cheerily, and Ballston was pronounced a charming, humdrum, careless place of resort, where every one was at his ease, and might follow unmolested the bent of his humor—provided his wife was not there; when, lo! all on a sudden, Style made its baneful appearance in the semblance of a gig and tandem, a pair of leather breeches, a liveried footman, and a cockney! Since that fatal era pleasure has taken an entire new signification, and at present means nothing but STYLE.

The worthy, fashionable, dashing, good-for-nothing people of every state, who had rather suffer the martyrdom of a crowd than endure the monotony of their own homes, and the stupid company of their own thoughts, flock to the Springs; not to enjoy the pleasures of society, or benefit by the qualities of the waters, but to exhibit their equipages and wardrobes, and to excite the admiration, or what is much more satisfactory, the envy of their fashionable competitors. This, of course, awakens a spirit of noble emulation between the eastern, middle, and southern States; and every lady hereupon finding herself charged in a manner with the whole weight of her country's dignity and style, dresses and dashes, and sparkles, without mercy, at her competitors from other parts of the Union. This kind of rivalship naturally requires a vast deal of preparation and prodigious quantities of supplies. A sober citizen's wife will break half a dozen milliners' shops, and sometimes starve her family a whole season, to enable herself to make the Springs campaign in style

She repairs to the seat of war with a mighty force of trunks and band-boxes, like so many ammunition chests, filled with caps, hats, gowns, ribands, shawls, and all the various artillery of fashionable warfare. The lady of a southern planter will lay out the whole annual produce of a rice plantation in silver and gold muslins, lace veils, and new liveries; carry a hogshead of tobacco on her head, and trail a bale of sea-island cotton at her heels; while a lady of Boston or Salem will wrap herself up in the net proceeds of a cargo of whale oil, and tie on her hat with a quintal of codfish.

The planters' ladies, however, have generally the advantage in this contest; for, as it is an incontestable fact, that whoever comes from the West or East Indies, or Georgia, or the Carolinas, or in fact any warm climate, is immensely rich, it cannot be expected that a simple cit of the North can cope with them in style. The planter, therefore, who drives four horses abroad, and a thousand negroes at home, and who flourishes up to the Springs, followed by half a score of black-a-moors, in gorgeous liveries, is unquestionably superior to the northern merchant, who plods on in a carriage and pair; which, being nothing more than is quite necessary, has no claim whatever to style. He, however, has his consolation in feeling superior to the honest cit, who dashes about in a simple gig; he, in return, sneers at the country squire, who jogs along with his scrubby, long-eared poney and saddle-bags; and the squire, by way of taking satisfaction, would make no scruple to run over the unobtrusive pedestrian, were it not that the last, being the most independent of the whole, might chance to break his head by way of retort.

The great misfortune is, that this style is supported at such an expense as sometimes to encroach on the rights and privileges of the pocket; and occasions very awkward embarrassments to the

tyro of fashion. Among a number of instances, Evergreen mentions the fate of a dashing blade from the South, who made his *entrée* with a tandem and two outriders, by the aid of which he attracted the attention of all the ladies, and caused a coolness between several young couples who, it was thought before his arrival, had a considerable kindness for each other. In the course of a fortnight his tandem disappeared !—the class of good folk who seem to have nothing to do in this world but pry into other people's affairs, began to stare. In a little time longer an outrider was missing !—this increased the alarm, and it was consequently whispered that he had eaten the horses and drank the negro. N.B. Southern gentlemen are very apt to do this on an emergency. Serious apprehensions were entertained about the fate of the remaining servant, which were soon verified by his actually vanishing ; and in "one little month" the dashing Carolinian modestly took his departure in the stage-coach !—universally regretted by the friends who had generously released him from his cumbrous load of style.

Evergreen, in the course of his detail, gave very melancholy accounts of an alarming famine which raged with great violence at the Springs. Whether this was owing to the incredible appetites of the company, or the scarcity which prevailed at the inns, he did not seem inclined to say ; but he declares, that he was for several days in imminent danger of starvation, owing to his being a little too dilatory in his attendance at the dinner table. He relates a number of "moving accidents," which befell many of the polite company in their zeal to get a good seat at dinner ; on which occasion a kind of scrub-race always took place, wherein a vast deal of jockeying and unfair play was shown, and a variety of squabbles and unseemly altercations occurred. But when arrived at the scene of action, it was truly

an awful sight to behold the confusion, and to hear the tumultuous uproar of voices crying some for one thing, and some for another, to the tuneful accompaniment of knives and forks; rattling with all the energy of hungry impatience. The feast of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ was nothing when compared with a dinner at the great house. At one time, an old gentleman, whose natural irascibility was a little sharpened by the gout, had scalded his throat, by gobbling down a bowl of hot soup in a vast hurry, in order to secure the first fruits of a roasted partridge before it was snapped up by some hungry rival; when, just, as he was whetting his knife and fork, preparatory for a descent on the promised land, he had the mortification to see it transferred, bodily, to the plate of a squeamish little damsel who was taking the waters for debility and loss of appetite. This was too much for the patience of old Crusty; he lodged his fork into the partridge, whipt it into his dish, and cutting off a wing of it,—"There, Miss, there's more than you can eat. Oons! what should such a little chalky-faced puppet as you do with a whole partridge!" At another time a mighty sweet disposed old dowager, who loomed most magnificently at the table, had a sauce-boat launched upon the capacious lap of a silver sprigged muslin gown, by the manœuvring of a little politic Frenchman, who was dextrously attempting to make a lodgment under the covered way of a chicken-pie; human nature could not bear it!—the lady bounced round, and, with one box on the ear, drove the luckless wight to utter annihilation.

But these little cross accidents are amply compensated by the great variety of amusements which abounds at this charming resort of beauty and fashion. In the morning the company, each like a jolly Bacchanalian, with glass in hand, sally forth to

the Springs: where the gentlemen, who wish to make themselves agreeable, have an opportunity of dipping themselves into the good opinion of the ladies: and it is truly delectable to see with what grace and adroitness they perform this ingratiating feat. Anthony says that it is peculiarly amazing to behold the quantity of water th[illegible] this occasion, for the purpose of getting an [illegible]kfast. He assures me he has been present wh[illegible]y, of unparalleled delicacy, tossed off, in the s[illegible] or two, one and twenty tumblers and a wine-[illegible]ny asking Anthony whether the solicitude of the [illegible]not greatly awakened as to what might be the [illegible]ebauch, he replied, that the ladies at Ballston had become such great sticklers for the doctrine of evaporation, that no gentleman ever ventured to remonstrate against this excessive drinking for fear of bringing his philosophy into contempt. The most notorious water-drinkers, in particular, were continually holding forth on the surprising aptitude with which the Ballston waters evaporated; and several gentlemen, who had the hardihood to question this female philosophy, were held in high displeasure.

After breakfast, every one chooses his amusement; some take a ride into the pine woods, and enjoy the varied and romantic scenery of burnt trees, post and rail fences, pine flats, potatoe patches, and log huts; others scramble up the surrounding sandhills, that look like the abodes of a gigantic race of ants; —take a peep at other sand-hills beyond them;—and then—come down again. Others who are romantic, and sundry young ladies insist upon being so whenever they visit the Springs, or go anywhere into the country, stroll along the borders of a little swampy brook that drags itself along like an Alexandrine, and that so lazily as not to make a single murmur,

watching the little tadpoles as they frolic, right flippantly, in the muddy stream, and listening to the inspiring melody of the harmonious frogs that croak upon its borders. Some play at billiards, some play at the fiddle, and some—play the fool ;—the latter being the most prevalent amusement at Ballston.

These, together with abundance of dancing, and a prodigious deal of sleeping of afternoons, make up the variety of pleasures at the Springs—a delicious life of alternate lassitude and fatigue ; of laborious dissipation, and listless idleness ; of sleepless nights, and days spent in that dozing insensibility which ever succeeds them. Now and then, indeed, the influenza, the fever-and-ague, or some such pale-faced intruder, may happen to throw a momentary damp on the general felicity ; but on the whole, Evergreen declares that Ballston wants only six things, to wit : good air, good wine, good living, good beds, good company, and good humor, to be the most enchanting place in the world——excepting Botany Bay, Musquito Cove, Dismal Swamp, and the black-hole at Calcutta.

[THE following letter from the sage Mustapha has cost us more trouble to decipher, and render into tolerable English, than any hitherto published. It was full of blots and erasures, particularly the latter part, which we have no doubt was penned in a moment of great wrath and indignation. Mustapha has often a rambling mode of writing, and his thoughts take such unaccountable turns, that it is difficult to tell one moment where he will lead you the next. This is particularly obvious in the commencement of his letters, which seldom bear much analogy to the subsequent parts ; he sets off with a flourish, like a

dramatic hero—assumes an air of great pomposity, and struts up to his subject mounted most loftily on stilts.

L. LANGSTAFF.]

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI.

AMONG the variety of principles by which mankind are actuated, there is one, my dear Asem, which I scarcely know whether to consider as springing from grandeur and nobility of mind, or from a refined species of vanity and egotism. It is that singular, although almost universal, desire of living in the memory of posterity; of occupying a share of the world's attention, when we shall long since have ceased to be susceptible either of its praise or censure. Most of the passions of the mind are bounded by the grave; sometimes, indeed, an anxious hope or trembling fear will venture beyond the clouds and darkness that rest upon our mortal horizon, and expatiate in boundless futurity; but it is only this active love of fame which steadily contemplates its fruition, in the applause or gratitude of future ages. Indignant at the narrow limits which circumscribe existence, ambition is forever struggling to soar beyond them; to triumph over space and time, and to bear a name, at least, above the irritable oblivion in which everything else that concerns us must be involved. It is this, my friend, which prompts the patriot to his most heroic achievements; which inspires the sublimest strains of the poet, and breathes ethereal fire into the productions of the painter and the statuary.

For this the monarch rears the lofty column; the laurelled conqueror claims the triumphal arch; while the obscure individual, who moved in a humbler sphere, asks but a plain and simple stone to mark his grave, and bear to the next generation this important truth, that he was born, died—and was buried. It was this passion which once erected the vast Numidian piles, whose ruins we have so often regarded with wonder, as the shades of evening—fit emblems of oblivion—gradually stole over and enveloped them in darkness. It was this which gave being to those sublime monuments of Saracen magnificence, which nod in mouldering desolation, as the blast sweeps over our deserted plains.——How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for a while and contemplated, in awful admiration, the stupendous pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around; such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myriads that had once been employed in rearing these lofty mementoes of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert—had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were mingled with their native dust; all were forgotten! Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate had long since faded from remembrance; history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality.——Alas! alas! said I to myself, how mutable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame are reposed! He who imagines he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown, indulges in deluding visions, which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk—the

triumphal arch—the swelling dome, shall crumble into dust, and the names they would preserve from oblivion shall often pass away, before their own duration is accomplished.

Yet this passion for fame, however ridiculous in the eye of the philosopher, deserves respect and consideration, from having been the source of so many illustrious actions ; and, hence it has been the practice in all enlightened governments to perpetuate by monuments, the memory of great men, as a testimony of respect for the illustrious dead, and to awaken in the bosoms of posterity an emulation to merit the same honorable distinction. The people of the American logocracy, who pride themselves upon improving on every precept or example of ancient or modern governments, have discovered a new mode of exciting this love of glory ; a mode by which they do honor to their great men, even in their life-time !

Thou must have observed by this time, that they manage everything in a manner peculiar to themselves ; and doubtless in the best possible manner, seeing they have denominated themselves " the most enlightened people under the sun. Thou wilt, therefore, perhaps, be curious to know how they contrive to honor the name of a living patriot, and what unheard-of monument they erect in memory of his achievements. By the fiery beard of the mighty Barbarossa, but I can scarcely preserve the sobriety of a true disciple of Mahomet while I tell thee !—wilt thou not smile, oh, Mussulman of invincible gravity, to learn that they honor their great men by eating, and that the only trophy erected to their exploits, is a public dinner ! But, trust me, Asem, even in this measure, whimsical as it may seem, the philosophic and considerate spirit of this people is admirably displayed. Wisely concluding that when the hero is dead, he becomes insensible to the voice of fame, the song of adulation, or

the splendid trophy, they have determined that he shall enjoy his quantum of celebrity while living, and revel in the full enjoyment of a nine days' immortality. The barbarous nations of antiquity immolated human victims to the memory of their lamented dead, but the enlightened Americans offer up whole hecatombs of geese and calves, and oceans of wine, in honor of the illustrious living; and the patriot has the felicity of hearing from every quarter, the vast exploits in gluttony and revelling that have been celebrated to the glory of his name.

No sooner does a citizen signalize himself in a conspicuous manner in the service of his country, than all the gormandizers assemble and discharge the national debt of gratitude—by giving him a dinner; not that he really receives all the luxuries provided on this occasion; no, my friend, it is ten chances to one that the great man does not taste a morsel from the table, and is, perhaps, five hundred miles distant; and, to let thee into a melancholy fact, a patriot under this economic government, may be often in want of a dinner, while dozens are devoured in his praise. Neither are these repasts spread out for the hungry and necessitous, who might otherwise be filled with food and gladness, and inspired to shout forth the illustrious name, which had been the means of their enjoyment; far from this, Asem; it is the rich only who indulge in the banquet; those who pay for the dainties are alone privileged to enjoy them; so that, while opening their purses in honor of the patriot, they at the same time fulfill a great maxim, which in this country comprehends all the rules of prudence, and all the duties a man owes to himself —namely, getting the worth of their money.

In process of time this mode of testifying public applause has been found so marvellously agreeable, that they extend it to events as well as characters, and eat in triumph at the news of a

treaty—at the anniversary of any grand national era, or at the gaining of that splendid victory of the tongue—an election. Nay, so far do they carry it, that certain days are set apart when the guzzlers, the gormandizers, and the wine bibbers meet together to celebrate a grand indigestion, in memory of some great event; and every man, in the zeal of patriotism, gets devoutly drunk—"as the act directs." Then, my friend, mayest thou behold the sublime spectacle of love of country, elevating itself from a sentiment into an appetite, whetted to the quick with the cheering prospect of tables loaded with the fat things of the land. On this occasion every man is anxious to fall to work, cram himself in honor of the day, and risk a surfeit in the glorious cause. Some, I have been told, actually fast for four-and-twenty hours preceding, that they may be enabled to do greater honor to the feast; and, certainly, if eating and drinking are patriotic rites, he who eats and drinks most, and proves himself the greatest glutton, is, undoubtedly, the most distinguished patriot. Such, at any rate, seems to be the opinion here; and they act up to it so rigidly, that by the time it is dark, every kennel in the neighborhood teems with illustrious members of the sovereign people, wallowing in their congenial element of mud and mire.

These patriotic feasts, or rather national monuments, are patronized and promoted by certain inferior cadis, called ALDERMEN, who are commonly complimented with their direction. These dignitaries, as far as I can learn, are generally appointed on account of their great talents for eating, a qualification peculiarly necessary in the discharge of their official duties. They hold frequent meetings at taverns and hotels, where they enter into solemn consultations for the benefit of lobsters and turtles; establish wholesome regulations for the safety and preservation

of fish and wild-fowl; appoint the seasons most proper for eating oysters; inquire into the economy of taverns, the characters of publicans, and the abilities of their cooks; and discuss, most learnedly, the merits of a bowl of soup, a chicken-pie, or a haunch of venison; in a word, the alderman has absolute control in all matters of eating, and superintends the whole police—of the belly. Having, in the prosecution of their important office, signalized themselves at so many public festivals; having gorged so often on patriotism and pudding, and entombed so many great names in their extensive maws, thou wilt easily conceive that they wax portly apace, that they fatten on the fame of mighty men, and that their rotundity, like the rivers, the lakes, and the mountains of their country, must be on a great scale! Even so, my friend; and when I sometimes see a portly alderman puffing along, and swelling as if he had the world under his waistcoat, I cannot help looking upon him as a walking monument, and am often ready to exclaim: "Tell me, thou majestic mortal, thou breathing catacomb! to what illustrious character, what mighty event, does that capacious carcass of thine bear testimony?"

But though the enlightened citizens of this logocracy eat in honor of their friends, yet they drink destruction to their enemies. Yea, Asem, woe unto those who are doomed to undergo the public vengeance at a public dinner. No sooner are the viands removed, than they prepare for merciless and exterminating hostilities. They drink the intoxicating juice of the grape, out of little glass cups, and over each draught pronounce a short sentence or prayer; not such a prayer as thy virtuous heart would dictate, thy pious lips give utterance to, my good Asem; not a tribute of thanks to all-bountiful Allah, nor a humble supplication for his blessing on the draught; no,

my friend, it is merely a toast, that is to say, a fulsome tribute of flattery to their demagogues; a labored sally of affected sentiment or national egotism; or, what is more despicable, a malediction on their enemies, an empty threat of vengeance, or a petition for their destruction; for toasts, thou must know, are another kind of missive weapon in a logocracy, and are levelled from afar, like the annoying arrows of the Tartars.

Oh, Asem! couldst thou but witness one of these patriotic, these monumental dinners; how furiously the flame of patriotism blazes forth; how suddenly they vanquish armies, subjugate whole countries, and exterminate nations in a bumper, thou wouldst more than ever admire the force of that omnipotent weapon the tongue. At these moments every coward becoms a hero, every ragamuffin an invincible warrior; and the most zealous votaries of peace and quiet, forget, for a while, their cherished maxims, and join in the furious attack. Toasts succeeds toast; kings, emperors, bashaws, are like chaff before the tempest; the inspired patriot vanquishes fleets with a single gunboat, and swallows down navies at a draught, until, overpowered with victory and wine, he sinks upon the field of battle—dead drunk in his country's cause. Sword of the puissant Khalid! what a display of valor is here!—the sons of Afric are hardy, brave, and enterprising, but they can achieve nothing like this.

Happy would it be if this mania for toasting, extended no further than to the expression of national resentment. Though we might smile at the impotent vaporing and windy hyperbole, by which it is distinguished, yet we would excuse it, as the unguarded overflowings of a heart, glowing with national injuries, and indignant at the insults offered to its country. But, alas, my friend, private resentment, individual hatred, and the illiberal spirit of party, are let loose on these festive occasions

Even the names of individuals, of unoffending fellow-citizens, are sometimes dragged forth to undergo the slanders and execrations of a distempered herd of revellers.* Head of Mahomet! how vindictive, how insatiably vindictive, must be that spirit which can drug the mantling bowl with gall and bitterness, and indulge an angry passion in the moment of rejoicing! "Wine," says their poet, "is like sunshine to the heart, which, under its generous influence, expands with good will, and becomes the very temple of philanthropy." Strange, that in a temple consecrated to such a divinity, there should remain a secret corner, polluted by the lurkings of malice and revenge,—strange, that in the full flow of social enjoyment, these votaries of pleasure can turn aside to call down curses on the head of a fellow-creature. Despicable souls! ye are unworthy of being citizens of this "most enlightened country under the sun:"—rather herd with the murderous savages who prowl the mountains of Tibesti; who stain their midnight orgies with the blood of the innocent wanderer, and drink their infernal potations from the skulls of the victims they have massacred.

And yet, trust me, Asem, this spirit of vindictive cowardice

NOTE BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

* It would seem that, in this sentence, the sage Mustapha had reference to a patriotic dinner, celebrated last 4th of July, by some gentlemen of Baltimore, when they righteously drank perdition to an unoffending individual, and really thought "they had done the state some service." This amiable custom of "eating and drinking damnation" to others, is not confined to any party:—for a month or two after the 4th of July, the different newspapers file off their columns of patriotic toasts against each other, and take a pride in showing how brilliantly their partisans can blackguard public character in their cups—"they do but jest—poison in jest," as Hamlet says.

is not owing to any inherent depravity of soul, for on other occasions, I have had ample proof that this nation is mild and merciful, brave and magnanimous; neither is it owing to any defect in their political or religious precepts. The principles inculcated by their rulers, on all occasions, breathe a spirit of universal philanthropy; and as to their religion, much as I am devoted to the Koran of our divine prophet, still I cannot but acknowledge with admiration the mild forbearance, the amiable benevolence, the sublime morality bequeathed them by the founder of their faith. Thou rememberest the doctrines of the mild Nazarine, who preached peace and good will to all mankind; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; who blessed those who cursed him, and prayed for those who despitefully used and persecuted him! What, then, can give rise to this uncharitable, this inhuman custom among the disciples of a master so gentle and forgiving? It is that fiend POLITICS, Asem—that baneful fiend which bewildereth every brain, and poisons every social feeling; which intrudes itself at the festive banquet, and like the detestable harpy, pollutes the very viands of the table; which contaminates the refreshing draught while it is inhaled; which prompts the cowardly assassin to launch his poisoned arrows from behind the social board: and which renders the bottle, that boasted promoter of good fellowship and hilarity, an infernal engine charged with direful combustion.

Oh, Asem! Asem! how does my heart sicken when I contemplate these cowardly barbarities! let me, therefore, if possible, withdraw my attention from them forever. My feelings have borne me from my subject; and from the monuments of ancient greatness, I have wandered to those of modern degradation. My warmest wishes remain with thee, thou most illustrious of slave-drivers; mayest thou ever be sensible of the

mercies of our great prophet, who, in compassion to human imbecility, has prohibited his disciples from the use of the deluding beverage of the grape; that enemy to reason—that promoter of defamation—that auxiliary of POLITICS.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

NO. XVII.—WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11, 1807.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WHEN a man is quietly journeying downward into the valley of the shadow of departed youth, and begins to contemplate, in a shortened perspective, the end of his pilgrimage, he becomes more solicitous than ever that the remainder of his wayfaring should be smooth and pleasant; and the evening of his life, like the evening of a summer's day, fade away in mild uninterrupted serenity. If haply his heart has escaped uninjured through the dangers of a seductive world, it may then administer to the purest of his felicities, and its chords vibrate more musically for the trials they have sustained—like the viol which yields a melody sweet in proportion to its age.

To a mind thus temperately harmonized—thus matured and mellowed by a long lapse of years—there is something truly congenial in the quiet enjoyment of our early autumn, amid the tranquillities of the country. There is a sober and chastened air of gaiety diffused over the face of nature, peculiarly interesting to an old man; and when he views the surrounding landscape withering under his eye, it seems as if he and nature were taking a last farewell of each other, and parting with a melancholy

smile; like a couple of old friends, who, having sported away the spring and summer of life together, part at the approach of winter with a kind of prophetic fear that they are never to meet again.

It is either my good fortune, or mishap, to be keenly susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere; and I can feel in the morning, before I open my window, whether the wind is easterly. It will not, therefore, I presume, be considered an extravagant instance of vain glory when I assert, that there are few men who can discriminate more accurately in the different varieties of damps, fogs, Scotch mists, and northeast storms, than myself. To the great discredit of my philosophy, I confess, I seldom fail to anathematize and excommunicate the weather, when it sports too rudely with my sensitive system; but then I always endeavor to atone therefor, by eulogizing it when deserving of approbation. And as most of my readers—simple folks!—make but one distinction, to wit, rain and sunshine; living in most honest ignorance of the various nice shades which distinguish one fine day from another, I take the trouble, from time to time, of letting them into some of the secrets of nature. So will they be the better enabled to enjoy her beauties, with the zest of connoisseurs, and derive at least as much information from my pages as from the weather-wise lore of the almanac.

Much of my recreation, since I retreated to the Hall, has consisted in making little excursions through the neighborhood; which abounds in the variety of wild, romantic, and luxuriant landscape that generally characterizes the scenery in the vicinity of our rivers. There is not an eminence within a circuit of many miles but commands an extensive range of diversified and enchanting prospect.

Often have I rambled to the summit of some favorite hill; and thence, with feelings sweetly tranquil, as the lucid expanse of the heavens that canopied me, have noted the slow and almost imperceptible changes that mark the waning year. There are many features pe[illegible]umn, and which give it an individual character. [illegible]d yellow melancholy" that first steals over the [illegible]mild and steady serenity of the weather, and [illegible]purity of the atmosphere, speak, not merely to [illegible]he heart. It is the season of liberal emotions. [illegible]fantastic gaiety, a motley dress, which the woo[illegible] green and yellow, orange, purple, crimson, and [illegible]msically blended together. A sickly splendor this!—like the wild and broken-hearted gaiety, that sometimes precedes dissolution,—or that childish sportiveness of superannuated age, proceeding, not from a vigorous flow of animal spirits, but from the decay and imbecility of the mind. We might, perhaps, be deceived by this gaudy garb of nature, were it not for the rustling of the falling leaf, which, breaking on the stillness of the scene, seems to announce, in prophetic whispers, the dreary winter that is approaching. When I have sometimes seen a thrifty young oak changing its hue of sturdy vigor for a bright, but transient glow of red, it has recalled to my mind the treacherous bloom that once mantled the cheek of a friend who is now no more; and which, while it seemed to promise a long life of jocund spirits, was the sure precursor of premature decay. In a little while, and this ostentatious foliage disappears; the close of autumn leaves but one wide expanse of dusky brown, save where some rivulet steals along, bordered with little strips of green grass; the woodland echoes no more to the carols of the feathered tribes that sported in the leafy covert, and its solitude and silence is

uninterrupted, except by the plaintive whistle of the quail, the barking of the squirrel, or the still more melancholy wintry wind, which, rushing and swelling through the hollows of the mountains, sighs through the leafless branches of the grove, and seems to mourn the desolation of the year.

To one who, like myself, is fond of drawing comparisons between the different divisions of life, and those of the seasons, there will appear a striking analogy, which connects the feelings of the aged with the decline of the year. Often, as I contemplate the mild, uniform, and genial lustre with which the sun cheers and invigorates us in the month of October, and the almost imperceptible haze which, without obscuring, tempers all the asperities of the landscape, and gives to every object a character of stillness and repose, I cannot help comparing it with that portion of existence, when, the spring of youthful hope and the summer of the passions having gone by, reason assumes an undisputed sway, and lights us on with bright, but undazzling lustre, adown the hill of life. There is a full and mature luxuriance in the fields that fills the bosom with generous and disinterested content. It is not the thoughtless extravagance of spring, prodigal only in blossoms, nor the languid voluptuousness of summer, feverish in its enjoyments, and teeming only with immature abundance—it is that certain fruition of the labors of the past—that prospect of comfortable realities, which those will be sure to enjoy who have improved the beauteous smiles of heaven, nor wasted away their spring and summer in empty trifling or criminal indulgence.

Cousin Pindar, who is my constant companion in these expeditions, and who still possesses much of the fire and energy of youthful sentiment, and a buxom hilarity of the spirits, often, indeed, draws me from these half-melancholy reveries, and makes

me feel young again by the enthusiasm with which he contemplates, and the animation with which he eulogizes the beauties of nature displayed before him. His enthusiastic disposition never allows him to enjoy things by halves, and his feelings are continually breaking out in notes of admiration and ejaculations that sober reason might [illegible] extravagant. But, for my part, when I see [illegible]d man, who has jostled through the rough pa[illegible]ithout having worn away the fine edges of his [illegible] his sensibility to natural and moral beauty, I [illegible]e evergreen of the forest, whose colors, instead [illegible]approach of winter, seem to assume additional b[illegible]rasted with the surrounding desolation. Such a man is my friend Pindar; yet sometimes, and particularly at the approach of evening, even he will fall in with my humor; but he soon recovers his natural tone of spirits; and, mounting on the elasticity of his mind, like Ganymede on the eagle's wing, he soars to the ethereal regions of sunshine and fancy.

One afternoon we had strolled to the top of a high hill in the neighborhood of the Hall, which commands an almost boundless prospect; and as the shadows began to lengthen around us, and the distant mountains to fade into mist, my cousin was seized with a moralizing fit. "It seems to me," said he, laying his hand lightly on my shoulder, "that there is just at this season, and this hour, a sympathy between us and the world we are now contemplating. The evening is stealing upon nature as well as upon us; the shadows of the opening day have given place to those of its close; and the only difference is, that in the morning they were before us, now they are behind; and that the first vanished in the splendors of noonday, the latter will be lost in the oblivion of night. Our 'May of life,' my dear

Launce, has forever fled; our summer is over and gone:—— but," continued he, suddenly recovering himself, and slapping me gaily on the shoulder—"but why should we repine?—what? though the capricious zephyrs of spring, the heats and hurricanes of summer, have given place to the sober sunshine of autumn! and though the woods begin to assume the dappled livery of decay! yet the prevailing color is still green—gay, sprightly green.

"Let us then comfort ourselves with this reflection; that though the shades of the morning have given place to those of the evening—though the spring is past, the summer over, and the autumn come—still you and I go on our way rejoicing, and while, like the lofty mountains of our southern America, our heads are covered with snow, still, like them, we feel the genial warmth of spring and summer playing upon our bosoms."

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

IN the description which I gave some time since, of Cockloft Hall, I totally forgot to make honorable mention of the library, which I confess was a most inexcusable oversight; for in truth it would bear a comparison, in point of usefulness and eccentricity, with the motley collection of the renowned hero of La Mancha.

It was chiefly gathered together by my grandfather; who spared neither pains nor expense to procure specimens of the oldest, most quaint, and insufferable books in the whole compass of English, Scotch, and Irish literature. There is a tradition in the family that the old gentleman once gave a grand

entertainment in consequence of having got possession of a copy of a philippic, by archbishop Anselm, against the unseemly luxury of long-toed shoes, as worn by the courtiers in the time of William Rufus, which he purchased of an honest brick-maker in the neighborhood, for a little less than forty times its value. He had undoubtedly a singular reverence for old authors, and his highest eulogium on his library was, that it consisted of books not to be met with in any other collection; and as the phrase is, entirely out of print. The reason of which was, I suppose, that they were not worthy of being reprinted.

Cousin Christopher preserves these relics with great care, and has added considerably to the collection; for with the Hall he has inherited almost all the whim-whams of its former possessor. He cherishes a reverential regard for ponderous *tomes* of Greek and Latin; though he knows about as much of these languages, as a young bachelor of arts does a year or two after leaving college. A worm-eaten work in eight or ten volumes he compares to an old family, more respectable for its antiquity than its splendor; a lumbering folio he considers as a duke; a sturdy quarto, as an earl; and a row of gilded duodecimos, as so many gallant knights of the garter. But as to modern works of literature, they are thrust into trunks and drawers, as intruding upstarts, and regarded with as much contempt as mushroom nobility in England; who, having risen to grandeur, merely by their talents and services, are regarded as uttterly unworthy to mingle their blood with those noble currents that can be traced without a single contamination through a long line of, perhaps, useless and profligate ancestors, up to William the bastard's cook, or butler, or groom, or some one of Rollo's freebooter.

Will Wizard, whose studies are of a most uncommon complexion, takes great delight in ransacking the library; and has

been, during his late sojournings at the Hall, very constant and devout in his visits to this receptacle of obsolete learning. He seemed particularly tickled with the contents of the great mahogany chest of drawers mentioned in the beginning of this work. This venerable piece of architecture has frowned in sullen majesty, from a corner of the library, time out of mind; and is filled with musty manuscripts, some in my grandfather's hand-writing, and others evidently written long before his day.

It was a sight, worthy of a man's seeing, to behold Will with his outlandish phiz poring over old scrawls that would puzzle a whole society of antiquarians to expound, and diving into receptacles of trumpery, which for a century past, had been undisturbed by mortal hand. He would sit for whole hours, with a phlegmatic patience unknown in these degenerate days, except, peradventure, among the High Dutch commentators, prying into the quaint obscurity of musty parchments, until his whole face seemed to be converted into a folio leaf of black letter; and occasionally, when the whimsical meaning of an obscure passage flashed on his mind, his countenance would curl up into an expression of gothic risibility, not unlike the physiognomy of a cabbage leaf wilting before a hot fire.

At such times there was no getting Will to join in our walks; or take any part in our usual recreations; he hardly gave us an oriental tale in a week, and would smoke so inveterately that no one else dared to enter the library under pain of suffocation. This was more especially the case when he encountered any knotty piece of writing; and he honestly confessed to me that one worm-eaten manuscript, written in a pestilent crabbed hand, had cost him a box of the best Spanish cigars before he could make it out; and after all, it was not worth a tobacco-stalk.

Such is the turn of my knowing associate ; only let him get fairly in the track of any odd out-of-the-way whim-wham, and away he goes, whip and cut, until he either runs down his game, or runs himself out of breath ; I never in my life met with a man who rode his hobby-horse more intolerably hard than Wizard.

One of his favorite occupations, for some time past, has been the hunting of black letter, which he holds in high regard; and and he often hints, that learning has been on the decline ever since the introduction of the Roman alphabet. An old book printed three hundred years ago is a treasure ; and a ragged scroll, about one-half unintelligible, fills him with rapture. Oh! with what enthusiasm will he dwell on the discovery of the Pandects of Justinian, and Livy's history ; and when he relates the pious exertions of the Medici, in recovering the lost treasures of Greek and Roman literature, his eye brightens, and his face assumes all the splendor of an illuminated manuscript.

Will had vegetated for a considerable time in perfect tranquillity among dust and cobwebs, when one morning as we were gathered on the piazza, listening with exemplary patience to one of Cousin Christopher's long stories about the Revolutionary War, we were suddenly electrified by an explosion of laughter from the library. My readers, unless peradventure they have heard honest Will laugh, can form no idea of the prodigious uproar he makes. To hear him in a forest, you would imagine—that is to say if you were classical enough—that the satyrs and the dryads had just discovered a pair of rural lovers in the shade, and were deriding, with bursts of obstreperous laughter, the blushes of the nymph and the indignation of the swain ;—or if it were suddenly, as in the present instance, to break upon the serene and pensive silence of an autumnal morning, it would

cause a sensation something like that which arises from hearing a sudden clap of thunder in a summer's day, when not a cloud is to be seen above the horizon. In short, I recommend Will's laugh as a sovereign remedy for the spleen : and if any of our readers are troubled with that villainous complaint—which can hardly be, if they make good use of our works—I advise them earnestly to get introduced to him forthwith.

This outrageous merriment of Will's, as may be easily supposed, threw the whole family into a violent fit of wondering ; we all, with the exception of Christopher, who took the interruption in high dudgeon, silently stole up to the library ; and bolting in upon him, were fain at the first glance to join in his aspiring roar. His face,—but I despair to give an idea of his appearance !—and until his portrait, which is now in the hands of an eminent artist, is engraved, my readers must be content : I promise them they shall one day or other have a striking likeness of Will's indescribable phiz, in all its native comeliness.

Upon my inquiring the occasion of his mirth, he thrust an old, rusty, musty, and dusty manuscript into my hand, of which I could not decipher one word out of ten, without more trouble than it was worth. This task, however, he kindly took off my hands ; and, in a little more than eight and forty hours, produced a translation into fair Roman letters ; though he assured me it had lost a vast deal of its humor by being modernized and degraded into plain English. In return for the great pains he had taken, I could not do less than insert it in our work. Will informs me that it is but one sheet of a stupendous bundle which still remains uninvestigated. Who was the author we have not yet discovered ; but a note on the back, in my grandfather's hand-writing, informs us that it was presented to him as a literary curiosity by his particular friend, the illustrious Rip Van

DAM, formerly lieutenant-governor of the colony of NEW AMSTERDAM; and whose fame, if it has never reached these latter days, it was only because he was too modest a man ever to do anything worthy of being particularly recorded.

CHAP. CIX.—OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE RENOWNED AND ANTIENT CITY OF GOTHAM.

How Gotham city conquered was,
And how the folks turned apes—because.

LINK. FID.

ALBEIT, much about this time it did fall out that the thrice renowned and delectable city of GOTHAM did suffer great discomfiture, and was reduced to perilous extremity, by the invasion and assaults of the HOPPINGTOTS. These are a people inhabiting a far distant country, exceedingly pleasaunte and fertile; but they being withal egregiously addicted to migrations, do thence issue forth in mighty swarms, like the Scythians of old, overrunning divers countries, and commonwealths, and committing great devastations wheresoever they do go, by their horrible and dreadful feats and prowesses. They are specially noted for being right valorous in all exercises of the leg; and of them it hath been rightly affirmed that no nation in all Christendom or elsewhere, can cope with them in the adroit, dexterous, and jocund shaking of the heel.

This engaging excellence doth stand unto them a sovereign recommendation, by which they do insinuate themselves into universal favor and good countenance; and it is a notable fact, that, let a Hoppingtot but once introduce a foot into company,

and it goeth hardly if he doth not contrive to flourish his whole body in thereafter. The learned Linkum Fidelius, in his famous and unheard of treatise on man, whom he defineth, with exceeding sagacity, to be a corn-cutting, tooth-drawing animal, is particularly minute and elaborate in treating of the nation of the Hoppingtots, and betrays a little of the Pythagorean in his theory, inasmuch as he accounteth for their being so wonderously adroit in pedestrian exercises, by supposing that they did originally acquire this unaccountable and unparalleled aptitude for huge and unmatchable feats of the leg, by having heretofore been condemned for their numerous offences against that harmless race of bipeds,—or quadrupeds—for herein the sage Linkum Fidelius appeareth to doubt and waver exceedingly, the frogs, to animate their bodies for the space of one or two generations.

He also giveth it as his opinion, that the name of Hoppingtots is manifestly derivative from this transmigration. Be this, however, as it may, the matter, albeit it has been the subject of controversy among the learned, is but little pertinent to the subject of this history; wherefore shall we treat and consider it as naughte.

Now these people being thereto impelled by a superfluity of appetite, and a plentiful deficiency of the wherewithal to satisfy the same, did take thought that the antient and venerably city of Gotham, was, peradventure, possessed of mighty treasures, and did, moreover, abound with all manner of fish and flesh, and eatables and drinkables, and such like delightsome and wholesome excellencies withal. Whereupon calling a council of the most active heeled warriors, they did resolve forthwith to put forth a mighty array, make themselves masters of the same, and revel in the good things of the land. To this were they hotly

stirred up, and wickedly incited, by two redoubtable and renowned warriors, hight PIROUET and RIGADOON ; yeleped in such sort, by reason that they were two mighty, valiant, and invincible little men ; utterly famous for the victories of the leg which they had, on divers illustrious occasions, right gallantly achieved.

These doughty champions did ambitiously and wickedly inflame the minds of their countrymen, with gorgeous descriptions, in the which they did cunninglie set forth the marvellous riches and luxuries of Gotham ; where Hoppingtots might have garments for their bodies, shirts to their ruffles, and might riot most merrily every day in the week on beef, pudding, and such like lusty dainties. They, Pirouet and Rigadoon, did likewise hold out hopes of an easy conquest ; forasmuch as the Gothamites were as yet but little versed in the mystery and science of handling the legs ; and being, moreover, like unto that notable bully of antiquity, Achilles, most vulnerable to all attacks on the heel, would doubtless surrender at the very first assault. Whereupon, on the hearing of this inspiriting counsel, the Hoppingtots did set up a prodigious great cry of joy, shook their heels in triumph, and were all impatience to dance on to Gotham and take it by storm.

The cunning Pirouet, and that arch caitiff Rigadoon, knew full well how to profit of this enthusiasm. They forthwith did order every man to arm himself with a certain pestilent little weapon called a fiddle ; to pack up in his knapsack a pair of silk breeches, the like of ruffles, a cocked hat of the form of a half-moon, a bundle of catgut—and inasmuch as in marching to Gotham, the army might peradventure be smitten with scarcity of provisions, they did account it proper that each man should take especial care to carry with him a bunch of right merchantable onions. Having proclaimed these orders by sound of fiddle,

they, Pironet and Rigadoon, did accordingly put their army behind them, and striking up the right jolly and sprightful tune of *Ça Ira*, away they all capered toward the devoted city of Gotham, with a most horrible and appalling chattering of voices.

Of their first appearance before the beleagured town, and of the various difficulties which did encounter them in their march, this history saith not; being that other matters of more weighty import require to be written. When that the army of the Hoppingtots did peregrinate within sight of Gotham, and the people of the city did behold the villainous and hitherto unseen capers, and grimaces which they did make, a most horrific panic was stirred up among the citizens; and the sages of the town fell into great despondency and tribulation, as supposing that these invaders were of the race of the Jig-hees, who did make men into baboons when they achieved a conquest over them. The sages, therefore, called upon all the dancing men, and dancing women, and exhorted them, with great vehemence of speech, to make heel against the invaders, and to put themselves upon such gallant defence, such glorious array, and such sturdy evolution, elevation, and transposition of the foot as might incontinently impester the legs of the Hoppingtots, and produce their complete discomfiture. But so it did happen, by great mischance, that divers light-heeled youths of Gotham, more especially those who are descended from three wise men, so renowned of yore for having most venturesomely voyaged over sea in a bowl, were, from time to time, captured and inveigled into the camp of the enemy; where, being foolishly cajoled and treated for a season with outlandish disports and pleasantries, they were sent back to their friends, entirely changed, degenerated, and turned topsy-turvy; insomuch that they thought thenceforth of nothing but their

heels, always essaying to thrust them into the most manifest point of view; and, in a word, as might truly be affirmed, did forever after walk upon their heads outright.

And the Hoppingtots did day by day, and at late hours of the night, wax more and more urgent in this their investment of the city. At one time they would, in goodly procession, make an open assault by sound of fiddle in a tremendous contra-dance—and anon they would advance by little detachments and manœuvres to take the town by figuring in cotillons. But truly their most cunning and devilish craft, and subtilty, was made manifest in their strenuous endeavors to corrupt the garrison, by a most insidious and pestilent dance called the *Waltz*. This, in good truth, was a potent auxiliary; for, by it, were the heads of the simple Gothamites most villainously turned, their wits sent a wool-gathering, and themselves on the point of surrendering at discretion even unto the very arms of their invading foemen.

At length the fortifications of the town began to give manifest symptoms of decay; inasmuch as the breastwork of decency was considerably broken down, and the curtain works of propriety blown up. When that cunning catiff, Pirouet, beheld the ticklish and jeopardized state of the city—"Now, by my leg," quoth he,—he always swore by his leg, being that it was an exceedingly goodlie leg—"now, by my leg," quoth he, "but this is no great matter of recreation; I will show these people a pretty, strange, and new way, forsooth, presentlie, and will shake the dust off my pumps upon this most obstinate and uncivilized town." Whereupon he ordered, and did command his warriors, one and all, that they should put themselves in readiness, and prepare to carry the town by a GRAND BALL. They, in nowise to be daunted, do forthwith, at the word, equip-

themselves for the assault; and in good faith, truly, it was a gracious and glorious sight—a most triumphant and incomparable spectacle—to behold them gallantly arrayed in glossy and shining silk breeches tied with abundance of riband; with silken hose of the gorgeous color of the salmon; right goodlie morocco pumps, decorated with clasps or buckles of a most cunninge and secret contrivance, inasmuch as they did of themselves grapple to the shoe without any aid of fluke or tongue, marvellously ensembling witchcraft and necromancy. They had, withal, exuberant chitterlings; which puffed out at the neck and bosom, after a most jolly fashion, like unto the beard of an antient he-turkey;—and cocked hats, the which they did carry not on their heads, after the fashion of the Gothamites, but under their arms, as a roasted fowl his gizzard.

Thus being equipped, and marshalled, they do attack, assault, batter, and belabor the town with might and main; most gallantly displaying the vigor of their legs, and shaking their heels at it most emphatically. And the manner of their attack was in this sort: first, they did thunder and gallop forward in a *contre-temps*—and anon, displayed column in a Cossack dance, a fandango, or a gavot. Whereat the Gothamites, in nowise understanding this unknown system of warfare, marvelled exceedinglie, and did open their mouths incontinently, the full distance of a bow-shot, meaning a cross-bow, in sore dismay and apprehension. Whereupon, saith Rigadoon, flourishing his left leg with great expression of valor, and most magnific carriage: "My copesmates, for what wait we here? are not the townsmen already won to our favor?—do not their women and young damsels wave to us from the walls in such sort that, albeit there is some show of defence, yet is it manifestly converted into our interests?" So saying, he made no more ado, but leaping into

the air about a flight-shot, and crossing his feet six times, after the manner of the Hoppingtots, he gave a short partridge-run, and with mighty vigor and swiftness did bolt outright over the walls with a somerset. The whole army of Hoppingtots danced in after their valiant chieftain, with an enormous squeaking of fiddles, and a horrific blasting and brattling of horns; insomuch that the dogs did howl in the streets, so hideously were their ears assailed. The Gothamites made some semblance of defence, but their women having been all won over into the interest of the enemy, they were shortly reduced to make most abject submission; and delivered over to the coercion of certain professors of the Hoppingtots, who did put them under most ignominious durance, for the space of a long time, until they had learned to turn out their toes, and flourish their legs after the manner of their conquerors. And thus, after the manner I have related, was the mighty and puissant city of Gotham circumvented, and taken by a *coup de pied:* or, as it might be rendered, by force of legs.

The conquerors showed no mercy, but did put all ages, sexes, and conditions, to the fiddle and the dance; and, in a word, compelled and enforced them to become absolute Hoppingtots. "Habit," as the ingenious Linkum Fidelius profoundly affirmeth, "is second nature." And this original and invaluable observation hath been most aptly proved, and illustrated, by the example of the Gothamites, ever since this disastrous and unlucky mischance. In process of time, they have waxed to be most flagrant, outrageous, and abandoned dancers; they do ponder on naughte but how to gallantize it at balls, routs, and fandangoes; insomuch that the like was in no time or place ever observed before. They do moreover, pitifully devote their nights to the jollification of the legs, and their days forsooth to the in-

ion and edification of the heel. And to conclude; their
: folk, who whilome did bestow a modicum of leisure upon
ead, have of late utterly abandoned this hopeful task, and
quietly, as it were, settled themselves down into mere
nes, wound up by a tune, and set in motion by a fiddle-

NO. XVIII.—TUESDAY, NOV. 24, 1807.

THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

THE following story has been handed down by family tradition for more than a century. It is one on which my cousin Christopher dwells with more than usual prolixity; and, being in some measure connected with a personage often quoted in our work, I have thought it worthy of being laid before my readers.

Soon after my grandfather, Mr. Lemuel Cockloft, had quietly settled himself at the Hall, and just about the time that the gossips of the neighborhood, tired of prying into his affairs, were anxious for some new tea-table topic, the busy community of our little village was thrown into a grand turmoil of curiosity and conjecture—a situation very common to little gossiping villages—by the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious individual.

The object of this solicitude was a little black-looking man, of a foreign aspect, who took possession of an old building, which having long had the reputation of being haunted, was in a state of ruinous desolation, and an object of fear to all true believers in ghosts. He usually wore a high sugar-loaf hat with a nar-

row brim; and a little black cloak, which, short as he was, scarcely reached below his knees. He sought no intimacy or acquaintance with any one; appeared to take no interest in the pleasures or the little broils of the village; nor ever talked; except sometimes to himself in an outlandish tongue. He commonly carried a large book, covered with sheepskin, under his arm; appeared always to be lost in meditation; and was often met by the peasantry, sometimes watching the dawning of day, sometimes at noon seated under a tree, poring over his volume; and sometimes at evening gazing with a look of sober tranquillity at the sun as it gradually sunk below the horizon.

The good people of the vicinity beheld something prodigiously singular in all this; a profound mystery seemed to hang about the stranger which, with all their sagacity, they could not penetrate; and in the excess of worldy charity they pronounced it a sure sign "that he was no better than he should be;" a phrase innocent enough in itself: but which, as applied in common, signifies nearly everything that is bad. The young people thought him a gloomy misanthrope, because he never joined in their sports; the old men thought still more hardly of him because he followed no trade, and never seemed ambitious of earning a farthing; and as to the old gossips, baffled by the inflexible taciturnity of the stranger, they unanimously decreed that a man who could not or would not talk was no better than a dumb beast. The little man in black, careless of their opinions, seemed resolved to maintain the liberty of keeping his own secret; and the consequence was, that, in a little while, the whole village was in an uproar; for in little communities of this description, the members have always the privilege of being thoroughly versed, and even of meddling in all the affairs of each other.

A confidential conference was held one Sunday morning after

sermon, at the door of the village church, and the character of the unknown fully investigated. The schoolmaster gave it as his opinion, that he was the wandering Jew; the sexton was certain that he must be a freemason, from his silence; a third maintained, with great obstinacy, that he was a high German doctor; and that the l rried about with him contained the secrets of the the most prevailing opinion seemed to be that a race of beings at that time abounding in thos sagacious old matron, from Connecticut, propo the fact by sousing him into a kettle of hot wat

Suspicion, when with wind and tide, and soon becomes certainty. Many a stormy night was the little man in black seen by the flashes of lightning, frisking and curveting in the air upon a broomstick; and it was always observed, that at those times the storm did more mischief than at any other. The old lady, in particular, who suggested the humane ordeal of the boiling kettle, lost on one of these occasions a fine brindle cow: which accident was entirely ascribed to the vengeance of the little man in black. If ever a mischievous hireling rode his master's favorite horse to a distant frolic, and the animal was observed to be lame and jaded in the morning—the little man in black was sure to be at the bottom of the affair; nor could a high wind howl through the village at night but the old women shrugged up their shoulders, and observed, "the little man in black was in his *tantrums*." In short, he became the bugbear of every house; and was as effectual in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics, as the redoutable Raw-head-and-bloody-bones himself; nor could a housewife of the village sleep in peace except under the guardianship of a horse-shoe nailed to the door.

The object of these direful suspicions remained for some time totally ignorant of the wonderful quandary he had occasioned; but he was soon doomed to feel its effects. An individual who is once so unfortunate as to incur the odium of a village, is in a great measure outlawed and proscribed; and becomes a mark for injury and insult; particularly if he has not the power or the disposition to recriminate. The little venomous passions, which in the great world are dissipated and weakened by being widely diffused, act in the narrow limits of a country town with collected vigor, and become rancorous in proportion as they are confined in their sphere of action. The little man in black experienced the truth of this; every mischievous urchin returning from school, had full liberty to break his windows; and this was considered as a most daring exploit; for in such awe did they stand of him, that the most adventurous school-boy was never seen to approach his threshhold, and at night would prefer going round by the cross-roads, where a traveller had been murdered by the Indians, rather than pass by the door of his forlorn habitation.

The only living creature that seemed to have any care or affection for this deserted being, was an old turnspit—the companion of his lonely mansion and his solitary wandering—the sharer of his scanty meals, and—sorry I am to say it—the sharer of his persecutions. The turnspit, like his master, was peaceable and inoffensive; never known to bark at a horse, to growl at a traveller, or to quarrel with the dogs of the neighborhood. He followed close at his master's heels when he went out, and when he returned stretched himself in the sunbeams at the door; demeaning himself in all things like a civil and well-disposed turnspit. But notwithstanding his exemplary deportment, he fell likewise under the ill report of the village, as being

the familiar of the little man in black, and the evil spirit that presided at his incantations. The old hovel was considered as the scene of their unhallowed rites, and its harmless tenants regarded with a detestation which their inoffensive conduct never merited. Though pelted and jeered at by the brats of the village, and frequently abused by their parents, the little man in black never turned to rebuke them ; and his faithful dog, when wantonly assaulted, looked up wistfully in his master's face, and there learned a lesson of patience and forbearance.

The movements of this inscrutable being had long been the subject of speculation at Cockloft Hall, for its inmates were full as much given to wondering as their descendants. The patience with which he bore his persecutions, particularly surprised them; for patience is a virtue but little known in the Cockloft family. My grandmother, who, it appears, was rather superstitious, saw in this humility nothing but the gloomy sullenness of a wizard who restrained himself for the present, in hopes of midnight vengeance ; the parson of the village, who was a man of some reading, pronounced it the stubborn insensibility of a stoic philosopher; my grandfather, who, worthy soul, seldom wandered abroad in search of conclusions, took a data from his own excellent heart, and regarded it as the humble forgiveness of a Christian. But however different were their opinions as to the character of the stranger, they agreed in one particular, namely, in never intruding upon his solitude ; and my grandmother, who was at that time nursing my mother, never left the room without wisely putting the large family Bible in the cradle—a sure talisman, in her opinion, agaist witchcraft and necromancy.

One stormy winter night, whan a bleak northeast wind moaned about the cottages, and howled around the village steeple, my grandfather was returning from club, preceded by a ser-

vant with a lantern. Just as he arrived opposite the desolate abode of the little man in black, he was arrested by the piteous howling of a dog, which, heard in the pauses of a storm, was exquisitely mournful; and he fancied, now and then, that he caught the low and broken groans of some one in distress. He stopped for some minutes, hesitating between the benevolence of his heart and a sensation of genuine delicacy, which, in spite of his eccentricity, he fully possessed—and which forbade him to pry into the concerns of his neighbors. Perhaps, too, this hesitation might have been strengthened by a little taint of superstition; for surely, if the unknown had been addicted to witchcraft, this was a most propitious night for his vagaries. At length the old gentleman's philanthropy predominated; he approached the hovel, and pushing open the door—for poverty has no occasion for locks and keys—beheld, by the light of the lantern, a scene that smote his generous heart to the core.

On a miserable bed, with pallid and emaciated visage and hollow eyes—in a room destitute of every convenience—without fire to warm or friend to console him, lay this helpless mortal, who had been so long the terror and wonder of the village. His dog was crouching on the scanty coverlet, and shivering with cold. My grandfather stepped softly and hesitatingly to the bed-side, and accosted the forlorn sufferer in his usual accents of kindness. The little man in black seemed recalled by the tones of compassion from the lethargy into which he had fallen; for, though his heart was almost frozen, there was yet one chord that answered to the call of the good old man who bent over him; the tones of sympathy, so novel to his ear, called back his wandering senses, and acted like a restorative to his solitary feelings.

He raised his eyes, but they were vacant and haggard; he

put forth his hand, but it was cold; he essayed to speak, but the sound died away in his throat; he pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate! my grandfather understood that the harmless stranger, deserted by society, was perishing with hunger!—with the quick impulse of humanity he dispatched [illegible] he Hall for refreshment. A little warm nourish[illegible] him for a short time, but not long; it was evid[illegible] was drawing to a close, and he was about ente[illegible] asylum, where "the wicked cease from troubli[illegible]

His tale of mise[illegible] quickly told; infirmities had stolen upon him, h[illegible] rigors of the season: he had taken to his bed without strength to rise and ask for assistance —"and if I had," said he, in a tone of bitter despondency, "to whom should I have applied? I have no friend that I know of in the world! The villagers avoid me as something loathsome and dangerous; and here, in the midst of Christians, should I have perished, without a fellow-being to soothe the last moments of existence, and close my dying eyes, had not the howlings of my faithful dog excited your attention."

He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of my grandfather; and at one time as he looked up into his old benefactor's face, a solitary tear was observed to steal adown the parched furrows of his cheek. Poor outcast! it was the last tear he shed; but I warrant it was not the first by millions. My grandfather watched by him all night. Toward morning he gradually declined; and as the rising sun gleamed through the window, he begged to be raised in his bed that he might look at it for the last time. He contemplated it for a moment with a kind of religious enthusiasm, and his lips moved as if engaged in prayer.

The strange conjectures concerning him rushed on my grandfather's mind; "he is an idolater!" thought he, "and is worshipping the sun!" He listened a moment and blushed at his own uncharitable suspicion; he was only engaged in the pious devotions of a Christian. His simple orison being finished, the little man in black withdrew his eyes from the east, and taking my grandfather's hand in one of his, and making a motion with the other toward the sun: "I love to contemplate it," said he, "'tis an emblem of the universal benevolence of a true Christian;—and it is the most glorious work of him, who is philanthropy itself!" My grandfather blushed still deeper at his ungenerous surmises; he had pitied the stranger at first, but now he revered him. He turned once more to regard him, but his countenance had undergone a change; the holy enthusiasm that had lighted up each feature, had given place to an expression of mysterious import; a gleam of grandeur seemed to steal across his Gothic visage, and he appeared full of some mighty secret which he hesitated to impart. He raised the tattered nightcap that had sunk almost over his eyes, and waving his withered hand with a slow and feeble expression of dignity, "In me," said he, with laconic solemnity,—"in me you behold the last descendant of the renowned Linkum Fidelius!" My grandfather gazed at him with reverence; for though he had never heard of the illustrious personage, thus pompously announced, yet there was a certain black-letter dignity in the name that peculiarly struck his fancy and commanded his respect.

"You have been kind to me," continued the little man in black, after a momentary pause, "and richly will I requite your kindness by making you heir to my treasures! In yonder large deal box are the volumes of my illustrious ancestor, of which I

alone am the fortunate possessor. Inherit them, ponder over them, and be wise !" He grew faint with the exertion he had made, and sunk back almost breathless on his pillow. His hand, which, inspired with the importance of his subject, he had raised to my grandfather's arm, slipped from its hold and fell over the side of the bed, and [illegible]g licked it, as if anxious to soothe the last mome[illegible]g master and testify his gratitude to the hand [illegible]often cherished him. The untaught caresses of [illegible]imal were not lost upon his dying master ; he ra[illegible]d eyes, turned them on the dog, then on my g[illegible]nd having given this silent recommendation—clos[illegible]ver.

The remains of the little man in black, notwithstanding the objections of many pious people, were decently interred in the churchyard of the village ; and his spirit, harmless as the body it once animated, has never been known to molest a living being. My grandfather complied, as far as possible, with his last request ; he conveyed the volumes of Linkum Fidelius to his library ; he pondered over them frequently ; but whether he grew wiser, the tradition doth not mention. This much is certain, that his kindness to the poor descendant of Fidelius was amply rewarded by the approbation of his own heart, and the devoted attachment of the old turnspit ; who, transferring his affection from his deceased master to his benefactor, became his constant attendant, and was father to a long line of runty curs that still flourish in the family. And thus was the Cockloft library first enriched by the invaluable folios of the sage Linkum Fidelius.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI.

THOUGH I am often disgusted, my good Asem, with the vices and absurdities of the men of this country, yet the women afford me a world of amusement. Their lively prattle is as diverting as the chattering of the red-tailed parrot; nor can the green-headed monkey of Timandi equal them in whim and playfulness. But, notwithstanding these valuable qualifications, I am sorry to observe they are not treated with half the attention bestowed on the before mentioned animals. These infidels put their parrots in cages and chain their monkeys; but their women, instead of being carefully shut up in harems and seraglios, are abandoned to the direction of their own reason, and suffered to run about in perfect freedom, like other domestic animals. This comes, Asem, of treating their women as rational beings, and allowing them souls. The consequence of this piteous neglect may easily be imagined; they have degenerated into all their native wildness, are seldom to be caught at home, and, at an early age, take to the streets and highways, where they rove about in droves, giving almost as much annoyance to the peaceable people as the troops of wild dogs that infest our great cities, or the flights of locusts that sometimes spread famine and desolation over whole regions of fertility.

This propensity to relapse into pristine wildness, convinces me of the untamable disposition of the sex, who may indeed be partially domesticated by a long course of confinement and restraint, but the moment they are restored to personal freedom, become wild as the young partridge of this country, which, though

scarcely half-hatched, will take to the fields and run about with the shell upon its back.

Notwithstanding their wildness, however, they are remarkably easy of access, and suffer themselves to be approached, at certain hours of the day, without any symptoms of apprehension; and I have even happily succeeded in detecting them at their domestic occupations. One of the most important of these, consists in thumping vehemently on a kind of musical instrument, and producing a confused, hideous, and indefinable uproar, which they call the description of a battle—a jest, no doubt, for they are wonderfully facetious at times, and make great practice of passing jokes upon strangers. Sometimes they employ themselves in painting little caricatures of landscapes, wherein they display their singular drollery in bantering nature fairly out of countenance; representing her tricked out in all the tawdry finery of copper skies, purple rivers, calico rocks, red grass, clouds that look like old clothes set adrift by the tempest, and foxy trees, whose melancholy foliage, drooping and curling most fantastically, reminds me of an undressed periwig that I have, now and then, seen hung on a stick in a barber's window. At other times, they employ themselves in acquiring a smattering of languages spoken by nations on the other side of the globe, as they find their own language not sufficiently copious to supply their constant demands, and express their multifarious ideas. But their most import domestic avocation is, to embroider, on satin or muslin, flowers of a nondescript kind, in which the great art is to make them as unlike nature as possible —or to fasten little bits of silver, gold, tinsel and glass, on long strips of muslin, which they drag after them with much dignity whenever they go abroad—a fine lady, like a bird of paradise, being estimated by the length of her tail.

But do not, my friend, fall into the enormous error of supposing that the exercise of these arts is attended with any useful or profitable results; believe me, thou couldst not indulge an idea more unjust and injurious; for it appears to be an established maxim among the women of this country, that a lady loses her dignity when she condescends to be useful; and forfeits all rank in society the moment she can be convicted of earning a farthing. Their labors, therefore, are directed not toward supplying their household, but in decking their persons, and—generous souls—they deck their persons, not so much to please themselves, as to gratify others, particularly strangers. I am confident thou wilt stare at this, my good Asem, accustomed as thou art to our eastern females, who shrink in blushing timidity even from the glance of a lover, and are so chary of their favors, that they even seem fearful of lavishing their smiles too profusely on their husbands. Here, on the contrary, the stranger has the first place in female regard, and, so far do they carry their hospitality, that I have seen a fine lady slight a dozen tried friends and real admirers, who lived in her smiles and made her happiness their study, merely to allure the vague and wandering glances of a stranger, who viewed her person with indifference, and treated her advances with contempt. By the whiskers of our sublime bashaw, but this is highly flattering to a foreigner! and thou mayest judge how particularly pleasing to one who is, like myself, so ardent an admirer of the sex. Far be it from me to condemn this extraordinary manifestation of good-will—let their own countrymen look to that.

Be not alarmed, I conjure thee, my dear Asem, lest I should be tempted, by these beautiful barbarians, to break the faith I owe to the three-and-twenty wives, from whom my unhappy destiny has perhaps severed me forever. No, Asem, neither

time, nor the bitter succession of misfortunes that pursues me, can shake from my heart the memory of former attachments. I listen with tranquil heart to the strumming and prattling of these fair sirens; their whimsical paintings touch not the tender chord of my affections; and I would still defy their fascinations, though they trailed after them trails as long as the gorgeous trappings which are dragged at the heels of the holy camel of Mecca; or as the tail of the great beast in our prophet's vision, which measured three hundred and forty-nine leagues, two miles, three furlongs, and a hand's breadth in longitude.

The dress of these women is, if possible, more eccentric and whimsical than their deportment; and they take an inordinate pride in certain ornaments which are probably derived from their savage progenitors. A woman of this country, dressed out for an exhibition, is loaded with as many ornaments as a Circassian slave when brought out for sale. Their heads are tricked out with little bits of horn or shell, cut into fantastic shapes, and they seem to emulate each other in the number of these singular baubles—like the women we have seen in our journeys to Aleppo, who cover their heads with the entire shell of a tortoise, and, thus equipped, are the envy of all their less fortunate acquaintance. They also decorate their necks and ears with coral, gold chains, and glass beads, and load their fingers with a variety of rings; though, I must confess, I have never perceived that they wear any in their noses—as has been affirmed by many travellers. We have heard much of their painting themselves most hideously, and making use of bear's grease in great profusion; but this, I solemnly assure thee, is a misrepresentation; civilization, no doubt, having gradually extirpated these nauseous practices. It is true, I have seen two or three of these females, who had disguised their features with

paint; but then it was merely to give a tinge of red to their cheeks, and did not look very frightful; and as to ointment, they rarely use any now, except occasionally a little Grecian oil for their hair, which gives it a glossy, greasy, and, they think, very comely appearance. The last mentioned class of females, I take it for granted, have been but lately caught, and still retain strong traits of their original savage propensities.

The most flagrant and inexcusable fault, however, which I find in these lovely savages, is the shameless and abandoned exposure of their persons. Wilt thou not suspect me of exaggeration when I affirm—wilt thou not blush for them, most discreet Mussulman, when I declare to thee, that they are so lost to all sense of modesty, as to expose the whole of their faces from their forehead to the chin, and they even go abroad with their hands uncovered! Monstrous indelicacy!

But what I am going to disclose will, doubtless, appear to thee still more incredible. Though I cannot forbear paying a tribute of admiration to the beautiful faces of these fair infidels, yet I must give it as my firm opinion that their persons are preposterously unseemly. In vain did I look around me, on my first landing, for those divine forms of redundant proportions, which answer to the true standard of Eastern beauty. Not a single fat fair one could I behold among the multitudes that thronged the streets; the females that passed in review before me, tripping sportively along, resembled a procession of shadows, returning to their graves at the crowing of the cock.

This meagreness I first ascribed to their excessive volubility; for I have somewhere seen it advanced by a learned doctor, that the sex were endowed with a peculiar activity of tongue, in order that they might practise talking as a healthful exercise, necessary to their confined and sedentary mode of life. This

exercise, it was natural to suppose, would be carried to great excess in a logocracy—"Too true," thought I, "they have converted, what was undoubtedly meant as a beneficent gift, into a noxious habit, that steals the flesh from their bones and the rose from their cheeks—they absolutely talk themselves thin!" Judge, then, of my surprise when I was assured, not long since, that this meagreness was considered the perfection of personal beauty, and that many a lady starved herself, with all the obstinate perseverance of a pious dervise—into a fine figure! "Nay, more," said my informer, "they will often sacrifice their healths in this eager pursuit of skeleton beauty, and drink vinegar, eat pickles, and smoke tobacco, to keep themselves within the scanty outlines of the fashions." Faugh! Allah preserve me from such beauties, who contaminate their pure blood with noxious recipes—who impiously sacrifice the best gifts of Heaven, to a preposterous and mistaken vanity! Ere long I shall not be surprised to see them scarring their faces like the negroes of Congo, flattening their noses in imitation of the Hottentots, or, like the barbarians of Ab-al Timar, distorting their lips and ears out of all natural dimensions. Since I received this information, I cannot contemplate a fine figure without thinking of a vinegar cruet; nor look at a dashing belle without fancying her a pot of pickled cucumbers! What a difference, my friend, between these shades and the plump beauties of Tripoli—what a contrast between an infidel fair one and my favorite wife, Fatima, whom I bought by the hundred weight, and had trundled home in a wheel-barrow!

But enough for the present; I am promised a faithful account of the arcana of a lady's toilette—a complete initiation into the arts, mysteries, spells, and potions; in short, the whole chemical process by which she reduces herself down to the most

fashionable standard of insignificance: together with specimens of the strait-waistcoats, the lacings, the bandages, and the various ingenious instruments with which she puts nature to the rack, and tortures herself into a proper figure to be admired.

Farewell, thou sweetest of slave-drivers! The echoes that repeat to a lover's ear the song of his mistress, are not more soothing than tidings from those we love. Let thy answer to my letters be speedy; and never, I pray thee, for a moment, cease to watch over the prosperity of my house, and the welfare of my beloved wives. Let them want for nothing, my friend; but feed them plentifully on honey, boiled rice, and water-gruel; so that when I return to the blessed land of my fathers, if that can ever be! I may find them improved in size and loveliness, and sleek as the graceful elephants that range the green valley of Abimar.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA

NO. XIX.—[illegible] DEC. 31, 1807.

FROM [illegible]CHAIR.

HAVING returned [illegible]once more formally taken possession of my elbow-chair, it behooves me to discard the rural feelings, and the rural sentiments, in which I have for some time past indulged, and devote myself more exclusively to the edification of the town. As I feel at this moment a chivalric spark of gallantry playing around my heart, and one of those dulcet emotions of cordiality, which an old bachelor will sometimes entertain toward the divine sex, I am determined to gratify the sentiment for once, and devote this number exclusively to the ladies. I would not, however, have our fair readers imagine that we wish to flatter ourselves into their good graces, devoutly as we adore them!—and what true cavalier does not?—and heartily as we desire to flourish in the mild sunshine of their smiles, yet we scorn to insinuate ourselves into their favor; unless it be as honest friends, sincere well-wishers, and disinterested advisers. If in the course of this number they find us rather prodigal of our encomiums, they will have the modesty to ascribe it to the excess of their own merits; if they find us extremely indulgent to their faults, they will impute it rather to the superabundance of our good nature, than to any servile and illiberal fear of giving offence.

The following letter of Mustapha falls in exactly with the current of my purpose. As I have before mentioned that his letters are without dates, we were obliged to give them very irregularly, without any regard to chronological order.

The present one appears to have been written not long after his arrival, and antecedent to several already published. It is more in the familiar and coloquial style than the others. Will Wizard declares he has translated it with fidelity, excepting that he has omitted several remarks on the waltz, which the honest Mussulman eulogizes with great enthusiasm ; comparing it to certain voluptuous dances of the seraglio. Will regretted exceedingly, that the indelicacy of several of these observations compelled their total exclusion, as he wishes to give all possible encouragement to this popular and amiable exhibition.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO MULEY HELIM AL RAGGI, SURNAMED THE AGREEABLE RAGAMUFFIN, CHIEF MOUNTEBANK AND BUFFA-DANCER TO HIS HIGHNESS.

THE numerous letters which I have written to our friend the slave-driver, as well as those to thy kinsman THE SNORER, and which, doubtless, were read to thee, honest Muley, have, in all probability, awakened thy curiosity to know further particulars concerning the manners of the barbarians, who hold me in such ignominious captivity. I was lately at one of their public ceremonies, which, at first, perplexed me exceedingly as to its object ; but as the explanations of a friend have let me somewhat into the secret, and as it seems to bear no small

analogy to thy profession, a description of it may contribute to thy amusement, if not to thy instruction.

A few days since, just as I had finished my coffee, and was perfuming my whiskers, preparatory to a morning walk, I was waited upon by an inhabitant of this place, a gay young infidel, who has of late cultivated my acquaintance. He presented me with a square bit of painted pasteboard, which, he informed me, would entitle me to admittance to the CITY ASSEMBLY. Curious to know the meaning of a phrase, which was entirely new to me, I requested an explanation; when my friend informed me, that the assembly was a numerous concourse of young people of both sexes, who, on certain occasions, gathered together to dance about a large room with violent gesticulation, and try to out-dress each other. "In short," said he, "if you wish to see the natives in all their glory, there's no place like the *City Assembly;* so you must go there, and sport your whiskers." Though the matter of sporting my whiskers, was considerably above my apprehension, yet I now began, as I thought, to understand him. I had heard of the war dances of the natives, which are a kind of religious institution, and had little doubt but that this must be a solemnity of the kind—upon a prodigious great scale. Anxious as I am to contemplate these strange people in every situation, I willingly acceded to his proposal, and to be the more at ease, I determined to lay aside my Turkish dress, and appear in plain garments of the fashion of this country, as is my custom whenever I wish to mingle in a crowd without exciting the attention of the gaping multitude.

It was long after the shades of night had fallen before my friend appeared to conduct me to the assembly. "These infidels," thought I, "shroud themselves in mystery, and seek the aid of gloom and darkness, to heighten the solemnity of their

pious orgies." Resolving to conduct myself with that decent respect, which every stranger owes to the customs of the land in which he sojourns, I chastised my features into an expression of sober reverence, and stretched my face into a degree of longitude suitable to the ceremony I was about to witness. Spite of myself, I felt an emotion of awe stealing over my senses as I approached the majestic pile. My imagination pictured something similar to a descent into the cave of Dom-Daniel, where the necromancers of the East are taught their infernal arts. I entered with the same gravity of demeanor that I would have approached the holy temple at Mecca, and bowed my head three times as I passed the threshold. "Head of the mighty Amrou!" thought I, on being ushered into a splendid saloon, "what a display is here! surely I am transported to the mansions of the Houris, the elysium of the faithful!"—How tame appeared all the descriptions of enchanted palaces in our Arabian poetry!—wherever I turned my eyes, the quick glances of beauty dazzled my vision and ravished my heart; lovely virgins fluttered by me, darting imperial looks of conquest, or beaming such smiles of invitation, as did Gabriel when he beckoned our holy prophet to Heaven. Shall I own the weakness of thy friend, good Muley?—while thus gazing on the enchanted scene before me, I, for a moment, forgot my country; and even the memory of my three-and-twenty wives faded from my heart; my thoughts were bewildered and led astray by the charms of these bewitching savages, and I sunk, for a while, into that delicious state of mind, where the senses, all enchanted, and all striving for mastery, produce an endless variety of tumultuous, yet pleasing emotions. Oh, Muley, never shall I again wonder that an infidel should prove a recreant to the single solitary wife allotted him, when, even thy friend, armed with all the precepts

of Mahomet, can so easily prove faithless to three-and-twenty.

"Whither have you led me?" said I, at length, to my companion, "and to whom do these beautiful creatures belong? Certainly this must be the seraglio of the grand bashaw of the city, and a most happy bashaw must he be, to possess treasures which even his highness of Tripoli cannot parallel." "Have a care," cried my companion, "how you talk about seraglios, or you'll have all these gentle nymphs about your ears; for seraglio is a word which, beyond all others, they abhor—most of them," continued he, "have no lord and master, but come here to catch one—they're in the market, as we term it." "Ah, hah!" said I, exultingly, "then you really have a fair, or slave-market, such as we have in the East, where the faithful are provided with the choicest virgins of Georgia and Circassia?—by our glorious sun of Afric, but I should like to select some ten or a dozen wives from so lovely an assemblage! Pray, what would you suppose they might be bought for?"——

Before I could receive an answer, my attention was attracted by two or three good-looking middle-sized men, who being dressed in black, a color universally worn in this country by the muftis and dervises, I immediately concluded to be high-priests, and was confirmed in my original opinion that this was a religious ceremony. These reverend personages are entitled managers, and enjoyed unlimited authority in the assemblies, being armed with swords, with which, I am told, they would infallibly put any lady to death, who infringed the laws of the temple. They walked round the room with great solemnity, and, with an air of profound importance and mystery, put a little piece of folded paper in each fair hand, which I concluded were religious talismans. One of them dropped on the floor,

whereupon I slily put my foot on it, and, watching an opportunity, picked it up unobserved, and found it to contain some unintelligible words and the mystic number 9. What were its virtues I know not; except that I put it in my pocket, and have hitherto been preserved from my fit of the lumbago, which I generally have about this season of the year, ever since I tumbled into the well of Zim-zim on my pilgrimage to Mecca. I inclose it to thee in this letter, presuming it to be particularly serviceable against the dangers of thy profession.

Shortly after the distribution of these talismans, one of the high-priests stalked into the middle of the room with great majesty, and clapped his hands three times; a loud explosion of music succeeded from a number of black, yellow, and white musicians, perched in a kind of cage over the grand entrance. The company were thereupon thrown into great confusion and apparent consternation. They hurried to and fro about the room, and at length formed themselves into little groups of eight persons, half male and half females; the music struck into something like harmony, and, in a moment, to my utter astonishment and dismay, they were all seized with what I concluded to be a paroxysm of religious phrenzy, tossing about their heads in a ludicrous style from side to side, and indulging in extravagant contortions of figure; now throwing their heels into the air, and anon whirling round with the velocity of the eastern idolaters, who think they pay a grateful homage to the sun by imitating his motions. I expected every moment to see them fall down in convulsions, foam at the mouth, and shriek with fancied inspiration. As usual, the females seemed most fervent in their religious exercises, and performed them with a melancholy expression of feature that was peculiarly touching; but I was highly gratified by the exemplary conduct of several male devo-

tees, who, though their gesticulations would intimate a wild merriment of the feelings, maintained throughout as inflexible a gravity of countenance as so many monkeys of the island of Borneo at their anticks.

"And pray," said I, "who is the divinity that presides in this splendid mosque?"—"The divinity!—oh, I understand—you mean the *belle* of the evening; we have a new one every season; the one at present in fashion, is that lady you see yonder, dressed in white, with pink ribbons, and a crowd of adorers around her." "Truly," cried I, "this is the pleasantest deity I have encountered in the whole course of my travels—so familiar, so condescending, and so merry withal; why, her very worshippers take her by the hand, and whisper in her ear."—"My good Mussulman," replied my friend, with great gravity, "I perceive you are completely in an error concerning the intent of this ceremony. You are now in a place of public amusement, not of public worship; and the pretty looking young men you see making such violent and grotesque distortions, are merely indulging in our favorite amusement of dancing." "I cry your mercy," exclaimed I, "these then are the dancing men and women of the town, such as we have in our principal cities, who hire themselves out for the entertainment of the wealthy; but, pray, who pays them for this fatiguing exhibition?" My friend regarded me for a moment with an air of whimsical perplexity, as if doubtful whether I was in jest or earnest. "Sblood, man," cried he, "these are some of our greatest people, our fashionables, who are merely dancing here for amusement." *Dancing for amusement!* think of that, Muley!—thou, whose greatest pleasure is to chew opium, smoke tobacco, loll on a couch, and doze thyself into the regions of the Houris! —Dancing for amusement!—shall I never cease having occa-

sion to laugh at the absurdities of these barbarians, who are laborious in their recreations, and indolent only in their hours of business? Dancing for amusement!—the very idea makes my bones ache, and I never think of it without being obliged to apply my handkerchief to my forehead, and fan myself into some degree of coolness.

"And pray," said I, when my astonishment had a little subsided, "do these musicians also toil for amusement, or are they confined to their cage, like birds, to sing for the gratification of others? I should think the former was the case, from the animation with which they flourish their elbows." "Not so," replied my friend, "they are well paid, which is no more than just, for I assure you they are the most important personages in the room. The fiddler puts the whole assembly in motion, and directs their movements, like the master of a puppet-show, who sets all his pasteboard gentry kicking by a jerk of his fingers. There now —look at that dapper little gentleman yonder, who appears to be suffering the pangs of dislocation in every limb: he is the most expert puppet in the room, and performs, not so much for his own amusement, as for that of the bystanders." Just then, the little gentleman, having finished one of his paroxysms of activity, seemed to be looking round for applause from the spectators. Feeling myself really much obliged to him for his exertions, I made him a low bow of thanks, but nobody followed my example, which I thought a singular instance of ingratitude.

Thou wilt perceive, friend Muley, that the dancing of these barbarians is totally different from the science professed by thee in Tripoli; the country, in fact, is afflicted by numerous epidemical diseases, which travel from house to house, from city to city, with the regularity of a caravan. Among these, the most formidable is this dancing mania, which prevails chiefly through-

out the winter. It at first seized on a few people of fashion, and being indulged in moderation, was a cheerful exercise; but in a little time, by quick advances, it infected all classes of the community, and became a raging epidemic. The doctors immediately, as is their usual way, instead of devising a remedy, fell together by the ears, to decide whether it was native or imported, and the sticklers for the latter opinion traced it to a cargo of trumpery from France, as they had before hunted down the yellow fever to a bag of coffee from the West Indies. What makes this disease the more formidable is, that the patients seem infatuated with their malady, abandon themselves to its unbounded ravages, and expose their persons to wintry storms and midnight airs—more fatal, in this capricious climate, than the withering Simoom blast of the desert.

I know not whether it is a sight most whimsical or melancholy to witness a fit of this dancing malady. The lady hops up to the gentleman, who stands at the distance of about three paces, and then capers back again to her place; the gentleman, of course, does the same; then they skip one way, then they jump another; then they turn their backs to each other; then they seize each other and shake hands; then they whirl round, and throw themselves into a thousand grotesque and ridiculous attitudes—sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, and sometimes on no leg at all—and this they call exhibiting the graces! By the nineteen thousand capers of the great mountebank of Damascus, but these graces must be something like the crooked-back dwarf, Shabrac, who is sometimes permitted to amuse his highness by imitating the tricks of a monkey. These fits continue at short intervals from four or five hours, till at last the lady is led off, faint, languid, exhausted, and panting, to her carriage; rattles home; passes a night of feverish restlessness,

cold perspirations, and troubled sleep; rises late next morning, if she rises at all, is nervous, petulant, or a prey to languid indifference all day—a mere household spectre, neither giving nor receiving enjoyment—in the evening hurries to another dance; receives an unnatural exhilaration from the lights, the music, the crowd, and the unmeaning bustle; flutters, sparkles, and blooms for awhile until, the transient delirium being past, the infatuated maid droops and languishes into apathy again; is again led off to her carriage, and the next morning rises to go through exactly the same joyless routine.

And yet, wilt thou believe it, my dear Raggi, these are rational beings—nay, more, their countrymen would fain persuade me they have souls! Is it not a thousand times to be lamented that beings, endowed with charms that might warm even the frigid heart of a dervise—with social and endearing powers that would render them the joy and pride of the harem—should surrender themselves to a habit of heartless dissipation, which preys imperceptibly on the roses of the cheek—which robs the eye of its lustre, the mouth of its dimpled smile, the spirits of their cheerful hilarity, and the limbs of their elastic vigor—which hurries them off in the spring-time of existence; or, if they survive, yields to the arms of a youthful bridegroom a frame wrecked in the storms of dissipation, and struggling with premature infirmity. Alas, Muley! may I not ascribe to this cause, the number of little old women I meet with in this country from the age of eighteen to eight-and-twenty.

In sauntering down the room, my attention was attracted by a smoky painting, which, on nearer examination, I found consisted of two female figures crowning a bust with a wreath of laurel. "This, I suppose," cried I, "was some famous dancer in his time?" "Oh, no," replied my friend, "he was only a

general." "Good; but then he must have been great at a cotillon, or expert at a fiddlestick, or why is his memorial here?" "Quite the contrary," answered my companion, "history makes no mention of his ever having flourished a fiddlestick, or figured in a single dance. You have, no doubt, heard of him; he was the illustrious WASHINGTON, the father and deliver of his country; and as our nation is remarkable for gratitude to great men, it always does honor to their memory, by placing their monuments over the doors of taverns, or in the corners of dancing-rooms."

From thence my friend and I strolled into a small apartment adjoining the grand saloon, where I beheld a number of grave-looking persons, with venerable grey heads, but without beards, which I thought very unbecoming, seated around a table, studying hieroglyphics. I approached them with reverence, as so many magi, or learned men, endeavoring to expound the mysteries of Egyptian science. Several of them threw down money, which I supposed was a reward proposed for some great discovery, when presently one of them spread his hieroglyphics on the table, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Two bullets and a bragger!" and swept all the money into his pocket. He has discovered a key to the hieroglyphics, thought I; happy mortal! no doubt his name will be immortalized. Willing, however, to be satisfied, I looked round on my companion with an inquiring eye. He understood me, and informed me that these were a company of friends, who had met together to win each other's money, and be agreeable. "Is that all?" exclaimed I, "why, then, I pray you, make way, and let me escape from this temple of abominations, or who knows but these people, who meet together to toil, worry, and fatigue themselves to death, and give it the name of pleasure—and who win each

other's money by way of being agreeable—may some one of them take a liking to me, and pick my pocket, or break my head, in a paroxysm of hearty good-will!"

Thy friend,

MUSTAPHA.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

Nunc est bibendum. nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus. HOR.

"Now is the time for wine and myrthful sportes,
For daunce, and song, and disportes of sych sortes." LINK. FID.

THE winter campaign has opened. Fashion has summoned her numerous legions at the sound of trumpet, tamborine, and drum; and all the harmonious minstrelsy of the orchestra, to hasten from the dull, silent, and insipid glades and groves, where they have vegetated during the summer, recovering from the ravages of the last winter's campaign. Our fair ones have hurried to town, eager to pay their devotions to the tutelary deity, and to make an offering at her shrine of the few pale and transient roses they gathered in their healthful retreat. The fiddler rosins his bow, the card-table devotee is shuffling her pack; the young ladies are industriously spangling muslins, and the tea-party heroes are airing their *chapeaux bras* and pea-blossom breeches, to prepare for figuring in the gay circle of smiles, and graces, and beauty. Now the fine lady forgets her country friends, in the hurry of fashionable engagements, or receives the simple intruder, who has foolishly accepted her thousand pressing invitations, with such politeness that the poor soul determines never to come again. Now the gay buck, who

erst figured at Ballston, and quaffed the pure spring, exchanges the sparkling water for still more sparkling champagne, and deserts the nymph of the fountain, to enlist under the standard of jolly Bacchus. In short, now is the important time of the year in which to harangue the bon-ton reader, and, like some ancient hero in front[illegible] to spirit him up to deeds of noble daring, or [illegible] suffering, in the ranks of fashionable warfare.

Such, indeed, ha[illegible]tion, but the number of cases which have lately [illegible] and the variety of complaints I have received fr[illegible]honest and well-meaning correspondents, call [illegible]liate attention. A host of appeals, petitions, and letters of advice are now before me, and I believe the shortest way to satisfy my petitioners, memorialists, and advisers, will be to publish their letters, as I suspect the object of most of them is merely to get into print.

TO ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

SIR:

As you appear to have taken to yourself the trouble of meddling in the concerns of the beau monde, I take the liberty of appealing to you on a subject which, though considered merely as a very good joke, has occasioned me great vexation and expense. You must know I pride myself on being very useful to the ladies—that is, I take boxes for them at the theatre, go shopping with them, supply them with bouquets, and furnish them with novels from the circulating library. In consequence of these attentions I am become a great favorite, and there is seldom a party going on in the city without my having an invitation. The grievance I have to mention, is the exchange of hats which takes place on these occasions—for, to speak my

mind freely, there are certain young gentlemen who seem to consider fashionable parties as mere places to barter old clothes: and, I am informed, that a number of them manage, by this great system of exchange, to keep their crowns decently covered without their hatter suffering in the least by it.

It was but lately that I went to a private ball with a new hat, and on returning in the latter part of the evening, and asking for it, the scoundrel of a servant, with a broad grin, informed me, that the new hats had been dealt out half an hour since, and they were then on the third quality; and I was in the end obliged to borrow a young lady's beaver rather than go home with any of the ragged remnants that were left.

Now, I would wish to know if there is no possibility of having these offenders punished by law; and whether it would not be advisable for ladies to mention in their cards of invitation, as a postscript, "stealing of hats and shawls positively prohibited." At any rate, I would thank you, Mr. Evergreen, to discountenance the thing totally, by publishing in your paper that stealing a hat is no joke. Your humble servant,

WALTER WITHERS.

My correspondent is informed, that the police have determined to take this matter into consideration, and have set apart Saturday mornings for the cognizance of fashionable larcenies.

MR. EVERGREEN:

SIR—Do you think a married woman may lawfully put her husband right in a story, before strangers, when she knows him to be in the wrong; and can anything authorize a wife in the exclamation of—"Lord, my dear, how can you say so!"

MARGARET TIMSON.

DEAR ANTHONY:

Going down Broadway this morning in a great hurry, I ran full against an object which at first put me to a prodigious nonplus. Observing it to be dressed in a man's hat, a cloth overcoat, and spatterdashes, I framed my apology accordingly, exclaiming, "My dear sir, I ask ten thousand pardons—I assure you, sir, it was entirely accidental—pray excuse me, sir," etc. At every one of these excuses, the thing answered me with a downright laugh; at which I was not a little surprised, until, on resorting to my pocket-glass, I discovered that it was no other than my old acquaintance, Clarinda Trollop. I never was more chagrined in my life; for, being an old bachelor, I like to appear as young as possible, and am always boasting of the goodness of my eyes. I beg of you, Mr. Evergreen, if you have any feeling for your contemporaries, to discourage this hermaphrodite mode of dress; for really, if the fashion take, we poor bachelors will be utterly at a loss to distinguish a woman from a man. Pray let me know your opinion, sir, whether a lady who wears a man's hat and spatterdashes before marriage, may not be apt to usurp some other article of his dress afterward.

Your humble servant,

RODERIC WORRY.

DEAR MR. EVERGREEN:

The other night, at Richard the Third, I sat behind three gentlemen who talked very loud on the subject of Richard's wooing Lady Ann directly in the face of his crimes against that lady. One of them declared such an unnatural scene would be hooted at in China. Pray, sir, was that Mr. Wizard?

SELINA BADGER.

P.S. The gentleman I allude to had a pocket-glass, and were

his hair fastened behind by a tortoise-shell comb, with two teeth wanting.

MR. EVERGRIN:

SIR—Being a little curious in the affairs of the toilette, I was much interested by the sage Mustapha's remarks, in your last number, concerning the art of manufacturing a modern fine lady. I would have you caution your fair readers, however, to be very careful in the management of their machinery, as a deplorable accident happened, last assembly, in consequence of the architecture of a lady's figure not being sufficiently strong. In the middle of one of the cotillons, the company was suddenly alarmed by a tremendous crash at the lower end of the room; and on crowding to the place, discovered that it was a fine figure which had unfortunately broken down from two great exertion in a pigeon wing. By great good luck I secured the corset, which I carried home in triumph; and the next morning had it publicly dissected, and a lecture read on it at Surgeon's Hall. I have since commenced a dissertation on the subject, in which I shall treat of the superiority of those figures manufactured by steel, stay-tape, and whale-bone, to those formed by dame nature. I shall show clearly that the Venus de Medicis has no pretension to beauty of form, as she never wore stays, and her waist is in exact proportion to the rest of her body. I shall inquire into the mysteries of compression, and how tight a figure can be laced without danger of fainting, and whether it would not be advisable for a lady, when dressing for a ball, to be attended by the family physician, as culprits are when tortured on the the rack, to know how much more nature will endure. I shall prove that ladies have discovered the secret of that notorious juggler, who offered to squeeze himself into a quart bottle; and I

shall demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every fashionable reader, that there is a certain degree of heroism in purchasing a preposterously slender waist at the expense of an old age of decrepitude and rheumatics. This dissertation shall be published, as soon as finished, and distributed gratis among boarding-school madams, and all wo who are ambitious that their daughters should sit ve like clock-work, and "do credit to their bringi ie mean time, I have hung up the skeleton of the c useum beside a dissected wea- sel and a stuffed it may be inspected by all those naturalists wl studying the "human form divine."

Yours, etc.

JULIAN COGNOTS.

P.S. By accurate calculation I find it is dangerous for a fine figure, when full dressed, to pronounce a word of more than three syllables. Fine Figure, if in love, may indulge in a gentle sigh; but a sob is hazardous. Fine Figure may smile with safety, may even venture as far as a giggle; but must never risk a loud laugh. Figure must never play the part of a confidante; as at a tea-party, some fine evenings since, a young lady whose unparalleled impalpability of waist was the envy of the drawing-room, burst with an important secret, and had three ribs—of her corset!—fractured on the spot.

MR. EVERGREEN:

SIR—I am one of those industrious gemmen who labor hard to obtain currency in the fashionable world. I have went to great expense in little boots, short vests, and long breeches; my coat is regularly imported, per stage, from Philadelphia, duly insured against all risks, and my boots are smuggled from Bond

street. I have lounged in Broadway with one of the most crooked walking-sticks I could procure, and have sported a pair of salmon-colored small clothes, and flame-colored stockings, at every concert and ball to which I could purchase admission. Being affeared that I might possibly appear to less advantage as a pedestrian, in consequence of my being rather short and a little bandy, I have lately hired a tall horse with cropped ears and a cocked tail, on which I have joined the cavalcade of pretty gemmen, who exhibit bright stirrups every fine morning in Broadway, and take a canter of two miles per day, at the rate of three hundred dollars per annum. But, sir, all this expense has been laid out in vain, for I can scarcely get a partner at an assembly, or an invitation to a tea-party. Pray, sir, inform me what more I can do to acquire admission into the true stylish circles, and whether it would not be advisable to charter a curricle for a month, and have my cipher put on it, as is done by certain dashers of my acquaintance.

Yours to serve,

MALVOLIO DUBSTER.

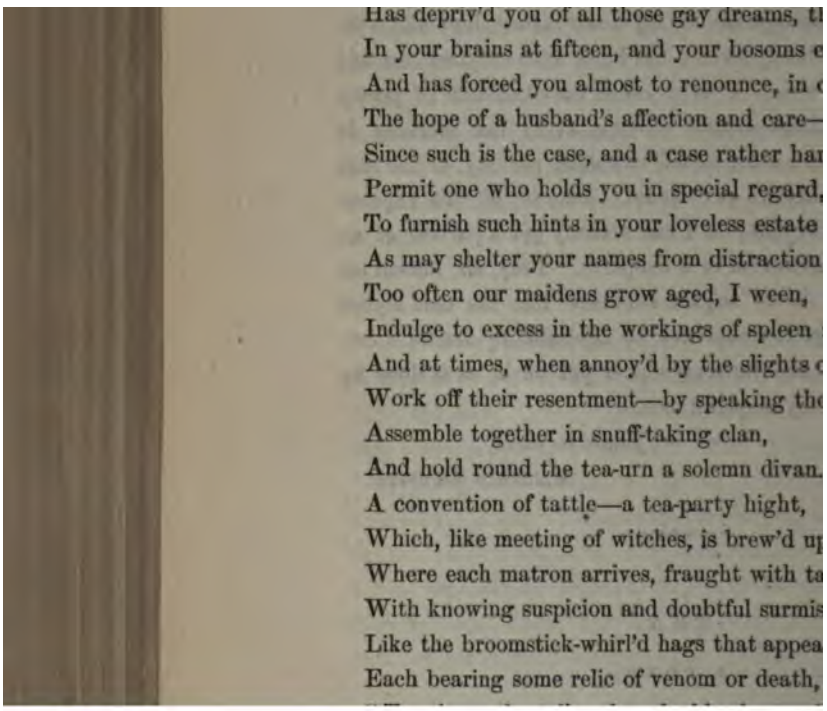
TEA.

A POEM

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

And earnestly recommended to the attention of Maidens of a certain age.

OLD time, my dear girls, is a knave who in truth
From the fairest of beauties will pilfer their youth;
Who, by constant attention and wily deceit,



Has depriv'd you of all those gay dreams, t
In your brains at fifteen, and your bosoms e
And has forced you almost to renounce, in
The hope of a husband's affection and care—
Since such is the case, and a case rather ha
Permit one who holds you in special regard,
To furnish such hints in your loveless estate
As may shelter your names from distraction
Too often our maidens grow aged, I ween,
Indulge to excess in the workings of spleen
And at times, when annoy'd by the slights
Work off their resentment—by speaking th
Assemble together in snuff-taking clan,
And hold round the tea-urn a solemn divan.
A convention of tattle—a tea-party hight,
Which, like meeting of witches, is brew'd u
Where each matron arrives, fraught with t
With knowing suspicion and doubtful surmi
Like the broomstick-whirl'd hags that appea
Each bearing some relic of venom or death,

They discourse of their colds, and they hem and they cough,
And complain of their servants to pass the time off;
Or list to the tale of some doating mamma,
How her ten weeks old baby will laugh and say taa!
But tea, that enlivener of wit and of soul—
More loquacious by far than the draughts of the bowl,
Soon unloosens the tongue and enlivens the mind,
And enlightens their eyes to the faults of mankind.
'Twas thus with the Pythia, who served at the fount
That flow'd near the far-famed Parnassian mount,
While the steam was inhal'd of the sulphuric spring,
Her vision expanded, her fancy took wing:—
By its aid she pronounced the oracular will
That Apollo commanded his sons to fulfill.
But alas! the sad vestal, performing the rite,
Appeared like a demon—terrific to sight.
E'en the priests of Apollo averted their eyes,
And the temple of Delphi resounded her cries.
But quitting the nymph of the tripod of yore,
We return to the dames of the tea-pot once more.
In harmless chit-chat an acquaintance they roast,
And serve up a friend, as they serve up a toast;
Some gentle faux pas, or some female mistake,
Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relished as cake;
A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust,
It would stick in the throat, so they butter it first,
With a little affected good-nature, and cry
"Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I."
Our young ladies nibble a good name in play
As for pastime they nibble a biscuit away:
While with shrugs and surmises, the toothless old dame,

As she mumbles a crust she will mumble a name.
And as the fell sisters astonished the Scot,
In predicting of Banquo's descendants the lot,
Making shadows of kings, amid flashes of light
To appear in array and to frown in his sight,
So they conjure up spectres all hideous in hue,
Which, as shades of their neighbors, are passed in review.

The wives of our cits of inferior degree,
Will soak up repute in a little bohea ;
The potion is vulgar, and vulgar the slang
With which on their neighbors' defects they harangue ;
But the scandal improves, a refinement in wrong !
As our matrons are richer and rise to souchong.
With hyson—a beverage that's still more refin'd,
Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind,
And by nods, innuendoes, and hints, and what not,
Reputations and tea send together to pot,
While madam in cambrics and laces array'd,
With her plate and her liveries in splendid parade,
Will drink in imperial a friend at a sup,
Or in gunpowder blow them by dozens all up.
Ah me ! how I groan when with full swelling sail
Wafted stately along by the favoring gale,
A China ship proudly arrives in our bay,
Displaying her streamers and blazing away.
Oh ! more fell to our port, is the cargo she bears,
Than grenadoes, torpedoes, or warlike affairs :
Each chest is a bombshell thrown into our town
To shatter repute and bring character down.

Ye Samquas, ye Chinquas, ye Chouquas, so free,
Who discharge on our coast your cursed quantums of tea,

Oh think, as ye waft the sad weed from your strand,
Of the plagues and vexations ye deal to our land.
As the Upas' dread breath, o'er the plain where it flies,
Empoisons and blasts each green blade that may rise,
So, wherever the leaves of your shrubs find their way,
The social affections soon suffer decay :
Like to Java's drear waste they embarren the heart,
Till the blossoms of love and of friendship depart.
Ah, ladies, and was it by heaven design'd,
That ye should be merciful, loving and kind ?
Did it form you like angels, and send you below
To prophesy peace—to bid charity flow ?
And have ye thus left your primeval estate,
And wandered so widely—so strangely of late ?
Alas ! the sad cause I too plainly can see—
These evils have all come upon you through tea !
Cursed weed, that can make our faint spirits resign
The character mild of their mission divine ;
That can blot from their bosoms that tenderness true,
Which from female to female forever is due !
Oh, how nice is the texture—how fragile the frame
Of that delicate blossom, a female's fair fame !
'Tis the sensitive plant, it recoils from the breath
And shrinks from the touch as if pregnant with death.
How often, how often, has innocence sigh'd ;
Has beauty been reft of its honor—its pride ;
Has virtue, though pure as an angel of light,
Been painted as dark as a demon of night :
All offer'd up victims, an *auto de fe*,
At the gloomy cabals—the dark orgies of tea !
If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,

Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,
Let me fall, I implore, in the slang-whanger's claw,
Where the evil is open, and subject to law.
Not nibbled, and mumbled, and put to the rack,
By the sly undermining of tea party clack:
Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,
But spare me! oh, spare me, a tea-table toasting!

NO. XX.—MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1808.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

Extremum hunc mihi concede laborem.

VIRG.

"Soft you, a word or two before we part."

IN this season of festivity, when the gate of time swings open on its hinges, and an honest rosy-faced New Year comes waddling in, like a jolly fat-sided alderman, loaded with good wishes, good humor, and minced pies—at this joyous era it has been the custom, from time immemorial, in this ancient and respectable city, for periodical writers, from reverend, grave, and potent essayists like ourselves, down to the humble but industrious editors of magazines, reviews, and newspapers, to tender their subscribers the compliments of the season; and when they have slily thawed their hearts with a little of the sunshine of flattery to conclude by delicately dunning them for their arrears of subscription money. In like manner the carriers of newspapers, who undoubtedly belong to the ancient and honorable order of literati, do regularly at the commencement of the year, salute their patrons with abundance of excellent advice, conveyed in exceedingly good poetry, for which the aforesaid good-natured patrons are well pleased to pay them exactly twenty-five cents. In walking the streets I am every day saluted with good wishes from old grey-headed negroes, whom I never recollect to have

seen before ; and it was but a few days ago, that I was called to receive the compliments of an ugly old woman, who last spring was employed by Mrs. Cockloft to whitewash my room and put things in order ; a phrase which, if rightly understood, means little else than huddling everything into holes and corners, so that if I want to find any particular article, it is, in the language of a humble but expressive saying—"looking for a needle in a haystack." Not recognizing my visitor, I demanded by what authority she wished me a "Happy New Year!" Her claim was one of the weakest she could have urged, for I have an innate and mortal antipathy to this custom of putting things to rights ; so giving the old witch a pistareen, I desired her forthwith to mount her broomstick, and ride off as fast possible.

Of all the various ranks of society, the bakers alone, to their immortal honor be it recorded, depart from this practice of making a market of congratulations; and, in addition to always allowing thirteen to the dozen, do with great liberality, instead of drawing on the purses of their customers at the New Year, present them with divers large, fair, spiced cakes ; which, like the shield of Achilles, or an Egyptian obelisk, are adorned with figures of a variety of strange animals, that, in their conformation, out-marvel all the wild wonders of nature.

This honest grey-beard custom of setting apart a certain portion of this good-for-nothing existence for the purposes of cordiality, social merriment, and good-cheer, is one of the inestimable relics handed down to us from our worthy Dutch ancestors. In perusing one of the manuscripts from my worthy grandfather's mahogany chest of drawers, I find the new year was celebrated with great festivity during that golden age of our city, when the reins of government were held by the renowned Rip Van Dam, who always did honor to the season by seeing out the old

year; a ceremony which consisted in plying his guests with bumpers, until not one of them was capable of seeing. "Truly," observes my grandfather, who was generally of these parties—"Truly, he was a most stately and magnificent burgomaster! inasmuch, as he did right lustily carouse it with his friends about new-year; roasting huge quantities of turkeys; baking innumerable minced pies; and smacking the lips of all fair ladies the which he did meet, with such sturdy emphasis that the same might have been heard the distance of a stone's throw." In his days, according to my grandfather, first were invented these notable cakes, hight new-year-cookies, which originally were impressed on one side with the honest burly countenance of the illustrious Rip; and on the other with that of the noted St. Nicholas, vulgarly called Santa Claus, of all the saints of the calendar the most venerated by true Hollanders and their unsophisticated descendants. These cakes are to this time given on the first of January to all visitors, together with a glass of cherry-bounce, or raspberry-brandy. It is with great regret, however, I observe that the simplicity of this venerable usage has been much violated by modern pretenders to style, and our respectable new-year-cookies and cherry-bounce elbowed aside by plum-cake and outlandish liqueurs, in the same way that our worthy old Dutch families are out-dazzled by modern upstarts and mushroom cockneys.

In addition to this divine origin of new-year festivity, there is something exquisitely grateful, to a good-natured mind, in seeing every face dressed in smiles; in hearing the oft-repeated salutations that flow spontaneously from the heart to the lips; in beholding the poor, for once, enjoying the smiles of plenty, and forgetting the cares which press hard upon them, in the jovial revelry of the feelings; the young children, decked out in their

Sunday clothes, and freed from their only cares, the cares of the school, tripping through the streets on errands of pleasure; and even the very negroes, those holiday-loving rogues, gorgeously arrayed in cast-off finery, collected in juntos, at corners, displaying their white teeth, and making the welkin ring with bursts of laughter, loud enough to crack even the icy cheek of old winter. There is something so pleasant in all this, that I confess it would give me real pain, to behold the frigid influence of modern style cheating us of this jubilee of the heart; and converting it, as it does every other article of social intercourse, into an idle and unmeaning ceremony. 'Tis the annual festival of good-humor; it comes in the dead of winter, when nature is without a charm, when our pleasures are contracted to the fireside, and when everything that unlocks the icy fetters of the heart, and sets the genial current flowing, should be cherished, as a stray lamb found in the wilderness; or a flower blooming among thorns and briers.

Animated by these sentiments, it is with peculiar satisfaction I perceived that the last new-year was kept with more than ordinary enthusiasm. It seemed as if the good old times had rolled back again, and brought with them all the honest, unceremonious intercourse of those golden days, when people were more open and sincere, more moral and more hospitable than now; when every object carried about it a charm which the hand of time has stolen away, or turned to a deformity; when the women were more simple, more domestic, more lovely, and more true; and when even the sun, like a hearty old blade as he is, shone with a genial lustre unknown in these degenerate days—in short, those fairy times when I was a madcap boy, crowding every enjoyment into the present moment; making of the past an oblivion; of the future a heaven; and careless of all that

was "Over the hills and far away." Only one thing was wanting to make every part of the celebration accord with its ancient simplicity. The ladies, who—I write it with the most piercing regret—are generally at the head of all domestic, innovations, most fastidiously refused that mark of good will, that chaste and holy salute which was so fashionable in the happy days of Governor Rip and the patriarchs. Even the Miss Cocklofts, who belong to a family that is the last intrenchment behind which the manners of the good old school have retired, made violent opposition; and whenever a gentleman entered the room, immediately put themselves in a posture of defence. This, Will Wizard, with his usual shrewdness, insists was only to give the visitor a hint that they expected an attack; and declares he has uniformly observed, that the resistance of those ladies, who make the greatest noise and bustle, is most easily overcome. This sad innovation originated with my good aunt Charity, who was as arrant a tabby as ever wore whiskers; and I am not a little afflicted to find that she has found so many followers, even among the young and beautiful.

In compliance with an ancient and venerable custom, sanctioned by time and our ancestors, and more especially by my own inclinations, I will take this opportunity to salute my readers with as many good wishes as I can possible spare; for, in truth, I have been so prodigal of late, that I have but few remaining. I should have offered my congratulations sooner; but, to be candid, having made the last new-year's campaign, according to custom, under Cousin Christopher, in which I have seen some pretty hard service, my head has been somewhat out of order of late, and my intellects rather cloudy for clear writing. Besides, I may allege as another reason, that I have deferred my greetings until this day, which is exactly one year

since we introduced ourselves to the public; and surely periodical writers have the same right of dating from the commencement of their works, that monarchs have from the time of their coronation, or our most puissant republic from the declaration of its independence.

These good wishes are warmed into more than usual benevolence by the thought that I am now, perhaps, addressing my old friends for the last time. That we should thus cut off our work in the very vigor of its existence, may excite some little matter of wonder in this enlightened community. Now, though we could give a variety of good reasons for so doing, yet it would be an ill-natured act to deprive the public of such an admirable opportunity to indulge in their favorite amusement of conjecture; so we generously leave them to flounder in the smooth ocean of glorious uncertainty. Besides, we have ever considered it as beneath persons of our dignity to account for our movements or caprices; thank heaven, we are not like the unhappy rulers of this enlightened land, accountable to the mob for our actions, or dependent on their smiles for support!—this much, however, we will say, it is not for want of subjects that we stop our career. We are not in the situation of poor Alexander the Great, who wept, as well indeed he might, because there were no more worlds to conquer; for, to do justice to this queer, odd, rantipole city, and to this whimsical country, there is matter enough in them to keep our risible muscles and our pens going till doomsday.

Most people, in taking a farewell which may, perhaps, be forever, are anxious to part on good terms; and it is usual, on such melancholy occasions, for even enemies to shake hands, forget their previous quarrels, and bury all former animosities in parting regrets. Now, because most people do this, I am determined

to act in quite a different way; for, as I have lived, so I should wish to die, in my own way, without imitating any person, whatever may be his rank, talents, or reputation. Besides, if I know our trio, we have no enmities to obliterate, no hatchet to bury; and as to all injuries—those we have long since forgiven. At this moment there is not an individual in the world, not even the Pope himself, to whom we have any personal hostility. But if, shutting their eyes to the many striking proofs of good nature displayed through the whole course of this work, there should be any persons so singularly ridiculous as to take offence at our strictures, we heartily forgive their stupidity; earnestly entreating them to desist from all manifestations of ill-humor, lest they should, peradventure, be classed under some one of the denominations of recreants, we have felt it our duty to hold up to public ridicule. Even at this moment, we feel a glow of parting philanthropy stealing upon us; a sentiment of cordial good will toward the numerous host of readers that have jogged on at our heels during the last year; and in justice to ourselves must seriously protest, that if at any time we have treated them a little ungently, it was purely in that spirit of hearty affection, with which a schoolmaster drubs an unlucky urchin, or a humane muleteer his recreant animal, at the very moment when his heart is brimful of loving kindness. If this is not considered an ample justification, so much the worse; for in that case I fear we shall remain forever unjustified—a most desperate extremity, and worthy of every man's commiseration!

One circumstance, in particular, has tickled us mightily as we jogged along; and that is, the astonishing secrecy with which we have been able to carry on our lucubrations! fully aware of the profound sagacity of the public of Gotham, and their wonderful faculty of distinguishing a writer by his style, it is with

great self-congratulation we find that suspicion has never pointed to us as the authors of Salmagundi. Our grey-beard speculations have been most bountifully attributed to sundry smart young gentlemen, who, for aught we know, have nó beards at all; and we have often been highly amused, when they were charged with the sin of their harmless minds never conceived; to see then he blushing modesty and beautiful embarrassmen virgin authors. The profound and penetrating p so long been led away from truth and nature by a c sal of those delectable histories, and romances, fr eas, in which human nature is, for the most part, w gled and debauched, have never once imagined this work was a genuine and most authentic history; that the Cocklofts were a real family, dwelling in the city, paying scot and lot, entitled to the right of suffrage, and holding several respectable offices in the corporation. As little do they suspect that there is a knot of merry old bachelors seated snugly in the old-fashioned parlor of an old-fashioned Dutch house, with a weathercock on the top that came from Holland; who amuse themselves of an evening by laughing at their neighbors, in an honest way, and who manage to jog on through the streets of our ancient and venerable city, without elbowing or being elbowed by a living soul.

When we first adopted the idea of discontinuing this work, we determined, in order to give the critics a fair opportunity for dissection, to declare ourselves, one and all, absolutely defunct; for it is one of the rare and invaluable privileges of a periodical writer, that by an act of innocent suicide he may lawfully consign himself to the grave, and cheat the world of posthumous renown. But we abandoned this scheme for many substantial reasons. In the first place, we care but little for the opinion of

critics, whom we consider a kind of freebooters in the republic of letters; who, like deer, goats, and divers other graminivorous animals, gain subsistence by gorging upon the buds and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure, and retarding their progress to maturity. It also occurred to us, that though an author might lawfully, in all countries, kill himself outright; yet this privilege did not extend to the raising himself from the dead, if he was ever so anxious; and all that is left him in such a case, is to take the benefit of the metempsychosis act, and revive under a new name and form.

Far be it, therefore, from us to condemn ourselves to useless embarrassments, should we ever be disposed to resume the guardianship of this learned city of Gotham, and finish this invaluable work, which is yet but half completed. We hereby openly and seriously declare, that we are not dead, but intend, if it please Providence, to live for many years to come, to enjoy life with the genuine relish of honest souls, careless of riches, honors, and everything but a good name, among good fellows, and with the full expectation of shuffling off the remnant of existence after the excellent fashion of that merry Grecian, who died laughing.

TO THE LADIES.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

NEXT to our being a knot of independent old bachelors, there is nothing on which we pride ourselves more highly than upon possessing that true chivalric spirit of gallan-

try, which distinguished the days of king Arthur, and his valiant knights of the Round-table. We cannot, therefore, leave the lists where we have so long been tilting at folly, with giving a farewell salutation to those noble dames and beauteous damsels who have honored us with their presence at the tourney. Like true knights, the only recompense we crave is the smile of beauty, and the approbation of those gentle fair ones, whose smile and whose approbation far excels all the trophies of honor, and all the rewards of successful ambition. True it is, that we have suffered infinite perils, in standing forth as their champions, from the sly attacks of sundry arch caitiffs, who, in the overflowings of their malignity, have even accused us of entering the lists as defenders of the very foibles and faults of the sex. Would that we could meet with these recreants hand to hand; they should receive no more quarter than giants and enchanters in romance.

Had we a spark of vanity in our natures, here is a glorious occasion to show our skill in refuting these illiberal insinuations; —but there is something manly, and ingenuous, in making an honest confession of one's offences when about retiring from the world; and so, without any more ado, we doff our helmets, and thus publicly plead guilty to the deadly sin of GOOD NATURE; hoping and expecting forgiveness from our good natured readers—yet careless whether they bestow it or not. And in this we do but imitate sundry condemned criminals, who, finding themselves convicted of a capital crime, with great openness and candor, do generally in their last dying speech make a confession of all their previous offences, which confession is always read with great delight by all true lovers of biography.

Still, however, notwithstanding our notorious devotion to the gentle sex and our indulgent partiality, we have endeavored, on

divers occasions, with all the polite and becoming delicacy of true respect, to reclaim them from many of those delusive follies and unseemly peccadilloes in which they are unhappily too prone to indulge. We have warned them against the sad consequences of encountering our midnight damps and withering wintry blasts; we have endeavored, with pious hands, to snatch them from the wildering mazes of the waltz, and thus rescuing them from the arms of strangers, to restore them to the bosoms of their friends; to preserve them from the nakedness, the famine, the cobweb muslins, the vinegar cruet, the corset, the stay-tape, the buckram, and all the other miseries and racks of a fine figure. But, above all, we have endeavored to lure them from the mazes of a dissipated world, where they wander about, careless of their value, until they lose their original worth; and to restore them, before it is too late, to the sacred asylum of home, the soil most congenial to the opening blossom of female loveliness, where it blooms and expands in safety, in the fostering sunshine of maternal affection, and where its heavenly sweets are best known and appreciated.

Modern philosophers may determine the proper destination of the sex; they may assign to them an extensive and brilliant orbit, in which to revolve, to the delight of the million and the confusion of man's superior intellect; but when on this subject we disclaim philosophy, and appeal to the higher tribunal of the heart—and what heart that had not lost its better feelings, would ever seek to repose its happiness on the bosom of one whose pleasures all lay without the threshold of home; who snatched enjoyment only in the whirlpool of dissipation, and amid the thoughtless and evanescent gaiety of a ball-room. The fair one who is forever in the career of amusement, may for a while dazzle, astonish, and entertain; but we are content

with coldly admiring, and fondly turn from glitter and noise, to seek the happy fire-side of social life, there to confide our dearest and best affections.

Yet some there are, and we delight to mention them, who mingle freely with the world, unsullied by its contaminations; whose brilliant min[illegible]rs of the firmament, are destined to shed thei[illegible]and gladden every beholder with their radiance— [illegible]m from the world would be doing it injustice—th[illegible]ble gems, which were never formed to be shut up [illegible]o be the pride and ornament of elegant society.

We have endeavore[illegible]scriminate between a female of this superior order, and the thoughtless votary of pleasure, who, destitute of intellectual resources, is servilely dependent on others for every little pittance of enjoyment; who exhibits herself incessantly amid the noise, the giddy frolic, and capricious vanity of fashionable assemblages; dissipating her languid affection on a crowd; lavishing her ready smiles with indiscriminate prodigality on the worthy, or the undeserving; and listening with equal vacancy of mind to the conversation of the enlightened, the frivolity of the coxcomb, and the flourish of the fiddlestick.

There is a certain artificial polish—a common-place vivacity acquired by perpetually mingling in the *beau monde*, which, in the commerce of the world, supplies the place of natural suavity of good humor; but is purchased at the expense of all original and sterling traits of character. By a kind of fashionable discipline, the eye is taught to brighten, the lip to smile, and the whole countenance to irradiate with the semblance of friendly welcome, while the bosom is unwarmed by a single spark of genuine kindness or good will. This elegant simulation may

be admired by the connoisseur of human character, as a perfection of art, but the heart is not to be deceived by the superficial illusion ; it turns with delight to the timid, retiring fair one, whose smile is the smile of nature ; whose blush is the soft suffusion of delicate sensibility ; and whose affections, unblighted by the chilling effects of dissipation, glow with all the tenderness and purity of artless youth. Hers is a singleness of mind, a native innocence of manners, and a sweet timidity that steal insensibly upon the heart, and lead it a willing captive ; though venturing occasionally among the fairy haunts of pleasure, she shrinks from the broad glare of notoriety, and seems to seek refuge among her friends, even from the admiration of the world.

These observations bring to mind a little allegory in one of the manuscripts of the sage Mustapha, which, being in some measure applicable to the subject of this essay, we transcribe for the benefit of our fair readers.

Among the numerous race of the Bedouins, who people the vast tracts of Arabia Deserta, is a small tribe, remarkable for their habits of solitude and love of independence. They are of a rambling disposition, roving from waste to waste, slaking their thirst at such scanty pools as are found in those cheerless plains, and glory in the unenvied liberty they enjoy. A youthful Arab of this tribe, a simple son of nature, at length growing weary of his precarious and unsettled mode of life, determined to set out in search of some permanent abode. "I will seek," said he, "some happy region, some generous clime, where the dews of heaven diffuse fertility ; I will find out some unfailing stream, and, forsaking the joyless life of my forefathers, settle on its borders, dispose my mind to gentle pleasures and tranquil enjoyments, and never wander more."

Enchanted with this picture of pastoral felicity, he departed from the tents of his companions ; and having journeyed during five days, on the sixth, as the sun was just rising in all the splendors of the East, he lifted up his eyes and beheld extended before him, in smiling luxuriance, the fertile regions of Arabia the Happy. Gently swelling hills, tufted with blooming groves, swept down into luxuriant vales, enamelled with flowers of never withering beauty. The sun, no longer darting his rays with torrid fervor, beamed with a genial warmth that gladdened and enriched the landscape. A pure and temperate serenity, an air of voluptuous repose, a smile of contented abundance, pervaded the face of nature, and every zephyr breathed a thousand delicious odors. The soul of the youthful wanderer expanded with delight—he raised his eyes to heaven, and almost mingled with his tribute of gratitude, a sigh of regret that he had lingered so long amid the sterile solitudes of the desert.

With fond impatience he hastened to make choice of a stream where he might fix his habitation, and taste the promised sweets of this land of delight. But here commenced an unforeseen perplexity ; for, though he beheld innumerable streams on every side, yet not one could he find which completely answered his high-raised expectations. One abounded with wild and picturesque beauty, but it was capricious and unsteady in its course ; sometimes dashing its angry billows against the rocks, and often raging and overflowing its banks. Another flowed smoothly along, without even a ripple or a murmur ; but its bottom was soft and muddy, and its current dull and sluggish. A third was pure and transparent, but its waters were of a chilling coldness, and it had rocks and flints in its bosom. A fourth was dulcet in its tinklings, and graceful in its meanderings ; but it had a cloying sweetness that palled upon the taste ; while a fifth

possessed a sparkling vivacity, and a pungency of flavor, that deterred the wanderer from repeating his draught.

The youthful Bedouin began to weary with fruitless trials and repeated disappointments, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a lively brook whose dancing waves glittered in the sunbeams, and whose prattling current communicated an air of bewitching gaiety to the surrounding landscape. The heart of the wayworn traveller beat with expectation ; but on regarding it attentively in its course, he found that it constantly avoided the embowering shade, loitering with equal fondness, whether gliding through the rich valley, or over the barren sand ; that the fragrant flower, the fruitful shrub, and the worthless bramble were alike fostered by its waves, and that its current was often interrupted by unprofitable weeds. With idle ambition it expanded itself beyond its proper bounds, and spread into a shallow waste of water, destitute of beauty or utility, and babbling along with uninteresting vivacity and vapid turbulence.

The wandering son of the desert turned away with a sigh of regret, and pitied a stream which, if content within its natural limits, might have been the pride of the valley, and the object of all his wishes. Pensive, musing, and disappointed, he slowly pursued his now almost hopeless pilgrimage, and had rambled for some time along the margin of a gentle rivulet, before he became sensible of its beauties. It was a simple pastoral stream, which, shunning the noonday glare, pursued its unobtrusive course through retired and tranquil vales; now dimpling among flowery banks and tufted shrubbery; now winding among spicy groves, whose aromatic foliage fondly bent down to meet the limpid wave. Sometimes, but not often, it would venture from its covert to stray through a flowery meadow; but quickly, as if fearful of being seen, stole back again into its more congenial shade, and

there lingered with sweet delay. Wherever it bent its course, the face of nature brightened into smiles, and a perennial spring reigned upon its borders. The warblers of the woodland delighted to quit their recesses and carol among its bowers; while the turtle-dove, the timid fawn, the soft-eyed gazelle, and all the rural populace, who joy in the sequestered haunts of nature, resorted to its vicinity. Its pure transparent waters rolled over snow-white sands, and heaven itself was reflected in its tranquil bosom.

The simple Arab threw himself upon its verdant margin; he tasted the silver tide, and it was like nectar to his lips; he bounded with transport, for he had found the object of his wayfaring. "Here," cried he, "will I pitch my tent: here will I pass my days; for pure, O fair stream, is thy gentle current; beauteous are thy borders; and the grove must be a paradise that is refreshed by thy meanderings!"

Pendent opera interrupta. VIRG.

"The work's all aback." LINK. FIN.

"HOW hard it is," exclaims the divine Con-futsé, better known among the illiterate by the name of Confucius, "for a man to bite off his own nose!" At this moment I, William Wizard, Esq., feel the full force of this remark, and cannot but give vent to my tribulation at being obliged, through the whim of friend Langstaff, to stop short in my literary career, when at the very point of astonishing my country, and reaping the brightest laurels of literature. We daily hear of shipwrecks, of failures and bankruptcies; they are trifling mishaps which, from

their frequency, excite but little astonishment or sympathy; but it is not often that we hear of a man's letting immortality slip through his fingers; and when he does meet with such a misfortune, who would deny him the comfort of bewailing his calamity?

Next to embargo, laid upon our commerce, the greatest public annoyance is the embargo laid upon our work; in consequence of which, the produce of my wits, like that of my country, must remain at home; and my ideas, like so many merchantmen in port, or redoubtable frigates in the Potomac, moulder away in the mud of my own brain. I know of few things in this world more annoying than to be interrupted in the middle of a favorite story, at the most interesting part, where one expects to shine; or to have a conversation broken off just when you are about coming out, with a score of excellent jokes, not one of which but was good enough to make every fine figure in corsets literally split her sides with laughter. In some such predicament am I placed at present; and I do protest to you, my good-looking and well beloved readers, by the chop-sticks of the immortal Josh, I was on the very brink of treating you with a full broadside of the most ingenious and instructive essays that your precious noddles were ever bothered with.

In the first place, I had, with infinite labor and pains, and by consulting the divine Plato, Sanconiathon, Apollonius Rhodius, Sir John Harrington, Noah Webster, Linkum Fidelius, and others, fully refuted all those wild theories respecting the first settlement of our venerable country; and proved, beyond contradiction, that America, so far from being, as the writers of upstart Europe denominate it, the new world, is at least as old as any country in existence, not excepting Egypt, China, or even the land of the Assiniboins; which, according to the tra-

ditions of that ancient people, has already assisted at the funerals of thirteen suns, and four hundred and seventy thousand moons!

I had likewise written a long dissertation on certain hieroglyphics discovered on these fragments of the moon, which have lately fallen, with singular propriety, in a neighboring State, and have thrown considerable light on the state of literature and the arts in that planet, showing that the universal language which prevails there is high Dutch; thereby proving it to be the most ancient and original tongue, and corroborating the opinion of a celebrated poet, that it is the language in which the serpent tempted our grandmother Eve.

To support the theatric department, I had several very judicious critiques, ready written, wherein no quarter was shown either to authors or actors; and I was only waiting to determine at what plays or performances they should be levelled. As to the grand spectacle of Cinderella, which is to be represented this season, I had given it a most unmerciful handling, showing that it was neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce; that the incidents were highly improbable, that the prince played like a perfect harlequin, that the white mice were merely powdered for the occasion, and that the new moon had a most outrageous copper nose.

But my most profound and erudite essay in embryo is an analytical, hypercritical review of these Salmagundi lucubrations; which I had written partly in revenge for the many waggish jokes played off against me by my confederates, and partly for the purpose of saving much invaluable labor to the Zoiluses and Dennises of the age, by detecting and exposing all the similarities, resemblances, synonymies, analogies, coincidences, etc., which occur in this work.

I hold it downright plagiarism for any author to write, or even to think, in the same manner with any other writer that either did, doth, or may exist. It is a sage maxim of law—"*Ignorantia neminem excusat*"—and the same has been extended to literature: so that if an author shall publish an idea that has been ever hinted by another, it shall be no exculpation for him to plead ignorance of the fact. All, therefore, that I had to do was to take a good pair of spectacles, or a magnifying glass, and with Salmagundi in hand and a tableful of books before me, to muse over them alternately, in a corner of Cockloft library: carefully comparing and contrasting all odd ends and fragments of sentences. Little did honest Launce suspect, when he sat lounging and scribbling in his elbow-chair with no other stock to draw upon than his own brain, and no other authority to consult than the sage Linkum Fidelius—little did he think that his careless, unstudied effusions would receive such scrupulous investigation.

By laborious researches, and patiently collating words, where sentences and ideas did not correspond, I have detected sundry sly disguises and metamorphoses of which, I'll be bound, Langstaff himself is ignorant. Thus, for instance—the little man in black, is evidently no less a personage than old Goody Blake or Goody something, filched from the Spectator, who confessedly filched her from Otway's "wrinkled hag with age grown double." My friend Launce has taken the honest old woman, dressed her up in the cast-off suit worn by Twaits, in Lampedo, and endeavored to palm the imposture upon the enlightened inhabitants of Gotham. No further proof of the fact need be given, than that Goody Blake was taken for a witch, and the little man in black for a conjurer; and that they both lived in villages, the inhabitants of which were distinguished by a most

respectful abhorrence of hobgoblins and broomsticks ; to be sure the astonishing similiarity ends here, but surely that is enough to prove that the little man in black is no other than Goody Blake in the disguise of a white witch.

Thus, also, the sage Mustapha, in mistaking a brag-party for a convention of magi studying hieroglyphics, may pretend to originality of idea and to a familiar acquaintance with the black-letter literati of the East. But this Tripolitan trick will not pass here ; I refer those who wish to detect his larceny to one of those wholesale jumbles, or hodge-podge collections of science, which, like a tailor's pandemonium or a giblet-pie, are receptacles for scientific fragments of all sorts and sizes. The reader, learned in dictionary studies, will at once perceive I mean an encyclopædia. There, under the title of Magi, Egypt, Cards, of Hieroglyphics, I forget which, will be discovered an idea similar to that of Mustapha, as snugly concealed as truth at the bottom of a well, or the mistletoe amid the shady branches of an oak ; and it may at any time be drawn from its lurking-place, by those hewers of wood and drawers of water, who labor in humbler walks of criticism. This is assuredly a most unpardonable error of the sage Mustapha, who had been the captain of a ketch ; and, of course, as your nautical men are for the most part very learned, ought to have known better. But this is not the only blunder of the grave Mussulman who swears by the head of Amrou, the beard of Barbarossa, and the sword of Khalid, as glibly as our good Christian soldiers anathematize body and soul, or a sailor his eyes and odd limbs. Now I solemnly pledge myself to the world, that in all my travels through the East, in Persia, Arabia, China, and Egypt, I never heard man, woman, or child, utter any of those preposterous and new-fangled asseverations, and that, so far from swear-

ing by any man's head, it is considered, throughout the East, the greatest insult that can be offered to either the living or dead to meddle in any shape even with his beard. These are but two or three specimens of the exposures I would have made; but I should have descended still lower; nor would have spared the most insignificant and, or but, or nevertheless, provided I could have found a ditto in the Spectator or the dictionary; but all these minutiæ I bequeath to the Lilliputian literati of this sagacious community, who are fond of hunting "such small deer," and I earnestly pray they may find full employment for a twelvemonth to come.

But the most outrageous plagiarisms of friend Launcelot, are those made on sundry living personages. Thus: Tom Straddle has been evidently stolen from a distinguished Brummagem emigrant, since they both ride on horseback; Dabble, the little great man, has his origin in a certain aspiring counsellor, who is rising in the world as rapidly as the heaviness of his head will permit; mine uncle John will bear a tolerable comparison, particularly as it respects the sterling qualities of his heart, with a worthy yeoman of Westchester County; and to deck out Aunt Charity, and the amiable Miss Cocklofts, he has rifled the charms of half the ancient vestals in the city. Nay, he has taken unpardonable liberties with my own person!—elevating me on the substantial pedestals of a worthy gentleman from China, and tricking me out with claret coats, tight breeches, and silver-sprigged dickeys, in such sort that I can scarcely recognize my own resemblance; whereas I absolutely declare that I am an exceeding good-looking man, neither too tall nor too short, too old nor too young, with a person indifferently robust, a head rather inclining to be large, an easy swing in my walk; and that I wear my own hair, neither queued, nor

cropped, nor turned up, but in a fair, pendulous oscillating club, tied with a yard of nine-penny black ribbon.

And now having said all that occurs to me on the present pathetic occasion—having made my speech, wrote my eulogy, and drawn my portrait, I bid my readers an affectionate farewell; exhorting them to live honestly and soberly—paying their taxes, and reverencing the state, the church, and the corporation—reading diligently the Bible and almanac, the newspaper and Salmagundi; which is all the reading an honest citizen has occasion for—and eschewing all spirit of faction, discontent, irreligion, and criticism.

Which is all at present

From their departed friend,

WILLIAM WIZARD.

THE END.